SPORTS AND PASTIMES

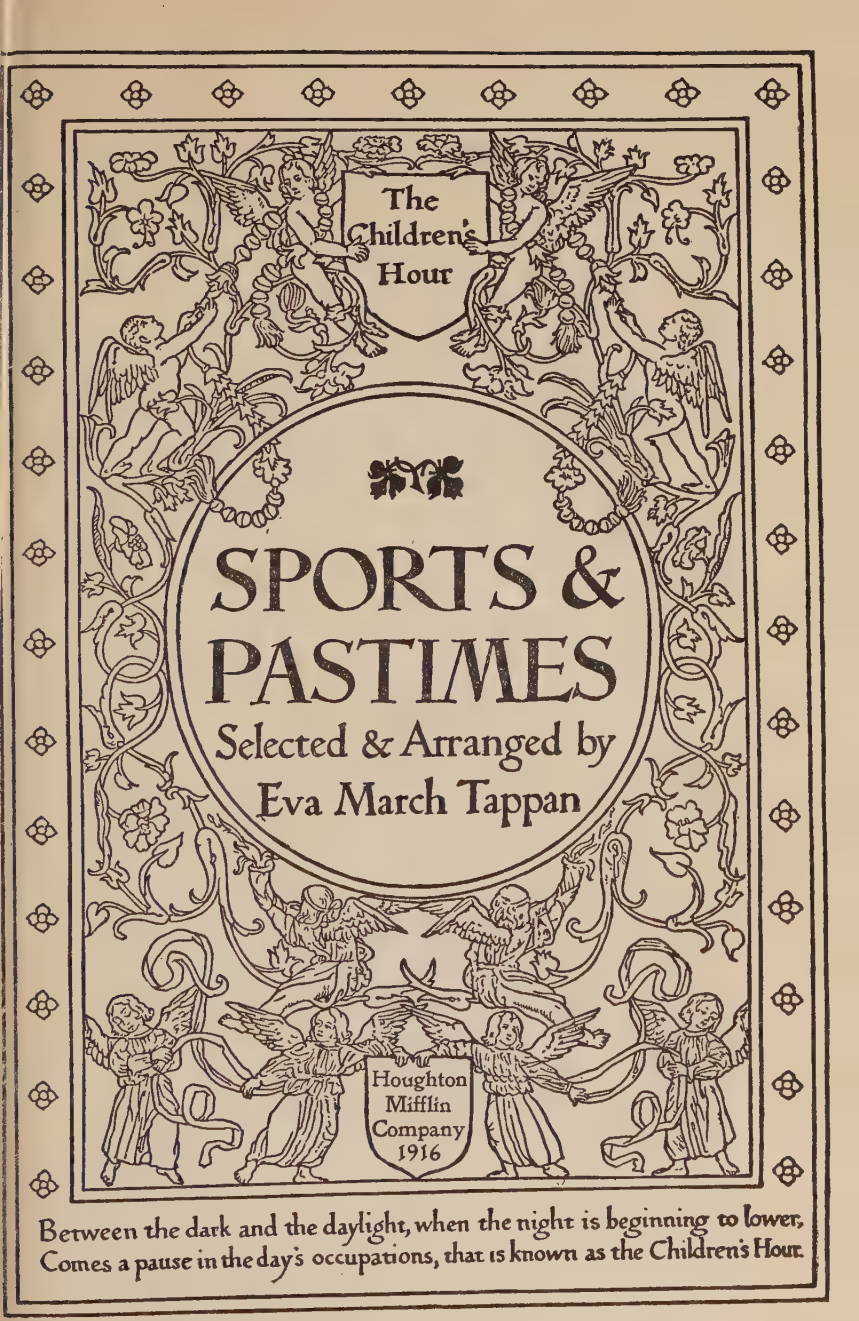
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME XII

Path in Bretton Woods, White Mountains, N.H.
From a photograph by Charles S. Olcott



Between the dark and the daylight, when the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations, that is known as the Children's Hour.

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NOTE

"Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott; published by Little, Brown & Company.

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TO THE CHILDREN

DID you ever wonder what makes the difference between work and play? Why is it so tiresome to shovel the snow from the sidewalk, and so interesting to cut footholds up an icy mountain? Why is it so difficult to sit quietly in school, and so easy to be, not "still as a mouse," but stiller than any mouse ever dreamed of being when you are trying to catch a fish? Why is it such stupid employment to dust a room for everyday use, and so delightful to work twice as hard in arranging it for a play or a Christmas tree? Why is it such a bore to be sent on an errand, and so enchanting to run with all your might on a cinder track? Why is it so unpleasant to have any one brush rudely against you in a crowd, and so absolutely blissful to lie flat in the mud with a score of boys on top of you?

This volume is chiefly about the sort of things that might appear rather wearisome, but that the people who did them seemed to find remarkably agreeable. To sit in a cold sap-house and watch a kettle boil; to wander about alone and knock a silly little ball over the ground; to run the risk of being prostrated in a foot-race or crushed by an avalanche; to shiver in a balloon voyage and wonder in how many pieces you will come to land; to risk your life being photographed with lions for the "movies"; — these things thousands of people have delighted to do.

TO THE CHILDREN

Besides putting together some good stories of amusements, this volume has another aim, and that is to help you find something interesting to do. Occasionally, definite directions for some game have been given, but most of the articles are meant to be merely suggestive. Probably you will not carry your own Christmas breakfast to some poor family, as the Marches did, and if you produce a Christmas play, it will probably not be like theirs; nevertheless, the breakfast episode will perhaps suggest something to do for somebody, and the play will give hints for scenery and costumes and acting that maybe would not have occurred to you. You may never ride the surf at Waikiki; but it would be a new amusement to try surf-riding on a nearer-home beach on somewhat the same plan. It is not very likely that you will camp out in India; but the article on this subject will suggest ways of doing things that will help you wherever you camp.

Perhaps, too, by the time you have read this book through, you will find out why hard work is sometimes toil and sometimes play; and you will understand what Shakespeare meant when he said, "The labor we delight in physics pain."

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

THE INITIATION OF A BOY SCOUT

By Thornton W. Burgess

MESS over, Woodhull and Seaforth took their stand at either side of the door, and Walter noted that as each boy passed out he saluted the two chiefs with the scout's salute, and was saluted in return. It was a point of etiquette which he learned was never omitted, and which did much to maintain discipline and to instill the principles of respect for superior officers. Once outside the mess room Walter was free to inspect the camp in detail and at his leisure, for, it being his first day, he was not assigned to any of the duty squads.

There were fifty-two boys in camp, including the four leaders, or chiefs, and they were from all quarters, two being from as far west as Chicago. They represented all classes in the social scale. A few were from homes of extreme wealth and one, according to Billy, was a Boston newsboy in whom the doctor took a personal interest. But in accordance with scout ideals all were on equal footing in the camp, and the most democratic spirit prevailed. Achievement in woodcraft alone furnished a basis for distinction.

The camp had been established three years before the Boy Scouts of America came into existence, but Dr. Merriam had been quick to perceive the value of

the new movement, the principles of which are, in fact, the very ones he had been seeking to inculcate in his unique school. This year the camp had been placed under scout regulations, and it was the doctor's desire to send every one of his boys home at the end of the summer as qualified scouts of the first class, fitted to take the leadership of home patrols.

Approaching from behind the woodpile, where Buxby's assignment to duty was keeping him busy, Walter heard his own name and paused, uncertain whether to go on or not. Billy was regaling the cook with an account of Walter's exploit of the morning as he had wormed it out of Big Jim.

"Pretty spry with his fists, they say," concluded the talkative Billy. Then he added as an afterthought, "Bet they 'll get his goat to-night though."

Walter waited to hear no more. He had not been wholly unconscious of the sly looks and mysterious winks passed between some of the boys he had met, and, though he did not allow it to show outwardly, he was inwardly not a little perturbed by the thought of the initiatory ordeal he felt sure he must undergo. Chief Woodhull's hint, together with the frequent exchange of meaning glances which he had intercepted, could mean but one thing — that his nerve and courage were to be put to some strange and crucial test.

Therefore it was with some trepidation that with the sounding of taps that night Walter sought his bunk and turned in. In five minutes lights were out, and apparently the camp had settled down for the night. Walter lay listening in suspense for some sound which

would indicate that secret designs concerning himself were afoot, but nothing but the regular breathing of twenty-five healthy, tired boys rewarded his vigilance. It had been a long, strenuous day, with little rest the night before, and in spite of himself he soon fell asleep.

He was awakened by the sudden removal of his blanket. Despite his struggles he was bound and gagged. Then his arms were loosed enough for his flannel shirt to be slipped on. His trousers and shoes followed, and then he was rolled in his blanket, picked up bodily and carried forth into the night. In absolute silence his captors bore him along what appeared to be a rough, little-used trail. Occasionally a dew-damp twig brushed his face. Through the tangle of interlacing branches overhead he caught glimpses of the stars. The number of his captors he had no means of knowing. He was carried by relays, and though there were frequent changes he could not tell whether each time a new team of bearers took him or two teams alternated.

Once his bearers stumbled and nearly dropped him. Once they seemed to lose the trail, stopping to hold a whispered consultation of which the victim could catch only a word here and there. After what seemed like an interminable length of time Walter heard in the distance the tremolo of a screech-owl, answered by a similar call close at hand. A few minutes later they emerged in an opening.

"Are the canoes ready?" asked a subdued but sepulchral voice.

"They are, chief," was the guarded reply.

"Then let them be manned," was the order.

Walter was carefully placed in a canoe amidship. He felt it gently shoved off, and then it floated idly while, to judge by the sounds, the other canoes were hastily put in the water. Presently, at a low command from the rear of his own craft, there was the dip of many paddles and he felt the light craft shoot forward.

Flat on his back, he could see little but the star-sprinkled heavens. It seemed to him that never had he seen the stars so bright or apparently so near. By straining up and forward he caught the shadowy outline of the bow man's back, but the second time he tried it he was warned to desist. Out of the tail of his left eye he sometimes caught the arm and paddle of the stern man on the forward reach. But thus far there had been nothing to give him the slightest idea whether he was in the hands of members of his own tribe or a captive of one of the rival tribes.

Swiftly, silently, save for the light splash of paddles and the gurgling ripple at the bow, the canoe sped on. Never will Walter forget the spell of that mysterious night ride on that lonely lake in the heart of the great north woods. His gag had been removed and, but for inability to move hand or foot, he was not uncomfortable. All the witchery of night in the forest was enhanced an hundredfold by the mystery of his abduction and the unknown trials awaiting him.

A mighty chorus of frogs denoted low, marshy land somewhere in the vicinity. Strange voices of furtive wild things floated across from the shore. Once a heavy splash close to the canoe set his heart to thumping fiercely until he rightly surmised that it was made by

a startled muskrat, surprised at his nocturnal feast of mussels. Again, as they slipped through the heavy shadows close along the shore, there was a crash in the underbrush which might or might not have been a deer. It was weird, uncanny, trying in the extreme, yet sending little electric thrills of fascination through the nerves of the city boy.

How long the journey lasted Walter could not tell, but he judged that it was at least half an hour before there suddenly broke out ahead a cry, so human yet so wild, that he felt the very roots of his hair crawl. Once more it rang over the lake, a high-pitched, maniacal laugh that rolled across the water and was flung back in crazy echoes from the shores. In a flash it came to Walter that this must be the cry of the loon, the great northern diver, of which he had often read. This time it was answered from the rear. A few minutes later the canoe grated on the shore. Walter was lifted out, his eyes bandaged, the bonds removed from his legs and, with a captor on either side, he was led for some distance along what seemed like an old corduroy logging road.

On signal from the leader a halt was made and the bandage was removed from the captive's eyes. Curiously he glanced about, but in the faint light could make out little. Apparently they were in the middle of a small opening in the forest. On all sides a seemingly unbroken wall of blackness, the forest, hemmed them in. In a half circle before him squatted some two dozen blanketed forms.

One of these now arose and stepped forward. He

was tall and rather slender. In the uncertain light his features appeared to be those of an Indian. A single feather in his scalp lock was silhouetted against the sky. A blanket was loosely but gracefully draped about his figure. Standing in front of the captive he drew himself up proudly to his full height, and, leveling a long, bare arm at the prisoner, addressed him in a deep guttural.

"Paleface, dweller in wigwams of brick and stone, it is made known to us that your heart turns from the settlements to the heart of the great forest, and that you desire to become a child of the Lenape, whose totem is the tortoise, to be adopted by the Delawares, the tribe of Uncas and Chingachcook; that you long to follow the trail of the red deer and to spread your blanket beside the sweet waters, to read the message of the blowing wind, and interpret aright the meaning of every fallen leaf.

"You have come among us, paleface, not unheralded. Our ears have been filled with a tale of valor. It has warmed the hearts of the Delawares and their brothers, the Algonquins. Our young men have had their ears to the ground; they have followed your trail, and they yearn to make a place for you at their council fire. But, lest the tales to which they have listened prove to be but the chirping of a singing bird, it has been decided in secret council that you must undergo the test of the spirits.

"Alone in the wigwam of the spirits, where, it is said, on the fifth night in every month the spirit of a departed brave, stricken in the prime of his manhood,

comes seeking the red hand of his slayer — here alone you shall keep watch through the black hours of the night. Thus shall we know if your heart be indeed the heart of the Lenape; if you are of the stuff of which the Delaware warriors are made; if our ears have heard truly or if they have indeed been filled with the foolish chatter of a Whiskey Jack (Canada jay).

"If you meet this trial as a warrior should, making neither sign nor sound, whate'er befall, then will the Delawares receive you with open arms, no longer a paleface, but a true son of the Tortoise, a blood brother, for whom a place in the council chamber is even now ready."

Turning to the shadowy group squatting in silence he threw out both arms dramatically.

"Sons of the Lenape, do I speak truly?" he demanded.

A chorus of guttural grunts signified assent. Turning once more to the captive the speaker asked:

"Paleface, are you prepared to stand the test?"

As the harangue had proceeded, Walter recalled that during the afternoon he had heard vague references to a haunted cabin across the lake. Now the conviction was forced upon him that this was the place in which he was to be left to spend the night alone. In spite of himself a shiver of something very like fear swept over him, for the mystery of the night was upon him. But he had firmly resolved not to show the white feather. Then again he was possessed of a large bump of sound common sense, and he felt certain that if, when left alone, he gave way to fear, sharp eyes and ears

would be within range to note and gloat over it. In fact he shrewdly suspected that spies would be watching him, and that his solitude would be more apparent than real. He therefore replied: —

"I am ready."

Thereupon the leader gave some brief directions to the band, of whom all but two trailed off in single file and disappeared in the blackness of the forest. Presently he heard the faint clatter of paddles carelessly dropped in canoes, and surmised that his late companions were embarking for camp. A few minutes later the hoot of a horned owl came from the direction they had taken. This seemed to be a signal for which his guard had been waiting. Once more the bandage was placed over his eyes, and he was led for some distance along an old tote road.

At length a halt was called. His legs were bound and he was picked up and carried a short distance. Although he could see nothing he was aware by the change of air that they had entered a building. He suspected that this was the haunted cabin. He was deposited on a rough board floor with what appeared to be a roll of old burlap beneath his head. He was told that his hands and feet would be freed of their bonds, but he was put upon his honor not to remove the bandage from his eyes for half an hour.

"Keep your nerve, son, and don't sit up suddenly," was whispered in his ear.

He could not be sure, but he had a feeling that the speaker was Woodhull, and to himself he renewed his vow that, come what might, he would not show the

white feather. He heard his captors silently withdraw and then all was silent.

Cautiously he felt around him. Sticks and bits of bark littered the floor. Rough hewn logs shut him in on one side, but on the other as far as he could reach was open space. Feeling above he found that there was not room to sit upright, and he thanked his unknown friend for that last timely warning.

The silence grew oppressive. It was broken by a light thump on the roof, followed by the rasp of swift little claws. "Squirrels," thought Walter, after the first startled jump. Gradually he became aware of a feeling that he was not the only tenant of the cabin. Once he heard something that sounded very like a long-drawn sigh. He held his breath and listened, but there was not another sound. What were those tales he had heard of the cabin being haunted? He tried to recall them. How far from the camp was he? Would they come for him in the morning or would he have to find his way in alone?

In spite of his strange surroundings and lively imagination Walter found difficulty in keeping awake. Outraged nature was asserting herself. There had been little sleep for more than twenty-four hours, and now even the uncertainty of his position could keep him awake no longer. In fact he had not even removed the bandage from his eyes when he fell sound asleep.

He was awakened by having this suddenly snatched off. For a few minutes he blinked stupidly while a mighty shout from the entire wigwam greeted him:—

"Oh, warrior, tried and true,
We hereby welcome you!
We like your nerve!
We like your sand!
A place you've won
Within our band.
You've won your feather fair —
You are a DEL-A-WARE!"

Then Walter was hauled forth and shaken hands with and thumped and pounded on the back by a whooping, laughing crew of boys in all stages of undress. It was broad daylight and, to his amazement, Walter found he was not in the haunted cabin but in his own wigwam, where he had spent the night on the floor underneath his own bunk. The boys, noting the expression of his face, shouted afresh and mercilessly guyed him till presently, realizing how completely he had been duped, he wisely joined in the laugh at his own expense.

Reveille had sounded. Buxby joined him at the wash bench, and on the way to mess explained how the initiation was worked. When he had been placed in the canoe they had simply paddled around near the camp for half an hour. He had then been led over an old trail to an opening near, but out of sight of the camp, and there Woodhull, in the character of the Indian chief, had delivered the harangue. At its conclusion all but the guard had gone to the wigwam and at once turned in, one of them first slipping down to the lake and rattling the paddles, afterward giving the owl signal. The guard had then led him back to the wigwam and put him under his own bunk, where the floor had been strewn with chips and bark to fool him when he felt around, as they had foreseen he would.

"You 're all right, Upton, and say, was n't Louis a lulu?" concluded the garrulous Billy.

At mess Walter realized that he had "made good;" and was already accepted as one of themselves by the merry crew of sunbrowned youngsters amongst whom he had come a total stranger less than twenty-four hours before. Most of all he prized Woodhull's quiet "Good boy," as he saluted him at the door.

FIELD DAY AT WOODCRAFT CAMP

By Thornton W. Burgess

ALL of Woodcraft who could get afloat were on the water, and those not so fortunate were ranged on points of vantage along the pier and along the shore. Dr. and Mother Merriam, with some of the guests of the camp, parents of the boys in for the annual field day, occupied the end of the pier, which commanded the whole course and was directly on the finish line. Among the most interested of the onlookers were Mr. Harrison and Mr. Upton, who had arrived that morning, taking their sons by surprise.

The shore events had been run off in the forenoon, with honors well distributed. The Algonquins, under Chief Seaforth, had won the rifle match. Chief Woodhull had scored heavily for the Delawares by winning the trail finding contest, the stalking event, and the mile cross-country "hike" without compass or trail. The relay race, high and broad jumps, had gone to the Hurons, while the Senecas had taken the hundred yard and two hundred and twenty yard dashes. The points for the best individual work during the summer in the various branches of nature study had been awarded, and the total score in the contest between the two wigwams for the deer's head offered for the highest

total was Wigwam No. 1 — 1460 points; Wigwam No. 2 — 1450 points.

For tribal honors the Delawares had a safe margin, but the championship banner would go to the winning tribe in the successful wigwam. Excitement was at fever pitch, for on the outcome of the afternoon events hung the honors of the whole season. It was generally conceded that the Hurons would take the swimming events handily, unless the Delawares developed a dark horse. The Senecas were strong in the canoe work, and they vowed that if the Hurons tied the score with the swimming events they would win the canoe events.

The swimming races were called first. Before the first event Chief Woodhull called the Delawares together. "I have n't much to say," he said as he looked into the eager faces of his tribe, "only this: I expect every Delaware to do his best, not for his personal glory, but for the honor of his tribe and the honor of his wigwam. It is a great thing to win for yourself, but it is a greater thing to win for your fellows. When you reach the point where it seems as if you had n't another ounce left, just remember that the loss is not yours alone, but of the tribe who are pinning their faith to you. Another thing; fight for second and third places just as hard as for first. It 's the small points that are going to win that banner, and it 's up to you individually to get every point you can. And," he added with a smile, "don't forget to cheer the other fellows when they win. If we must lose, let 's be good losers, but — *don't lose!* That 's all."

The conditions were perfect for the afternoon's sport.

The lake lay like a huge mirror, not a ripple breaking its glassy surface. Clustered about the finish line were the camp canoes and boats and several launches filled with guests from the hotels at the other end of the lake. Several bateaux filled with lumberjacks from the Durant camp lined the course.

"Gee, ain't it great?" said Tug Benson as he and Walter paddled out to the raft from which the swimming races were to start.

"You bet!" replied Walter enthusiastically. "How you feeling?"

"Fine and dandy!" responded Tug. "I 'm goin' to take that hundred yards if I never swim another stroke!"

"Wish I felt as sure of a place in my event," said Walter.

"Look a-here, you 're goin' to get more than place — you 're goin' to win that event! You 've got to! What do you s'pose I 've been coaching you for all summer?" said Tug savagely as he glared at his companion.

They were to the raft by this time and as they hopped out and made their canoe fast, they heard the starter announcing the first event, which was the hundred-yard race. In all events for the afternoon first would count ten points, second five points, and third three points.

There were eight entries for this event, three Hurons, two Delawares, two Senecas, and one Algonquin.

"Are you ready?" Bang! There was one splash as the eight boys took the water. At the very first Tug took the lead. The distance was too short to take any

chances. He was using the crawl stroke, and his powerful muscles drove him through the water like a fish. But he had need of every bit of strength and skill he possessed. Two of the Hurons were pressing him close, and ten yards from the finish one of them forged up until the two boys were neck and neck. Tug glanced ahead to locate the finish line, and gulped his lungs full of air. Then, burying his face, he tore through the water like some strange amphibian, putting every last ounce of reserve strength into a supreme effort.

Bang! It was the finish gun, and the wild whoop of the Delawares told him he had won, but he had hardly filled his strained lungs when the second and third guns told him by how narrow a margin he had snatched the victory.

"Two points to the good, anyway," he said grimly as Woodhull helped him into a boat.

This made the wigwam score 1470 to 1458, and the Delawares and Algonquins whooped deliriously. But their triumph was short-lived. The two hundred and twenty yard event gave the Hurons first and second and the Senecas third. It was now the turn of the Hurons and Senecas to break loose, and they made the most of it, for this gave Wigwam No. 2 a lead of six points.

"It 's up to you now," growled Tug in Walter's ear as they stood side by side awaiting the starting gun in the quarter mile event. "I have n't a look-in, for that hundred killed me. But I 'm goin' to set the pace for the first half, and you stick right to me. Don't you pay any attention to the rest of 'em, but stick right

to me. When I give the word you dig out and win. Remember, this is no sprintin' match!"

The starting gun banged. When Walter had shaken the water from his eyes and looked around, he found Tug at his side, swimming easily with a powerful overhand stroke. Off to the right two of the Hurons were using the crawl and were rapidly forging ahead. Already they had a lead that gave Walter a panicky feeling. Tug looked at him and grinned. "Water's fine," he grunted, for all the world as if this was nothing more than a pleasure swim. "Get your back into that stroke."

Tug was still swimming easily, but he was putting more power into his strokes. Walter followed his example and kept neck and neck with him. They were now the last of the field. The sprint of the two Hurons had given them a good lead, and this had had its effect on the other swimmers, all of whom were putting forth every effort to overhaul the leaders. Walter found that it took every bit of will power he possessed not to do the same. The pace was beginning to tell on those in front, but Tug never varied his strong easy stroke and presently Walter noticed that they were slowly but surely closing up the gap between them and the nearest competitors.

They had now covered a third of the course and the leaders were still a long way ahead. Would Tug never hit it up? What was he waiting so long for? Perhaps he was, as he had said, "all in," and could n't go any faster. Ought he to stay back as Tug had told him to? If he should lose out for place, the blame would be laid to

him, not to Tug. Ha! Tug had quickened the stroke a bit! It was not much, but there was a perceptible gain with each swing of the arms and kick of the legs.

The halfway mark, and still Tug did not give the word. What was the matter with him? He glanced at him anxiously, but the grin on that astute young gentleman's face revealed nothing, certainly not anxiety. Two or three of the swimmers had begun to splash badly, notably the two Hurons in the lead. Walter had his second wind, and he found that he was holding Tug with less effort than at first. He could hear the shrill yells of the Hurons and Senecas at the finish line as they urged on their braves, and there was an unmistakable note of triumph in every yell. It gave him a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"Now go!" screamed a voice almost in his ear. Dimly he realized that Tug had given him the word. Quickening his stroke he put in every ounce of reserve strength, and at once the result began to show. One after another he overtook and passed the other swimmers until there was only one between him and the finish line. The two Hurons who had led so long were splashing in manifest distress. They were behind him now, their bolt shot, but still struggling gamely. But the swimmer ahead was a Huron who had come up strongly in the last quarter.

The pace was beginning to tell. Every muscle in his body ached, and his straining lungs seemed to gasp in no air at all. He was neck and neck with the leader now, but his tortured muscles seemed on the point of refusing to act altogether. If he could only rest them

just a second! Ha, what was that? "Whoop! Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo! Whoop! Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo! Whoop! Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo! Upton!"

It was the long rolling yell of the Delawares. It seemed to put new life in him. They were calling on him now for the honor of the tribe! He was almost there. Could he make it! He *would* make it! He gulped his lungs full of air, buried his face in the water and swung into the crawl, and then it seemed to him that his movements were wholly automatic. "For the honor of the tribe. For the honor of the tribe. For the honor of the tribe." Over and over his brain hammered that one phrase.

The bang of the finish gun crashed into it, but for a minute he did not sense what it meant. "For the honor of the tribe," he murmured, weakly paddling the water with his hands.

"And the honor of the boy!" cried a hearty voice, as strong hands caught the slack of his jersey and pulled him into a boat.

He looked up in a daze into the face of Woodhull. "Did I win?" he gasped.

"You sure did!" was the prompt response.

"No, I did n't; Tug did it," muttered Walter to himself as he saw his coach wearily finish at the tail end.

Second place had gone to the Hurons and third to the Algonquins. The score now stood Wigwam No. 1 — 1483; Wigwam No. 2 — 1481, and the excitement of the visitors was hardly less than that of the tribe as they waited for the canoe events.

The fours were called first. There were four entries, one crew from each tribe, four brawny boys in each canoe, captained by the four chiefs. The distance was half a mile with a turn, start and finish being opposite the pier. A pretty sight they made as they lined up for the start, each boy on one knee, leaning well over the side of the canoe, blade poised just over the water at his utmost reach.

Almost with the flash of the gun the sixteen blades hit the water and, amid a wild tumult of yells, the canoes shot away like greyhounds from a leash.

"Did you get on to that start of the Hurons — one long stroke, then five short ones and then the regular long stroke!" yelled Billy Buxby, whose sharp eyes seldom missed anything new.

As a matter of fact, this little trick had given the Hurons the best of the start, the quick short strokes getting their boat under full headway before the others. But their advantage was short-lived, and it could be seen that as the turning buoys were approached they were last.

"Wonder if they 'll spring something new on the turn," muttered Billy, leaning forward until he threatened to upset his canoe. "Ah, I thought so!"

The Delawares had reached the turn first with the Senecas a close second and the Algonquins third, but the leaders had not fairly straightened out for home when the Hurons turned their buoy as if on a pivot and actually had the lead.

In silence the spectators watched the flashing blades draw up the course. It was anybody's race, a "heart-

breaker," as Spud Ely expressed it. Like clockwork the blades rose and fell. The Algonquins were using a long body swing. The Senecas swung their shoulders only, and their stroke was shorter and faster. The Hurons had dropped a little behind, but between the three leaders there was little to choose.

"It 's quite primeval, is n't it?" said Mr. Upton as he returned the binoculars which Mr. Harrison had loaned him.

"That just expresses it," replied the latter as pandemonium broke loose in shrill yells from the four tribes urging on their crews. "The forest setting, the Indian craft — it 's all like a picture out of early history."

The voices of the captains could now be heard calling for the final spurt. The stroke in all four boats became terrific as, with heads bent, hanging far over the sides, the paddlers drove their blades through the water, recovered and drove them again, almost faster than the eye could follow. Ten yards from the finish the Senecas paddling in perfect form, seemed fairly to lift their boat from the water. It was magnificent, and as they shot over the line, winners by a scant quarter length, all four tribes joined giving them the Woodcraft yell.

The Algonquins were second, beating the Delawares by a scant half-length. The score was tied.

The single event was next, and in this both Walter and Hal Harrison were entered. It was an eighth of a mile straight away. This event was confined to the younger boys, and Walter felt that he had an even chance for place, though Tobey of the Hurons was

generally picked to win. Harrison was a dark horse. No one knew much about his paddling save his chief, who had coached him in private, and was very chary of his opinion to anxious inquirers.

"I 'm going to beat you, Walt," said Hal, as they paddled down to the starting line.

"Not if I can help it," replied Walter with a good-natured laugh, "but if I 'm going to be beaten there is no one I should rather have win than you, Hal. But the Delawares need those points, and I 'm going to get 'em if I can."

It was Hal's first race, his novice event, and he was plainly nervous at the start, so that he got away poorly. But he soon recovered and settled down to his work in a way that brought a smile of satisfaction to the lips of Chief Averill watching from the finish line.

Hal had not told his father that he was entered for any of the events. Mr. Harrison had been talking with Dr. Merriam when the race was called, and had paid no attention to the boys going down to the start. It was not until the race was half over that he focused his glasses on the canoes.

"Bless me, that looks like my boy out there!" he exclaimed, wiping his glasses to be sure that he saw clearly. Then to the delight of the spectators the man of millions showed that he was wholly human after all. He whooped and shouted like an overgrown boy. "Come on, Hal! Come on, boy!" he bellowed at the top of his lungs. "He 's winning! He 's winning! Come on, Hal! Hit her up! Hit her up!" And all the time he was pounding the man in front of him, quite

oblivious of the fact that it was Dr. Merriam himself.

Hal was hitting it up. After the first few minutes of dumb surprise the Senecas had rallied to the support of their new champion, and as the boy heard his name over and over again at the end of the Seneca yell he ground his teeth and redoubled his efforts. Little by little he forged ahead.

Walter was putting up a game struggle, but he found that his grueling swim earlier in the afternoon was telling now, and in spite of all he could do, open water was showing between his canoe and Hal's. "I 'll get second, anyway," he muttered, and then as before the old slogan, "For the honor of the tribe. For the honor of the tribe," began hammering in his brain.

It was Hal's race, with Walter second, Buxby third, and Tobey, the expected winner, a poor fourth. Wigwam No. 2 was two points to the good.

The suspense had become almost unbearable as the last event for the afternoon was called. This was a "pack and carry" race, a novelty to most of the spectators, and in some respects the most interesting of all.

Four canoes were placed side by side on the ground in front of headquarters. Beside each was spread a shelter tent, blankets, and cooking outfit. The four chiefs took their places, each beside one of the outfits. At the signal gun each began to pack his outfit. As soon as he had finished he picked up his canoe, inverted it over his head and carried it to the lake. Returning for his pack he placed it in his canoe, paddled out

around a buoy, back to shore, and carried canoe and pack to the starting point.

Woodhull won handily, but big Bob Seaforth, who got a good start and was counted on for second at least, broke a paddle and was put hopelessly out of it. This gave the Senecas and Hurons second and third respectively. The score was once more tied.

It was incredible! Never in the history of the camp had there been anything like it. The field sports over and the championship undecided! And now it hung on the outcome of a little woodcraft test that hitherto had been simply a pleasant part of the ceremony of lighting the last camp fire — the test of the fire sticks. It was agreed that the winner should not only have the usual honor of lighting the fire, but that he should score five points for his tribe and wigwam, and that second and third should not count.

Evening mess was a hurried affair. There was too much excitement for eating. Promptly at eight o'clock Dr. Merriam appeared with the other members of the camp force and a few guests who had remained, and the tribes gathered in a circle around the huge pile of firewood in front of headquarters. Each chief selected five of his followers to represent his tribe. These squatted in four groups with their fire sticks before them on the ground. Behind each group stood an umpire to announce the first *bona fide* flame.

The silence was almost painful as Dr. Merriam raised his arm for the starting shot. There was a momentary stir as the boys hastily reached for their sticks, and then no sound save an occasional long breath and the whirr

of the fire drills. Twenty seconds, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three — "Buxby's fire!" cried a voice sharply, and then a mighty yell arose from the Delawares and Algonquins as Billy leaped forward and thrust his tiny blaze into the timber of the dark pile before him. Wigwam No. 1 had won!

LIFE IN A GIRLS' CAMP

By Anna Worthington Coale

CAMP routine is much the same in all camps. The bugle call which awakens the girls is followed ten minutes later by another, which summons all the campers to assemble for a short calisthenics drill and a run around the open court or a lively folk dance. At one typical camp, "If you don't go to 'cal,' you can't go swimming all day." If you come in a bathing suit, you can have a dip in the lake before breakfast.

After breakfast there is a lively scramble to put the tents in ship-shape order for inspection. One tent mate may sweep up the tent floor, another pick up whatever is astray, another make the beds, while the fourth rolls the flaps just so. For there is a banner at the end of the season for the best-kept tent.

At nine is the Assembly for morning prayers. A brief service, the announcements for the day made, various trips and parties planned, and then the camp songs. Those good old camp songs! Besides the good old songs there are many jolly camp songs written by girls or councilors.

Craft work keeps the campers busy until swimming hour. Girls come to camp "tired of books and lessons and the dead routine of school," but they love to work at basketry, pottery, stenciling, jewelry, leather work, bookbinding, and carpentry. So fascinating is the

craft work that if the next bugle call meant anything less than swimming there would be danger of its being unheeded. Each year Santa Claus is the custodian of attractive work-baskets, book-racks, stenciled curtains, embroidered centerpieces, and even handmade necklaces which he carries at the end of December to proud and happy parents and friends.

The swimming at girls' camps has been carefully standardized. The different tests for advancement are based on self-control in the water, confidence, and good head work, rather than on any exercise that greatly taxes heart or lungs. One of these is the "canoe test" — fifteen minutes above water. You may float or swim, as you like, and a boat keeps near you all the while. A girl may not go out in a canoe until she has passed this test. Eleanor was the first girl in camp to take the canoe test. When she came in to dinner, very rosy and her eyes beaming, all the campers joined in a song in her honor. Eleanor blushed violently, but in the next few days she had a chance to sing to many of her friends. That afternoon she tried her canoe. An athletic councilor paddled in the bow, Eleanor in the stern. She turned too short and they capsized. They were quickly picked up and headed for camp in a rowboat. Eleanor was beaming when she saw the camp leader. "I was n't afraid," said she, "for I knew I was guaranteed to swim fifteen minutes."

After dinner every one has an opportunity to take "forty winks;" those who won't "wink" may write letters home; but every one must be quiet and give others a chance to rest.

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GIRLS AT CAMP

Then follows the reading hour, under a big tree, with sewing, if you like; and the afternoon excursions are planned. It may be a long trip on foot or horseback; a night in the open, a trip to some distant mountain, with three nights on the way; a three-day gypsying trip with a wagon for the baggage; or it may be merely a quiet paddle along the lake shore.

The lovely camp evening, with its basketball, tennis, a bonfire with camp songs and stories (or the fireside, if it rains), or a "sing" on the lake with all the campers in canoes, is brought to an end by the bugle again sounding in the deepening twilight. Taps, "lights out," find all quiet, except a giggle or two, hushed by an honor girl, and the happy day is done.

In a suburban town a committee of parents recently held a serious and prolonged discussion over the question of the recreation of the children of the community.

A playground expert from a National association was called in to make a survey of the recreational facilities of the town. The survey revealed that "one-third of the leisure life of that town's boys and two-fifths of the leisure life of its girls are taken up in going down town, walking, and loafing." At this point an exasperated parent suggested that if children could have duties, tasks, and a child's measure of responsibility they could utilize what time they would have left for sport and recreation without suggestion from adults; and they would not be found wasting the precious hours of playtime in aimlessly strolling down town and about the streets. Perhaps this wise parent had

known in his boyhood days the joy of turning work into play.

At a certain camp in New England there was an accumulation of rubbish to be disposed of soon after arrival. The camp leader suggested a bonfire. The idea was enthusiastically received, and rubbish was brought from all quarters of the camp grounds. Many hands piled it "high as the sky." When night came, there was a wild Indian dance and war whoop, all joining hands, as the huge pile was lighted. That was a fine instance of making play out of work.

It was some years ago when Janet came to camp. She came from a large city in the Middle West. Her "set" at home had parties almost every night. Janet was popular, too, with the boys. When she saw the campers in their bloomer costumes, her face fell. They seemed so young. The camp leader found her weeping tears of homesickness when the train left which took her mother back to her Western home. "Janet, dear," she said, cheerily, ignoring the tears, "I want you to organize a basket-ball team. I have been depending on you for our team. Will you come out now and look over your material?" Janet came out. She looked over her "material." Somehow, in the bloomer costume, with her hair in braids, she looked just as young as they. And they were such nice-looking girls, she noticed. She soon had a good team chosen, and during that summer she developed qualities, not only of leadership, but of thoughtfulness and genuine friendliness. So popular was she that her name has been handed down through several summers, and still clings to the

tent which she occupied. And when every once in a while she returns to visit the old camp, she is welcomed by all the campers, old and new.

In the democracy of camp life a girl finds herself in an environment of simplicity and freedom which stimulates her to activity. In place of languidly accepting a ready-made programme of play she must provide play activities for herself and others. There is no distinction in dress, for the camp costume is alike for all. A girl is rated by her achievement, not by externals. Moreover, she has a distinct advantage in being rated well at the start, for, as one older brother put it, "Your camp takes it for granted that a girl is a good fellow till she proves that she is n't."

Gwendolyn was one of the few girls who failed to appreciate all this. She ought to have gone to camp sooner. For she had been around the world twice, had wintered in Japan, and had a yacht and an automobile. Yet these accessories, which stood her in such stead at home, failed to make any impression at camp.

Then Gwendolyn started stories about the other girls. The first one passed unheeded in the friendly atmosphere of camp democracy. She tried it again — unhappy Gwendolyn! The second time the stories were repeated. The third time they were doubted; but the fourth time, alas! they were believed. But there was a reaction immediately. The stories were traced straight to Gwendolyn, and she became so unpopular that she actually became so miserable that she had to leave. "I had a hard rub," she wrote afterward, "but I know it did me good." She had found

that trips around the world, yachts, and automobiles count for naught when a girl fails to be thoughtful and kind and generous.

In camp a girl learns, like her brother, to be a "good sport." One way is to take defeat cheerfully and to honor your successful competitor. Another way to be a "good sport" in a girls' camp which some brave girls have learned is to refrain from doing things which you are not able to do. One girl with a weak heart learned this only when she had to be rescued because she tried to swim too far. But the spirit of restraint which she afterward showed was recognized by the campers to be just as fine as the spirit of daring in the others.

Unfailing good humor is a strong characteristic of the girl camper. Any mention of discomfort is frowned upon, and an uncomfortable experience, whether in camp or abroad, is always made romantic in a song.

The mountain trip, which involves several days' travel and some degree of hardship, is a good test of spirits and power of endurance.

A party from one camp started out one fine day to climb a famous mountain, whose high peaks they had often viewed from afar at their camp home. They walked many miles to the base, and then traversed the long side of the mountain before they began to climb. Lunch and supper were eaten from knapsacks on the way. It was nearly dark when they reached the hut halfway up the mountain where arrangements had been made to spend the night. The hut, they found, had accommodations for but thirty. Another party

had preceded them, and there were fifty-four. "We 'll have to sleep like sardines," said one of the girls. And they did. By morning they had a jolly good song to take back to camp, as every party must, and every verse ended in "Roll over!"

Next morning they started the long climb. Before they had gone far it began to rain. A car passed them halfway up, filled with people comfortably seated on dry seats.

"Only towering peaks and rocky paths can sturdy climbers thrill," the girls sang, "though others do their climbing in a car."

Nearly drenched, but in excellent spirits, they reached the summit, again to find that the best rooms of the tip-top house were occupied by some gentlemen from New York. The gentlemen offered to vacate, but our girl campers stoutly refused. After being dried by a smoky fire, and passing a night on some extra bunks, they started down the mountain, singing: —

"How many miles have we got to go, got to go, got to go,
How many miles have we got to go,
To catch the train to —— ?"

It was afterwards learned that the gentlemen from New York caught cold on the way up the mountain, but never so much as a sneeze was recorded among the girl campers.

Camp has valuable lessons for us all, the experiences of some parents being as significant as those of their offspring. A fond father brought his motherless little girl to camp. The mother's death was very recent, and Patty had never been away from home before. Papa

stayed at the inn across the lake as long as business in the city would permit. The first night he looked out across the lake and saw the camp lights twinkling on the shore, he wondered about Patty. How would she get along without her maid to undress her? "But it will be a good experience for her," said he, shaking his head sadly. In the middle of the night a storm arose — wind, rain, thunder, and lightning. The waves beat against the rocks. Papa arose and paced the floor. "My poor little girl over there among the rocks and caves!" he groaned. "She will be frightened to death!" He wrung his hands. He continued to pace the floor until dawn. At the earliest possible moment he tried to reach the camp by telephone, only to find that no one from the outside could break into that camp, by telephone or otherwise, for another hour. He waited. He called again. Patty's voice came back, fresh and clear. "Yes, papa." "My darling," said papa, "were you frightened?" "At what, papa?" "The dreadful storm — thunder and lightning." There was a pause. He waited anxiously. After a minute came the reply. Patty's voice sounded puzzled. "I did n't hear it, papa."

There are other parents who have learned the value of looking carefully into the management of the camp to which they wish to send their young daughter. For, although a camp may have an ideal location and beautiful scenery and model equipment, if it has not also wise leadership and the highest ideals of character, it will fail in its greatest obligation — the development of the highest type of womanhood.

The result of camp training should be, and usually is, a sound mind in a sound body. At the same time, the camps reveal, by contrast, a deplorable lack in the present system of education for women. It is the failure to put the proper emphasis on physical development. The school and college — and the home as well — are not sending forth their daughters with a reserve of strength and steady nerve as a preparation for living.

And there are other evidences of a need for revision of the educational system. Just as in industry women have been working under conditions designed for men, so it would seem, in the school and college, a man's programme is being imposed upon the girl student. Courses and methods which ignore the physical have been handed down from the past without proper adaptation to the needs of girls.

Many of these courses are not related to the needs of the girl's after life. For instance, the study of dead languages and higher mathematics may be good mental exercise, but may be wholly unrelated to the life of the girl who is preparing to make a home.

And as much of the girl student's work is still done by assimilation and imitation, rather than by methods which develop the imaginative, creative, and reasoning faculties.

We hear in these days of the "nervous strain of college life" — and sometimes we hear the same thing from schoolgirls. The reason for this, in the case of too many girls, is a lack of discrimination in not knowing how properly to balance their time with work, rest, and play. Girls need to be taught how to relax. A

camp girl said she found at college tired, overworked girls who did not know when they needed rest — not realizing that the mind and body, to keep healthy, must have complete quiet at times. "Some girls here," she says, "do not know the treasures in a long walk over hill and dale, along the brookside, through the woods, when all thoughts of lessons are left behind."

The camp girl is taught how to divide her time. Play has a large place in her programme, and it furnishes valuable educational training. Through play she learns some of the first principles of the fine art of living — adaptability, reliability, initiative, and good fellowship.

She also realizes the great value of rest — sometimes solitude — and its relation to work and play. Off in a pine wood, beside a mountain stream, in a canoe, along shore, alone with nature or a companionable book, a camp girl can be happy for hours. "Invite your soul," is a familiar expression in a girls' camp.

And then the camp girl works! She goes in for things and works for the sake of working. It may be organizing sports, or some unfinished craft work, or a part of the domestic work of the camp assigned to her. Sometimes she puts in an hour or two on lessons which have to be made up for school in the fall. With superb health, exuberance of spirits, and pleasant companionship, she gets joy out of working. And a definite part of each camp day is sacredly devoted to work.

Because she has learned the importance of accomplishing what she sets out to do and the advantage of team work, the camp girl is depended on in college for the executive work in nonacademic activities. It is

said in one college that when a camp girl is made chairman of a committee that committee's work will be done well.

Camp life gives a girl also a good store of knowledge as a preparation for her academic work. She knows not only how to bandage a cut and right an overturned canoe, but also how to recognize the stars and appreciate the poetry of scenery. Contact with the real world of nature develops an interest in scientific explanations and theories.

Good health and a balanced mind bring many desirable qualities in their train — physical poise, toleration, friendliness, power of achievement, and that indefinable charm which is the glory of every woman with glowing health.

THE CHILDHOOD OF AN ATHLETE

By Ellery H. Clark

I CANNOT remember the time when I was not interested in sport. There was no form of exercise which did not appeal to me, and this whether I took part myself, or, as a mere spectator, applauded the performance of others. To run fast or enduringly, to leap high or far, these had, for me, the savor of great deeds; and upon those who did them worthily, I gazed with awe, as upon beings of a superior world.

I am sure of the facts, yet when I look back and seek to find the reasons for them, I can scarcely seem to hit upon the cause. I was not reared in an athletic atmosphere; there were no family traditions to be maintained. It was, I think, simply a natural bent; the germ of the athletic fever was in my blood.

Stevenson has told us how he learned to write, not so much because he wished to be an author, although he wished that too, but principally, as it were, "in a wager with himself." And thus my own ambition, though a far less noble one, was in kind the same. I wished to be an athlete, yet it was not for the sake of the medals or the glory, although, to borrow Stevenson's phrase, perhaps "I wished that too." But my main incentive, like this, was a wager with myself. There was much that I aimed to acquire, yet it was not

to excel others that I practiced and trained. A certain standard of accomplishment was always before me; and to know, in my own heart, that I had attained it — that was my desire.

I had two playmates, in these early days, both inspired with the same ambition as myself. The result was a union of forces, and while all Boston knows that its athletic club, the B.A.A., was formed in 1887, how many Bostonians, I wonder, though skilled in local history, know that before this there was a B.A.C., which flourished in 1881, and a year or so later languished and died. Yet such was the fact, for my two friends and I were its founders. And although, as it seems to me now, scarce old enough to read and write, we had a constitution and by-laws. More than that, we had a club badge, a little oblong of crimson silk, with the letters, B.A.C., embroidered upon it in gold, and a silver pin with which to fasten it to our coats. An air of mystery, dear to all small boys, surrounded us, and thus no profane outsider was ever to guess the existence of our Club. Except in secret meeting, the order of the letters was to be reversed, and to the ear of the world, we were to talk only of the doings of a certain "CAB." Altogether, we were quite elaborate, and existed, as I say, for upwards of a year.

Winter was the principal time for our diversions. We played football in the autumn, baseball in the spring, and devoted the time between to our Club. My parents lived in a tall house, opposite Boston Common, and halfway down the slope of Beacon Hill. The house was deep and narrow, with long hallways

connecting the rooms at either end; and the topmost story of all, away up under the big skylight, was our gymnasium, athletic field and running track, all in one. Here, as the fancy moved us, we practiced our different sports — boxed and wrestled, jumped and ran. How the ceilings ever held is a mystery; and even more wonderful still seems the way in which my parents contrived to stand the noise. They endured it without complaint, and only once, that I recall, put a stop to any of our plans. That was in the days of the tug of war; not the good, old-fashioned kind where the contestants, a dozen or more on a side, pulled standing erect in the open, but a modern version of the game, where four men on each team lay prone upon the floor, feet braced against huge wooden cleats, and strained upon the rope until their faces purpled and the veins stood out upon their swollen necks. We had seen the Harvard teams in the Hemenway Gymnasium; and so, of course, must go forth and do likewise. Our hallway appeared to us an ideal place for the practice of the sport. We had everything planned — the purchase of the rope, the cleats, and all — and then my parents, consulting the family physician, promptly and very cruelly (as it seemed to us) vetoed our scheme, and the tug of war was never held.

Of all our varied pastimes, one stands out with special clearness in my mind. That was the running high jump. Later in our careers, we were to have a regular set of jumping standards, and a crossbar as well; but when our club was founded, such luxuries were far beyond our means.

And yet we did not lack inventiveness. Two chairs, placed on either side of the hall, were our standards, and a broom from the dusting closet served us as a bar. So far, so good; yet the problem of raising and lowering our broomstick still confronted us. To a certain extent, to be sure, we were aided by the natural construction of the chairs. The bar, supported on the lower rungs, formed the obstacle for the first jump; the higher rungs were next to be achieved; and if these were safely cleared, the broomstick was placed across the seats themselves. This last, indeed, was a dizzy height, to be approached with caution, with much shuffling of feet and grim contortion of face, after the manner of those real champions who were at once our envy and despair. Occasionally one of us, more, I think, by luck than skill, would clear it, but for the most part we would fail, with much damage to knees and shins; and thus, for a year or more, we were untroubled by the question of farther heights. Yet gradually, as we increased in strength and agility, the feat at which we had balked grew easier of accomplishment; the problem of raising the bar must be met and solved; and we turned, in our perplexity, to our "box of blocks," banished, for the moment, to the entry closet, as toys for children, having no place in an athlete's world.

I wonder if the modern boy gets all the fun that we did from such blocks of wood. Ours came, I remember, in an oblong cart. They were part brown, part white; and were intended, I suppose, solely for the construction of houses and castles of varying design. But our imagination was not thus to be circumscribed. It was not

alone a double debt that the blocks contrived to pay, but one fifty or a hundred fold. Indians and settlers, redcoats and continentals, knights and paladins (I never felt sure, I think, just what a paladin really was, but the name echoed like music in my ears), ships and athletes, wild beasts and race horses — Heaven alone knows what those humble blocks, at one time and another, did not represent. They kept us, I am sure, out of more than a little mischief, and upon stormy afternoons were worth their weight in gold.

So now, with more prosaic purpose, it was to our blocks that we had recourse, and placing them carefully under each end of the broomstick we raised our bar trimphantly, a block at a time. How I wish that I had the records of those early meets to-day! How I should like to look back at them, and see, at seven, eight, and nine years of age, what heights we really cleared! Alas! Our score sheets, with the badges, the constitution, and the by-laws, have vanished forever; treacherous memory is of no avail, and our records, like those of the Olympic Games of old, are shrouded in impenetrable mystery. A chair and a block — a chair and two blocks — if recollection serves me rightly, even three — but of what we accomplished in terms of feet and inches, not a trace remains.

One other memory of the long hallway comes vividly back to me. Those were the days of the pedestrians, and the sport had culminated in those tremendous contests of endurance known, in the sporting phrase, as the "six-day go-as-you-please." There always seemed to me a kind of irony about the name, for while in theory

the participants were thus left free to follow any gait they choose, only too frequently, as they neared the end of the struggle, the poor wretches, with dizzy heads and staggering limbs, was not only unable to go as they pleased, but were wholly unable to go at all.

One of these races was held in Boston. I went to see it upon the opening day, and after that again and again, for it gripped me with a fascination I could not resist. I cannot remember where the contest was held, but I seem to recall a long, low building, with a board track covered with sawdust; the whole tone of the affair cheap and sordid to a degree, and among the spectators the proper sporting atmosphere of much cheap tobacco and much cheaper slang. Yet I paid little heed to my surroundings; all my interest was in the racers themselves. Footsore and weary, gaunt and grim, they plodded along; walking, running, walking again; not stopping even to eat, but snatching the food from their trainers' hands, devouring it, as they sped along the track, with no perceptible slackening of their speed. For hour after hour they kept at their task, taxing themselves, as it seemed, to the very uttermost limit; and always, on the huge score board at the end of the hall, their records mounted higher and higher, lap after lap, mile after mile. I can see the whole scene now, as if it had been but yesterday. Names, figures, faces; gestures and tricks of speech; one and all again come crowding to my mind. I can see Guerrero, the swarthy Mexican, picturesque and debonair; Herty and Hegelman; Sullivan, with his pale face and sunken cheeks, and "Old Man" Taylor, the "Pie-eater," plodding wearily at his

steady jog, with his eyes half closed and his head sunk upon his breast.

Cheap and sordid, as I say, and yet the lesson that I learned there was none the less a noble one. For I was too young to distinguish between amateur and professional, and the commercial side of the enterprise, except as it affected my own pocket, made not the slightest impression upon my mind. But the race itself — the struggle of courage and endurance against hunger, and fatigue, and physical distress — struck me as something *magnificent and fine.* And so I must go home, remove my jacket, knot a handkerchief about my waist, and another (Heaven knows why) about my head, and then walk and trot up and down the hallway, as seriously and with as much determination as if I had been a very champion of champions. My imagination, I think, was at least normally active at the time, for I can remember placing a large, damp sponge upon a chair at the end of the hall, and stopping every few laps to breathe very loudly, and mop my face until it shone; then, in imitation of one or another of my heroes, I would start away upon my tramp once more. With these faint memories, the sports of childhood, real and imaginary, fade from my mind.

HOW A BLIND MAN ENJOYS BASEBALL

By Clarence Hawkes

AS soon as the baseball season opens, I become deeply interested in the national game. I have followed baseball closely ever since the days of Clarkson and Kelly, Boston's twenty-thousand-dollar battery. I became interested in the Bean Eaters many years ago when I was a student at Perkins Institute and have followed up the sport ever since.

About the middle of April the college season as well as that in the big leagues, begins, and then the newspapers hold a new interest for me; but it is not until the local league opens at Northampton, Massachusetts, that I really get into the game.

My friend, Judge Richard W. Irwin of Northampton, usually comes over in his large automobile and gets me for the first game. The Judge is as much interested in the game as any boy, and is a jolly good companion besides. If he is not on hand for the first game, I jump upon the automobile truck of a farmer neighbor and ride over with him.

It must not be imagined that I only take a partial interest in the game and am a sort of outsider, for there is no one in the grandstand or on the bleachers who follows the game more closely, or with more interest

than I do. My knowledge of what is going forward on the diamond is so accurate that I can report a game for a newspaper, and have written a good deal about the national game first and last, these articles being very popular.

We will suppose, in order to show how I follow the game, that we are sitting in the grandstand immediately behind the home plate. In that case the diamond and the field are a geometrical figure immediately in front of me. The player nearest to me, and immediately in front, is the catcher. Then farther on, in the middle of the diamond, though still in line, is the pitcher; still farther away is the second baseman, and away beyond him the center fielder. To my right is the first baseman, and still farther away, but nearly in line with him, is the right fielder. To my left are the shortstops and the third baseman, and farther away is the left fielder. This is the picture that I always have in mind when play is called.

When the umpire calls "Play ball," my nerves are strung up to the highest pitch.

"Ball," cries the umpire, and I hear the ball fall with a slight spat into the catcher's mitt. By the slight sound that it made I know that the ball pitched was a drop, for the force had nearly all gone out of it.

"Ball," cries the umpire again. But this ball strikes the catcher's mitt with a vicious spat, so it was not a drop. Probably it was an out, or perhaps it was too high. Anyway it was a ball, and what sort of one does not much matter.

"Strike," calls the umpire. Now the question arises

in my mind: Did the batter swing at the ball, or was the strike called on him? But a spectator near me sets me right by observing, "He ought to have offered at that one," so I know it was called.

"Strike," again calls the umpire, and again I am puzzled as to whether the strike was called or the batsman offered.

"Gee!" cries a small boy near me. "If he had hit that one it would have gone over the fence." So I know he offered at it viciously.

Again the pitcher winds up and there is a loud crack from the bat. There is a rather long minute of suspense, and then I hear the ball strike in the shortstop's mitt. It was a pop fly, which went rather high, and that was why I waited so long to hear the catch. If the sound had come quickly, I should have known by the same reasoning that it was a hot drive, going low to the ground, and that the shortstop stabbed it, as they say.

Another batsman steps to the plate and hits the first ball pitched sharply. I hear the ball strike the shortstop's mitt again, and a second later it resounds in the mitt of the first baseman over at my right. It was a ground ball, and was fielded nicely and thrown accurately, and the umpire cries, "Out."

Often when the decision is close I listen intently to see whether the feet of the base runner strike the base or the ball the baseman's mitt first. If the base runner makes first and I hear soon after the ball spat in the baseman's mitt, I know the pitcher is throwing to first to catch him. As soon as a runner gets upon the base

the coaching gives me a clue each time as to what happens on the base. Each time the coach cries sharply, "Look out!" I imagine the runner pitching for the bag, and I hear the ball spat in the baseman's mitt, telling of the throw. The same rules apply to the second base, and also to third. To any one familiar with the game, every word of the coach means a corresponding motion on the field.

When a batted ball goes away out into the field, I have to listen sharply to hear the fielder catch it, but my ear is so trained with attending many hundreds of games, that I can usually hear the ball fall to the ground if it is muffed. If I did not the fate of the base runner would give me the necessary clue. Very rarely, if I am paying attention, am I obliged to ask my companion where the ball went and what the play was. Grounders I usually hear skimming along the diamond, and very high flies I recognize by the time the ball stays in the air.

Thus the play goes goes on for nine exciting innings, and I am sure there is no one on the grounds more excited or interested than myself. Two or three times I have been hit by a batted or thrown ball while sitting in the bleachers, or in an automobile, but have always come off with a whole skin. Perhaps the closest call that I have had to serious injury occurred one day when a small boy, who was sitting between my knees, got a very hard drive of a foul which came into the bleachers. It came like a cannon ball, and struck the little chap in the cheek, but he was good grit, and was all right after a few minutes, being more frightened than hurt.

HOW A BLIND MAN ENJOYS BASEBALL

There is something intoxicating and exhilarating in yelling in unison with several thousand people, just as you do when your pinch hitter bangs out a hit and wins the game. The yell that goes up from that eager throng on such an occasion is barbaric and grand, like the music of the sea.

I always go home from a game tired, but happy, and sure of a better night's sleep for the thrilling afternoon's sport. My own restricted activities in athletics make me turn with even more zest to the great American game, which does so much each year to tan the faces and harden the sinews of the American base-ball public. So baseball will always find an ardent champion in myself and I know of hundreds of tired business men who turn to this clean exciting game for recreation and pleasure, and to escape the grind of their daily business life. Long live the great American game!

WHEN OUR TEAM INVADED JAPAN

By J. J. Pegues

IT was in June of 1910 that the University of Chicago decided to allow its baseball team to invade Japan. During the summer months it is too hot for foreigners to play ball in Japan, and it was necessary, therefore, that the trip be made in the fall. The division of the college year at Chicago into four quarters made it possible for the members of the team to attend summer school, leave on September first, and return the first of January, without losing any school work. All members of the ball team of 1910 were eligible to take the trip, but two men, Kassulker and Sauer, gave up the pleasure because they felt they were needed on the football squad.

Two university teams, Washington and Wisconsin, had already visited Japan, and both had found the Japanese more than a match for them after a summer without team practice. Knowing this, we determined to go prepared to play our best game. With this end in view we spent the summer playing practice games with strong semiprofessional teams in Chicago. As a result we were really in better shape for a hard series in the fall than during the regular spring college season. The teams of Waseda and Keio also spent the summer

months in practice; so that all three teams were in the pink of condition. A great deal of interest had been manifested in the United States regarding the forthcoming series, and in Chicago the papers commented to a considerable degree on the games to be. But the interest at home was nothing compared to that in Japan. As soon as it was known that we were to take the trip, we began to receive demands for pictures of the teams to be printed in the Japanese papers. Before we left Chicago, Mr. Yamasake, the Japanese Consul, gave the team a reception in order that we might meet the Japanese residing there, and later a number of them gathered at the station with the Chicago students to give us a rousing send-off for our long journey. When we reached Seattle we were greeted as we left the train by a queerly accented Chicago "yell," delivered by about two hundred Japanese who had gathered to welcome us there. Here also a Japanese team had been got together to play us and give us our first insight into Japanese play; and after we had defeated them they showed the true Japanese politeness by thanking us for having played them, and led us off in our ball suits to a reception given in our honor by their consul. Such interest in the trip on the part of the Japanese even in America amazed us, and when, barely within wireless radius, some twelve hundred miles out of Yokohama, we received the first of a series of messages from Japanese papers, universities and individuals, bidding us welcome and asking for news, our amazement grew still greater.

We landed at Yokohama in a pouring rain, but in

spite of the steady downpour a large crowd had gathered to greet us. Before we could leave the ship we were surrounded by reporters, who stuck like leeches, questioning us in broken English. Their persistence was really amusing, and their questions so varied and comprehensive as to cover our lives from birth far into the future. It was somewhat embarrassing on our part to be subjected to a cross-examination, in all sorts of English, but we knew that it was all meant in the best spirit, and was done only with a view of comparing American and Japanese students. So we answered back as best we could. And everywhere we went we were objects of unending interest and courtesy. Throughout our stay we were considered not only as guests of Waseda University, but also as guests of the Japanese nation, and while objects of constant curiosity, we were at the same time subject to every form of Japanese politeness. Also I may say that while the Japanese stared at us constantly and questioned us continually, we returned both stares and questions with interest, as they seemed far stranger to us than we can have seemed to them. They see many foreigners, while we had never before seen Japanese under anything like natural conditions. When we were hauled through the streets of Yokohama in "rickshaws," on our way to the train for Tokyo, we insisted on leaving the tops of our man-drawn carriages down in spite of the heavy rain; so that we might have an unobstructed view of the strange sights which surrounded us. Most novel to our eyes were the people themselves, stalking through the mud of the narrow sidewalkless streets on stilt-like

wooden clogs, and protecting their flapping skirts and kimonos from the rain with oil-paper umbrellas. Odd sights surrounded us on all sides, and it was only through stern necessity that we forewent sight-seeing during our first few days in Tokyo, and devoted our time to practicing for the games now close at hand.

Hundreds of Japanese turned out to watch us practice and to compare us with their champions. So great was the interest manifested that we were requested to practice in secret as far as possible, and without previous announcement, as it was feared the students would desert their class-room work to watch us in action. Only a "world's series" could excite such interest at home, and we looked forward with much curiosity to the first game. We wondered what sort of crowd would greet us when we really crossed bats with them in a game. We had been told at home that immense crowds would turn out, but that unlike an American crowd they would sit like stone images throughout the contest, watching the game without a sound or the slightest show of enthusiasm. We were soon to find out for ourselves. When we drove up to the field for the first game, we found it decorated for the occasion. The fences were draped with red and white bunting and the entrance festooned with American and Japanese flags. Practically all of the spectators had entered the field when we arrived, an hour and a half before the game was to commence, and as we passed in we were greeted with a great outburst of handclapping. Everyone rose to salute us, and then settled down once more and waited for the game to start. It was a strange

sight which we saw. Their grand stands were merely high earth embankments where the bare-legged Kimono-clad crowd squatted on their heels. Not a Japanese woman was in sight, and during the entire series only a few came out to see a game, as it is still considered hardly proper for them to do so.

When the time for the game to commence had arrived, the captain of the Waseda team insisted on our taking the choice of innings, a privilege always assumed by the home team in America. The first man up for Waseda drove a clean hit to the outfield, and to our amazement, as we had expected absolute quiet, the whole crowd rose as one man and yelled till they were hoarse. From then on the crowd behaved exactly as a crowd at home would, yelling and cheering continuously. The students also had an organized rooting section, led by cheer leaders. Once the noise commenced, we felt natural. The odd surroundings faded out of our minds, and we were playing baseball, not some queer Japanese game.

That first game ended nine to two in our favor. This, I think, was somewhat of a surprise to the Japanese, as they had confidently expected to beat us. Our next game was with Keio, on whom the Japanese now pinned their hopes, but in vain, as we downed them three to two in a hard-fought contest. Even then they expected to take the series from us, and they fought like demons for every game, never giving up till the last man was out. Two of the subsequent games took ten innings to decide, but we made a clean sweep of the entire series, taking the seven games played in Tokyo and the three played later in Osaka.

The games, while exceedingly hard fought, were characterized by friendliness between the players, by clean play, and by ready acceptance of the umpire's decisions on both sides. Only once did we question a decision, and that was due to a misunderstanding by both parties. As a result of accepting decisions without dispute we were highly applauded by the Japanese papers, and applauded by the spectators. But really we deserved little praise, as the umpiring, which was done by ex-members of the teams we played, was excellent, and absolutely impartial throughout. The spectators were also remarkably impartial. Of course they wanted very much to see their own teams win, but they always applauded good plays on our part. The gentlemanly conduct and true sportsmanship of the spectators and of the players made a strong impression on us. After every game they lined up along the streets leading from the field to cheer us as we drove away, and the banzais (Japanese hurrahs) were just as hearty after the seventh and last game in Tokyo as they were after our first victory.

Before passing on it is perhaps well to compare the Japanese and American college teams. I think that the larger and better college teams at home, taken all in all, are perhaps slightly superior to the best Japanese team which we encountered. At the same time, I think we were fortunate to capture ten straight games as we did, for we are not really so much superior to them. To be sure, the Japanese are somewhat handicapped in stature. But as in everything that they undertake, they have made a study of the game and have de-

veloped the features to which they are best suited. They cannot bat with the force that Americans do, and we were able to play our outfield in close and cut off many drives that at home would go as hits. They stand up to the plate well, are good waiters and excellent bunters. Their throwing is weaker than one encounters among good teams at home. We were able to score several times from third on a rather short fly to the outfield, on which we should hardly have dared to run against an American outfielder. Nor was the pitching particularly speedy. The Japanese have attempted to overcome this by pitching many more curved balls than an American would, and it was rarely that they would risk a straight ball against us. Their work in the field was brilliant rather than steady. They made a number of sensational plays, but at the same time they missed some easy chances. In base running they are somewhat handicapped and somewhat favored by their size. They are not as fast runners as Americans, but are good in sliding into a base, and are more difficult to tag because smaller. They know all the tricks of the game and use them continually, so that we had constantly to be on the lookout. But, as I have already said, they are not the equal of a good American college team. The records show that we outplayed them in every department of the game. Our fielding average was slightly better than theirs, and our batting and base running was markedly better in every game, both at Tokyo and later at Osaka.

Our trip to Osaka, where we played only three games, was the direct result of the very wide interest that was

taken in the "international series," as it was everywhere spoken of in Japan. It was arranged that after a twenty-six day stay in Tokyo our team and the Waseda team should be taken down to Osaka, two hundred and fifty miles south of Tokyo, as guests of the *Mainichi Shimbun*, a leading newspaper of Japan, to play three more games there, in order that the people of that vicinity might witness some of the international contests. Our long stay in Tokyo had been made one unending round of pleasure through numerous attentions and entertainments, dinners and banquets, dances and theater parties. After this pleasant stay we departed, together with the Waseda team, in a special car for Osaka. By this time we thought that we had seen the utmost of Japanese hospitality and expected no more demonstrations. But to our amazement we were greeted at the principal stations en route by considerable crowds and by brass bands, and when we finally reached Osaka after dark we found the whole station and the streets surrounding it jammed full with a monster crowd all anxious to see us and bid us welcome to their city. We were hurried into waiting flag-draped jinrikishas and escorted through town to our hotel by fifteen hundred students of Osaka high schools. Each man carried a lighted Japanese lantern on a long pole, and on each lantern was inscribed "Welcome, Chicago." The Mayor of Osaka opened the first game with an address of welcome, and then pitched the first ball to the batter in true American style. After each of the games we were presented with floral pieces by different schools and organizations of the city. Whole schools attended

the games in bodies. School would be suspended for the day and the students would march to the field. Some of them tramped as much as thirty miles to reach the field, and we were told that individuals had come as far as two hundred miles by train just to see us play. It is impossible to tell how many people saw the games, but it was estimated that about thirty thousand stood through each contest. Many of these walked out and back, as the one car line reaching the field could not even pretend to handle such unprecedented traffic.

We played only three games here in a week. The intervening time was occupied in sightseeing in Osaka and in the neighboring cities of Nara, Kyoto, and Kobe. At each city we were welcomed by the Mayor, and at each, temples, forts, and castles, which are usually closed to the public, were opened for our visit. As I have said before, every one seemed to consider us as guests of the nation, and everywhere individuals put themselves out to make us enjoy our stay in the "Flowery Kingdom" to the utmost, and to show us that a true feeling of friendliness existed for us as representatives of the United States.

After such manifestations of friendship and good will, and after the highly pleasant times that we enjoyed during every day of our stay in Japan, one may be sure that it was with a real feeling of regret that we finally had to part with the many friends we had made there. And as we steamed out of Kobe Harbor, leaving behind us a pursuing launch filled with the Waseda team, newspaper representatives, and a band playing "Auld Lang Syne," we could but feel that to some extent

at least we had come to know the Japanese students, and that they had come to know us, and that we had also done at least a little to secure a better understanding and a stronger bond of friendship between their nation and ours.

THE YOUNG SAVAGE

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

THE football practice was just at an end when John Hull came out into the field from the woods enclosing it. Clark Harding, the football captain, called out:

"Hello, Darwin! What did you get to-day?"

"Nothing!" Hull answered shortly, and hurried on.

"Is n't he the young savage!" said Philip Ward.

"Yes, but you don't look any too civilized yourself," Harding reminded him, running a big hand through his friend's matted hair. "You 're not fair to the boy, Phil. It 's just his clothes."

"Well, that 's quite as bad. It 's time he stopped being a backwoodsman."

"He 's been here only a month," urged Harding, mildly. "I wish I could get him to play football. He 's got the best neck and shoulders in the school."

"He certainly has a splendid build," Ward admitted. "If he were n't such a young savage."

"He 's been teased a good deal since he 's been here."

"Yes, but not by you, and he seems more down on you than anyone else. You 're too kind-hearted to live, anyway, Clark. — Oh, I suppose Darwin does know more about mud turtles and snails and all the other slimy things."

Harding pinched his companion's neck with his big fingers.

"It 's awful to have a contempt for so much at your age," he said, half humorously. "We 've got to hurry. See how Darwin 's streaking it."

Hull was indeed "streaking it." He knew how those two fellows were talking about him — laughing at him! What interest had Harding in him, anyway, that he should ask what luck he had had? Hull felt that every question was merely an excuse for a sneer.

He did not bother to wash his hands or to brush his hair or to change his boots, which were wet and muddy. He tramped down to the study just as he was, and, taking his seat, opened a book and glowered at it from the moment the bell rang.

But his mind was not on the book. He was wishing he might go home, to the Michigan woods, where he had always lived. His father had let him run wild there. The old lumberman had had original ideas about bringing up a boy. "Until he 's sixteen he shall be a backwoodsman," had been his father's decree, and the boy's tutoring had been desultory and undisciplined. Then he had been sent East to this boarding school. On the first day he had seen with delight that there were woods near by; and when a boy, whose name he afterwards learned was Harding, asked him to play football that afternoon, he answered, "I don't know how; I 'm going off into the woods."

"Come out and learn," Harding had said.

"I 'd rather go back into the woods," Hull had replied.

In two or three days he had become aware that the boys were noticing him curiously. His own observation had never been trained very much in regard to human beings; it was acute for out-door life. But when he realized that he was an object of curiosity he began to scrutinize others. And then he understood. They dressed differently, they somehow looked and talked differently. They used phrases that seemed to him grotesque. He wondered how one boy could say to another, "I beg your pardon," without blushing for shame at his girlishness.

From their point of view he was queer; he dressed queerly, and they were silently amused.

He might have adapted himself. His father had sent him plenty of money and the advice "to have a good time with the boys." Instead, with a sudden obstinacy, he had resolved to make no concessions. He hated "style," he hated sham, he hated any affectation of graces. His mistake was in thinking that all graces were affectation.

Clark Harding, the football captain, liked something about the boy's level, passionate-looking black eyes. He had come up behind the study one day when Hull was skinning a musk-rat, with a couple of small boys looking on. Harding paused and watched the operation.

"How well you do it!" he remarked at last. "You 're a regular naturalist — a regular old Darwin. Why don't you come out and play football, Darwin?"

"Because I don't choose," said Hull, without looking up.

He thought the most popular man in the school was condescending.

"Oh, well, some time maybe you 'll change your mind, and help us out," Harding said, cheerfully, moving away.

The two small boys reported that Harding had nicknamed Hull "Darwin." Anything that Harding said was always regarded as having a peculiar fitness. Hull heard himself called Darwin on every side, and he set his teeth in thought of the boy who had invented the name. It did not occur to him that the expression had been spontaneously admiring. It was an epithet, and therefore sneering and contemptuous.

So, during the football season, Hull went on his solitary tramps and set his traps and hung the walls of his alcove with musk-rat skins instead of pictures. He had never been lonely in the Michigan woods; now, among all these pampered, fastidious boys, he felt very lonely. He began to crave two things, companionship and recognition for what he could do, and he cherished the thought that he would some day show himself a better man at something than Harding. The most popular fellow in the school deserved to be humiliated. The spectacle of so much hero worship filled Hull with an intense personal disgust for its object — who was conceited, of course, and condescending and overestimated.

For all his bitterness, Hull was acquiring, as the days passed, a curious loyalty to the School, even to the fellows. When he heard them discuss other schools, he hated those other schools. He was sure that the

boys were even more impossible than those round him. He hoped that St. Timothy's would always "whip" every other school. They won that year at football.

Hull could not concede a sufficient show of interest to watch the game, but he stood on the outside of the crowd in front of the study that evening, and cheered for the team and the School. He did not join in the cheers for the individual players and the captain. But that evening he pinned up in his alcove a bit of ribbon which bore the St. Timothy's colors.

The first skating came soon after football. It was not for every one. The ice on the pond was hardly safe, and only the older boys who were the best hockey players were allowed to use the rink. On the afternoon when it was declared open for practice the School turned out in a body, those who could not skate being willing to look on. Hull joined the spectators. The scrub game of hockey had begun, with seven players on each side, under the leadership of Ward and Harding. Hull, who had not understood the restrictions necessary in the use of the rink, had brought his skates. He stood looking on and studying the game, the first he had ever seen. His eyes flashed when he saw Philip Ward shoot the rubber disk out from a scrimmage and go racing with it toward the goal, and he chuckled silently when some one flashed in and with a dexterous reach of his stick plucked the "puck" cleanly from under Ward's eyes. The next instant Hull scowled, recognizing in this person Clark Harding.

"Is Harding captain of the hockey team, too?" he asked one of the boys.

"Yes. Harding's the best hockey player and skater in the School. He 's the best at everything."

Then Hull tingled with an ecstatic idea. Here was the chance for which he had been waiting. It was not to be said any longer that Harding was the best at everything in the School. "What are the rules about hockey?" He addressed this question to Lawrence Sidney, whom he disliked as little as any one.

"You can't swing your hockey above your waist, and you can't throw the puck with your hands, and you can't kick it with your skates. You 've got to be on side, and you can't trip a man up; but you can butt him all over the rink if you want to."

Then Hull's eyes gleamed. "You can butt him all over the rink if you want to. That 's in the rules, is it?" he asked.

"Yes. Why? Are you thinking of playing, Darwin?"

"Yes, I am!" Hull said defiantly. "Why should n't I?"

"Well," Sidney answered, "you see the rink is just for those fellows that the captain picks out as likely candidates for the School team."

"That 's all right," said Hull. "I want to be a candidate."

"Oh!" said Sidney. He hesitated a moment, then he said, "You don't know Harding very well, do you, Darwin? If you 'd like to have me, I 'll speak to him and ask him to give you a show."

"Thanks," said Hull, half-graciously, "I won't bother you. I guess I can speak up for myself."

The skaters swept by him in pursuit of the puck, and in another moment some one had shot it out of a scrimmage through the goal.

In the pause that followed Hull saw his chance, and edged forward.

"Say, Harding," he called, "I 'd like to try for the team!"

There was no such outburst of derision as he had anticipated. One or two boys snickered, but that was all. Harding skated up and stood, resting his hands on his hockey.

"Why, yes," he said, "that will be all right. Just as soon as some one feels like stopping you can come in."

"Darwin can take my place for a while, Clark," said Perry White. "I 'm just about blown."

Hull sat down on the ice and rapidly put on his skates.

"If you 're going to play hockey, you 'll want to have hockey skates fastened to your shoes," said Harding.

"Oh, I guess I can get along with these," Hull responded grimly. "Will you lend me your club, White? If I smash it I 'll get you another."

"Is n't he the defiant young brute!" muttered Ward to John Dalton. Then he said aloud, "We call them sticks, not clubs."

"Oh, you do," said Hull, scrambling to his feet. White handed him the hockey.

"All ready?" asked Harding. "We 'll put you in as one of the forwards."

Hull stopped. "On your side?" he asked. "Can't I be on the other side?"

Harding laughed. "Yes, if you want to. Dalton, you come over here and let Darwin have your place."

Ward, who was captain of the other side, fumed round among his players; and Hull, skating up, saw that he was not welcome. But he did not care one way or the other about Ward, whom he considered trivial; the flash in his black eyes was not for Ward. It was for Harding, against whom he was at last pitted in contest.

The players lined up and began clashing their sticks. Ward dropped the puck and shot it off to one side. Instantly Hull was in pursuit of it, and in another moment driving it before him along the ice.

"Whe-ew!" said Lawrence Sidney. "Look at him go!"

"Like the wind!" muttered White, in admiration. "He gets his face right down on the ice!"

But Hull's skill in carrying the puck did not match his speed, and just as he was preparing to shoot for the goal, some one darted in from one side and cut the rubber disk out from under his stick. He wheeled sharply, and saw that Harding was taking the puck down the rink.

Hull bent his head and raced in pursuit. Halfway between the goals he came abreast with Harding, who, seeing that he was overhauled, shot the puck cleverly across the rink to Dalton. But even then Hull did not change his course. With his black eyes glittering he bore down upon the captain, and, with head and shoulders lowered, rushed against him at full speed.

Harding was unprepared for the onslaught. In

another moment he was flying straight toward the side of the rink, with Hull's thick shoulder bearing against his back. And then he felt one last violent thrust; his skates struck with a crash the shin-high boarding, and over it he plunged headlong.

He sat up, laughing; and that laugh, so spontaneous and boyish and good-humored, was the salvation of Hull, who stood lowering over him, expecting to fight. He had thought that of course Harding would leap up angrily. And instead he sat, shouting with laughter. Slowly and against his will Hull's stern lips relapsed into a grin.

"You 're a perfect wonder, Darwin, but you must n't go out of your head when you play," Harding said. He reached his hand up to Hull quite naturally for help, and Hull, quite as naturally, took it and hauled him to his feet. "It 's all right, you know, to rush a man off the ice if he has got the puck," continued Harding, throwing one arm across the boy's shoulders. "Where *did* you learn to skate, anyway, Darwin?"

And Hull surrendered then and there, realizing Harding's fine simplicity, that had been conscious of his own mean and hateful intention. He could not doubt the frank enjoyment of Harding's laugh, or the way in which, sitting on the ground, he had reached up his hand. And so in that moment the soreness of weeks passed out of John Hull.

He went back into the game with a new and gay determination stringing his muscles. It was a better incentive than the black animosity that had driven him before. He rushed up and down the rink, upset-

ting players with the roughest good-nature. He snorted grimly to himself when some one, carrying the puck, cleverly dodged passed him, and when he got possession of it he flashed along the ice, head down, and trusting to his strength and speed. He shot two goals, and had a shameful feeling in his throat when the fellows on the bank cheered, "Hi, Darwin!"

That Hull should have a place on the hockey team was, after his first day's play, a foregone conclusion in the School. He became an object of new interest and quiet respect. Then he himself took a new interest in the School life.

Harding instructed him in the importance of team play, the art of passing the puck when in difficulties, and that of "lifting" it through the air. Hull listened and practiced with an absorbed eagerness. And Harding sometimes in the midst of his expositions would find the boy's passionate dark eyes fixed on his face with an expression that gave him a half uncomfortable yet gratified feeling. Hull was too self-contained to confide to anyone his newborn admiration; but he studied his man in a quiet way, and began to see what it meant to be head and captain of the School. So he came to know that Harding's was a larger, more generous nature than his own.

The School hockey team was finally chosen, and practice for the championship game with St. John's School, which came just before the Christmas vacation, began in earnest. Hull was recognized as by far the most brilliant player on the team. He could outskate anyone, and with the skill he had acquired in keeping

the puck and dodging he was depended on to do most of the scoring.

But with all this earnestness, he was too excitable to think of more than smashing ahead in his own way. He tried hard; but although he improved his own game, he remained what he had been in the beginning — an "individual player."

"He 's a savage still," Ward insisted to the patient Harding. "He loses his head and runs wild. I tell you, Clark, you can't teach team play to a savage."

"Well, maybe not," said Harding. "But just the same, one savage like that is a team in himself. And somehow I 'm sure that in a tight place he 'll do the right thing."

Reports came to St. Timothy's that there was a new man, Boyd, on the St. John's hockey team who was a "wonder." St. Timothy's sent back boasting word that there was a new man on *their* team who was a "wonder." From the way the boys began to talk, one might have thought that the contest was to be between Hull and Boyd as much as between the two teams.

On the afternoon of the game the boys of both schools gathered along the bank of the St. Timothy's pond, bundled up in sweaters and ulsters, for the day was cold. The St. John's players in their blue jerseys and the St. Timothy's in their red dashed back and forth on the pond, warming up. Then the signal was given. Ward darted back to guard the goal, Harding took his place at cover-point, the forwards lined up.

The referee placed the puck between the forwards and blew his whistle. There was a quick whacking of

hockey sticks, and in another moment the skaters were scrambling up against the bank of the pond. Back and forth went the puck for some time. The play on both sides was loose and uncertain, and neither team seemed able to win an advantage.

A hockey game is not like a football or baseball game. It is just as good in its way to watch, but it is not one at which you can cheer. The play is too rapid and incessant, and the most the spectators can do is to give a sharp yell when anything sensational happens. So, for the first part of the game, both St. John's and St. Timothy's looked on in breathless silence while blue and red figures whirred back and forth, crowded together and whacked stick against stick or went sprawling.

Suddenly something happened that brought from St. Timothy's the excited yell. It was Darwin Hull at last, doing just what had been expected. He had leaped out of a scrimmage, driving the puck before him, and was now rushing down the pond, with only two men to intercept him — the goal keeper and one other, whom St. Timothy had learned to know as the much-vaunted Boyd.

Every one else on both sides was in pursuit, but Hull drew rapidly away from all. He was headed straight for the goal, and Boyd was skating desperately in from one side, to which he had been drawn just before the scrimmage.

With St. Timothy's eyes all on Hull, nobody noticed how fast Boyd was coming. But just as the goal keeper was bracing himself for his desperate defense, Boyd

swept down. Hull felt his hockey suddenly jerked up from the ice, and the puck was stolen from under it.

There was a great shout from St. John's — and then another — and then another. For Boyd, with what everyone afterwards acknowledged was the most wonderful dodging ever seen on the St. Timothy's pond, had not only snatched the puck away from Hull, but had poked and steered his way through and round the throng that had swooped down, and was at last speeding up the pond as free as Hull had been a moment before; and among his pursuers Hull had instantly forged to the front.

Harding at cover-point came rushing down to meet Boyd. Hull was pressing after him from behind. Boyd bore directly at the captain, then at the last moment twitched the puck to the left and swerved after it. Harding had been foiled, and now there was only Ward guarding the goal.

The maneuver that had carried Boyd past Harding had allowed Hull to gain, and he was coming now with his head down and a raging determination. He was just a yard behind. Boyd's skates flashed close before his eyes. Yet strain as Hull would, he could not lessen that yard. For speed the St. John skater was his match, and the flash of steel always just beyond his reach filled him with desperation. He glanced up and saw Ward half-crouching in the goal. That sight stung Hull to madness. So poor a thing as Ward! Nobody else! He *must* stop Boyd! And reaching forward he plucked with his hockey at one of Boyd's skates.

Boyd kicked the stick aside, and in the same moment

shot for the goal. And instantly there was a shout from the bank: "Hi, Ward! Ward!" and then both teams were squabbling and scrimmaging for the puck away off on the other side of the pond.

Hull, standing apart, swung his hockey stick, and with all his might sent it whirling over the heads of the spectators, far out into the field. Then, empty-handed he skated to the bank of the pond, and sitting down, began to unfasten his skating shoes. His teeth were set together, and little white muscles were working in his jaws.

"What 's the matter, Darwin?" said one of the boys.

Hull made no answer. The others looked on in amazement. Harding called for time, and the referee blew his whistle. Harding skated across the pond.

"What is it, old man?" he asked.

"I tried to trip him up," Hull answered, in a shaking voice. "I 'm disqualified." He had one skating shoe off and was working with the other.

Harding summoned the referee. The players gathered round, among them Boyd. The referee said he had seen no attempt to trip. "I don't know anything about it," Boyd said, honestly.

"I tried to do it," Hull replied.

There was silence. He stamped his feet into his shoes, picked up his skating shoes and rose.

As he pushed his way through the crowd nobody spoke to him. With the look that was on his face nobody cared to speak; and Harding stood looking with a frown after the solitary figure hurrying toward the school.

Then he called, "Hanford!" and a substitute skated out on the ice. The game went on.

"It 's all Boyd," the St. Timothy's watchers said, after a while, in discouraged tones. Again and again he broke away from the crowd, carrying the puck. He outskated, outdodged, outplayed every one else. Ward might defend his goal once or twice successfully; no man could be proof against Boyd's repeated onslaughts and at the end of the game the score was ten to nothing in favor of St. John's.

Harding went at once to Hull's alcove in the School. The curtain was drawn, but he pulled it aside without ceremony.

Hull was lying on the bed. He sat up when Harding entered.

"Well we got licked," said Harding, cheerfully. "It would have been different if you could have finished the game. It was mighty sandy of you to quit, Darwin."

"I should n't think you 'd speak to me again," Hull said, bitterly, gazing at the floor. "I tell you, Harding, it 's terrible to know you 're not fit to play with gentlemen."

"Bosh!" said Harding.

"It 's true," Hull answered. The way I acted — it was just anything to win. And there 's one thing," he added, suddenly, "I want to tell you. I always thought Ward was no good, and when I saw he was the only one, I just could n't stand it! I did want St. Timothy's to win; I did want to help her win — and I *knew* Ward could never stop him. And that 's why I did it. And then — Ward stopped him. Ward played the game —

square — and I 'm not fit to play with gentlemen! I 'm a disgrace to myself — and to the School!"

"Oh, tut!" said Harding, rumpling the boy's hair. "I just dropped in to remind you that there 's a meeting in my room to-night to elect next year's captain."

He was not, however, greatly surprised or even sorry when Hull failed to appear at the meeting.

"Fellows," he said, when they had all assembled, "I want to nominate for next year's captain Darwin Hull."

There was a silence.

Then Ward spoke up: —

"What, after this afternoon! Oh, Clark!"

"It 's because of this afternoon. I tell you, that fellow will have such a grip on himself now that nothing can loosen it. And as for controlling other fellows — just give him the chance! Did you see his jaw when he left the pond? If you put responsibility into his hands he 'll live up to it. He 's the best player in the School. I 've just been talking with him, and he thinks after what he did to-day he 's not fit to play with gentlemen. I say we will show him he 's wrong — and give the School the best hockey captain it 's ever had."

"He 's just an Indian!" protested Ward. "He has n't any head; he has n't ideas."

"That 's not fair, Phil. He has ideas. In some ways he 's the quickest fellow to learn I ever saw. You take him as he was a month ago. Would you ever have thought he 'd be heard saying, 'I 'm not fit to play with gentlemen'? And as for feeling for the School, none of us has any more! Darwin does n't

talk much, but if you fellows had been with me in his alcove you 'd have seen how he *feels!*"

And in the end it was settled as Harding wished it — by unanimous vote.

Harding went for the newly elected captain, and escorted him into the room. When the fellows stepped forward to shake hands, Hull's lips twitched painfully. Then he set them tight, and after the hand-shaking he steadied himself and said: —

"You fellows are the best I ever knew. Thank you for believing in me after what I 've done. I 'll try to be a good captain. I 'd like to be the kind Harding is." He hesitated and then went on: "I 've learned something about hockey this last month — and a lot more about fellows. I think it will help me next year."

They all applauded him, laughing a little because they did not like to show that they were really moved. When they were passing out, Darwin Hull lingered to say to Harding: —

"Clark Harding, I owe you more than the captaincy — a good deal more than I can express! And I 'll never forget it!"

And Harding was pretty happy that night, in spite of the fact that St. John's had beaten St. Timothy's by the biggest score in history.

THE MONROE GAME

By Walter Camp

THE Monroe game found a cool, nipping day awaiting its pleasure. There were moments of cloudiness that hinted at rain; there were moments of bright, open sky that promised sunshine. But, as the morning wore on, the clouds disappeared bit by bit, and the sunshine came more and more into its own. By noontime, when trains and automobiles and trolley cars were bringing in the crowds, the day was all that even Mike O'Toole, the head ground-keeper, could ask, for Mike had rheumatism and had no love for dampness.

The Manor squad ate a light dinner. The fellows were at high tension, but Craig could see no signs of abnormal nervousness. He laughed and joked with them, and tried to keep their minds off the game. Finally he led them to the gym — out through a boisterous yard and across a noisy, cheering, howling athletic field. Then they were in the locker room. They dressed with more quiet than usual. Soon Craig lined them up and told them what he wanted. He spoke quietly and with calmness, and the boys drank in the lecture with stern attention. After that they went out to a shrieking welcome from the stands.

Danny was with Chapman. "Where 's Draper?" he asked.

Chapman shook his head. Talmage answered. "That chap over there. See him? There he kicks."

Danny watched the ball. His eyes told him that those kicks would be hard to handle. Yet he was sure that he would get the ball when it came to him.

There was a flurry of sharp practice. Then Captain Talmage, of Manor, and Captain Parent, of Monroe, stood with the referee in the center of the field. The referee tossed a coin.

"Tails," called Talmage.

All three stooped over.

"Heads," said the referee.

Parent walked back to his players. He and Draper talked a moment and studied the wind. They decided to receive the kick-off and to take the north goal.

The teams spread out in battle form. Talmage kicked. The ball went down to Monroe's five-yard line. There Monroe's right half caught the oval. Instantly he was away. It looked for a moment as though he had a clear field ahead.

"Come on," yelled the Monroe stands. "Come on."

Twelve yards away, however, Manor's end and tackle brought him down. The teams lined up.

On the first down Monroe punted. Draper got the ball away cleanly, but Danny, watching closely, felt that the kick should have been longer. Chapman was under the ball. It came into his arms and squirmed out and away.

"Oh!" Danny gasped. Chapman threw himself at the oval; he covered it before the Monroe ends could reach the danger zone.

"Whew!" breathed Danny. "That 's too close for comfort. He must kick an awful ball if Chapman can't hold it."

Manor began its attack. Chapman sent the fast Lee on a straight plunge through right tackle for two yards. Instantly he sent his left half around from the other side and at the same spot. Six yards more resulted.

"Go it, Manor! Go it, Manor! Go it, Manor!" chanted the stands of green and white.

But Chapman had no idea of attempting to carry the ball from his own territory all the way down. Just at present he was simply feeling Monroe out. He called on Talmage to punt. The effort was a little hurried, and as a result Monroe had the ball on her thirty-yard line. Monroe tried an end play. It failed. Then Draper punted. Plainly Monroe relied much on Draper's valuable foot.

The ball came to Chapman on Manor's forty-yards. This time, while Danny held his breath, Chapman made a good, clean catch. But the Monroe ends were on him, and he could not run back the kick. At this point came the first time out. Gowdy, Manor's right tackle, tried to bump off a Monroe tackle, and was somewhat damaged in the collision. He resumed play, and the Manor stands gave a cheer with "Gowdy, Gowdy, Gowdy!" on the end.

Chapman called for Lee's speed, and Lee went around right end for eight yards. The stands howled for a first down. Chapman shot Proud, the left half, at left guard. This brought another three-yard gain.

But Manor had held on this second play, and the penalty set her back. Chapman gave the signal for a punt. The ball went to Monroe's forty-five-yard line. She was fifteen yards better off than she was when the ball last came to her.

Monroe's first play was a clever double pass. It brought five yards. Then right half ripped two yards through the center. The drive off this play seemed to shake up the Monroe line. Once more Draper punted. The ball went to Manor's thirty-five-yard line. Chapman dodged back five yards.

So far there had not been much to choose between the elevens. If anything, Manor felt encouraged because of her rather greater gain on running plays. Her growing confidence, however, soon found itself crushed. On the next play Proud fumbled the ball; and a Monroe tackle, who had drilled his way through, got the leather on Manor's forty yards.

"W-o-w!" shrieked the Monroe stands. A moment later the yell became a deep, throaty chant:

"Put it over! Put it over!"

And Monroe started things with a rush. The first play brought five yards around right end. Then came a halfback plunge at Gowdy. Manor's right tackle was still shaken from that earlier collision. The play brought six yards. Then the Monroe full hit the same spot for five yards. On the next play he tried to get through left guard, and was stopped. Draper, however, on a quarterback run, cleverly skirted the end for a first down. Things looked blue for the green and white.

The stands were shrieking. From Monroe's sections came pleas for a score. From Manor's friends came a different plea — a plea to "Get that ball!"

Once more the Monroe left smashed into the injured Gowdy for a gain, this time five yards. Instantly he followed with a five-yard gain around the right end. The ball was inside Manor's ten-yard line.

"Hold them, fellows!" Chapman begged. "Everybody hold!"

The line stiffened, and on the next play Monroe failed to gain. Once more she tried. This time it was a wide end run. But it was too wide, and the runner was forced back for a five-yard loss. It was Draper's chance to try a drop kick.

The teams lined up. Manor's friends clattered to their feet.

"Block it!" they yelled. "Block it!"

The ball shot back. Manor's right guard ripped his way through. He jumped high into the air and thrust up both hands. The ball tipped his fingers, caromed off to one side, and missed the posts by five-yards.

Cheering broke out in the Manor stands. It had been a close call.

Out beyond one of the side lines Danny felt his heart settle into a steady, strong beat. That drop kick had about scared him stiff.

Manor put the ball in play with a scrimmage on the twenty-yard line. Talmage gained eight yards around the right end on a fake kick. Then Chapman gave the signal for a kick, and with that signal came a minute of blood-curdling anxiety for the green and white.

For Talmage had a habit of trying to kick from too close to the line. Craig had worked hard to eradicate this football evil, but without complete success. Now Talmage took too close a stand. Craig, on the side line, groaned.

Baggs sent the ball back straight and true. But Monroe's left tackle broke through the wobbling Gowdy. His jump blocked the kick. It shot sidewise. Lee raced for the ball, got it, and then lost it again. The stands yelled crazily. Chapman, in a wild mix-up, shot for the ball and got it on his ten-yard line.

The stands settled down. Talmage dropped back for another kick. This time he was far enough behind the line; but Gowdy was about through, and the Monroe left tackle went past him as though he had been straw. Again the Monroe tackle blocked, the ball going off to the right; again there was delirium in the stands. This time Manor's right guard fell on the ball. Once more an almost sure touchdown by the enemy had been averted.

The slaughter had gone far enough. Craig sent in Soffle, and Gowdy came tottering out. Soffle held back the ambitious Monroe tackle, and on the next play Talmage got his kick away. The ball went to Monroe's forty-five-yard line.

Twice the Manor line held. Then Draper kicked. Chapman caught the ball, and scooted back, amid frantic cheers, to his fifty-yard line. It was a pretty run.

Two plays brought but four yards. Manor punted. The ends went down in good shape, and dropped the

Monroe full on his own thirty-five-yard line. On the next play the Monroe quarter fumbled the ball, and then fell on it to save it. Then Draper punted to Chapman, and the whistle for the end of the quarter sounded as Chapman was downed in the center of the field.

During the minute intermission the players changed sides. Talmage drew Chapman away from the others.

"Try a forward pass on them the first play," he advised. "They probably won't expect that, and it may come off."

Chapman nodded. "Sounds good, does n't it? I 'll work the one where our right end goes back and throws a diagonal to left end."

"That 's the stuff," said Talmage. The referee's whistle sounded. The teams lined up for the second quarter.

Manor had the ball. Chapman barked his signal. Right end, who had shifted back a little at the same time that right half had slipped up, ran back on Bagg's pass, received the ball from Chapman, and leaned back just behind the five-yard limit. From there he shot out a beautiful line pass to left end.

It seemed for an instant that the play was certain to go. Manor's stands arose with a roar. The pass was a long one, the end was well down under it, and he seemed more likely to get the ball than the watchful Monroe back who had started down the field with the pass. It was a race between the two. The Monroe back was the faster. He leaped into the air, and intercepted the pass on his thirty-yard line. The Manor yells died. The play had been well executed, but

the brilliant dash of the Monroe back had saved his colors. Monroe's attack failed to indent Manor's line. Draper once more punted. The Manor line had forced Draper to hurry, and the ball went outside on the forty-five-yard mark. The teams lined up again. Craig noticed that Chapman limped.

And yet Chapman tried a quarterback run. He was too lame to bring it off, and was tackled out by the end. Instantly on the line-up he called for another forward pass. This time the ball shot off toward the right end. Here the play almost worked; for the ball reached the tips of the end's fingers, bounded off a little, and was caught by a Monroe back before it touched the ground. Even old 'Varsity men in the stands told one another that this was some game.

Monroe gained two yards on a quarterback run of her own. A double pass that followed lost the two yards that had been gained. Once more Monroe called a punt to her aid. The kick was high and short. Chapman, coming in on it, failed to signal for a fair catch. As a result he was in a crowd of boys when he tried to make the catch. He fumbled, and Monroe regained the leather practically in mid-field.

"I doubt if Chapman can last out the quarter," Craig muttered. He motioned to Danny. "Studying the plays?"

"Yes." Danny's body began to tremble with excitement. He wondered what he would be like when he actually got in the game.

"Good! Keep your eyes open. I want you to know all you can when you start."

Danny's heart skipped a beat. It was only a question of minutes now when he would be in the thick of things.

Monroe tried the right end for three yards. Then they tried Baggs, and Baggs was a stone wall. The ever-ready punt sailed away. The kick went out on Manor's thirty-eight-yard line.

Once more Chapman tried his fake punt, and Talmage won thirteen yards. Then Proud was twice called for a dash on his own side of the center. Each time the Monroe line held him safe, and Talmage tried a kick. It seemed that neither side could form an attack that would be sufficiently sustained to score. Draper caught Talmage's punt on his own thirty-five-yard line. One disastrous plunge at Baggs was enough for Monroe. She elected to try Draper's foot. Draper got off a wobbly offering this time, and Monroe lost eight yards on the exchange. Both elevens seemed weak and tired. Talmage gained one yard on a hard try. Then he punted, and got the ball off to Monroe's twenty-yards.

There the enemy took on a new lease of life. Right end was circled for four yards; a double pass brought eight more. Draper tried that weak right tackle hole, and Soffle let the runner get past him for five yards. The full skirted left tackle for another four yards, and a quarterback run brought another first down.

Soffle, anxious, was allowing himself to get drawn in. The Monroe full found him for a five-yard gain. Monroe had gone from her twenty yards to mid-field on straight running plays.

Right there, though, Manor came to life. On the next play Lee bolted through between guard and center. He caught the play behind the line for a loss of five yards. Draper kicked, and the ball went out of bounds on Manor's thirty-five-yard line. That seemed to use Monroe up, and the half ended with the ball in Manor's possession in mid-field. Thus far it was a no-score game.

The teams rushed to the dressing rooms. Danny was hot on the heels of Craig, and was with the dirty, sweaty boys as they piled into the room. Craig called a rubber.

"Here, Joe! Get to work on Talmage's legs. The rest of you fellows lie flat on your backs and listen to me."

Danny stretched out with the others. From this position he saw Don Baggs' father come into the room.

"You are putting up a good game on defense," said Craig. "I would n't ask for anything better. But your attack has n't enough speed. Another thing, just because those forward passes did n't work, don't be afraid to try. It's worth while taking a chance in a game like this where the other side is n't getting near enough to score. If you can pull a good long pass it will give you a fine start for a touchdown.

"Now you, Soffle. They 're making big gains through you. They made them over Gowdy before he was taken out, and now they 're making them over you. They draw you in. That's where you slip up. Don't let them fool you. Stay out pretty wide, and then shoot in if you have to. That end is boxing you more than he has any business to. Get out your hand! Push him off! Keep clear of him! Don't let him get

up close to you before the ball is snapped. Drive your play! Snap it into them! Play fast! Get them on the run and don't give them a chance to get set.

"That 's all, fellows. You know the importance of this game as well as I do. Just before you go out I'm going to have Mr. Baggs talk to you. Here, Joe! Let me know when we have three minutes left."

Craig walked here and there among the boys, talking to them individually. Danny felt that the original plan would go through, and that he would start the half. His heart thumped at the thought of getting into the game. He tried to keep his mind steady; he tried to think of what plays he would use and of how he would use them. He could n't think of plays. One thing only stuck in his mind. How would Baggs pass the ball? And then, with that thought, came another. Would he miss any of Draper's punts?

Craig's voice came: —

"I want you fellows to listen to Mr. Baggs for two minutes."

The old Manor Hall warrior stood among them. He did n't bluster, nor did he talk with a roar, yet every word he said drove right home to the hearts of the boys. Danny felt something swell in his throat as he listened.

"You fellows," said Mr. Baggs, "are fighting for Manor hall. Here you have a chance to show that you can make good. Every now and then you get going, and there 's a slip. That 's because each boy is n't doing his little part to the best of his ability. You 're not thinking. You 're not setting your minds on the work the instant you hear the signal. You know it is n't the

fault of the back if he does n't gain ground. It 's the line that must make the break for him. Snap those openings harder and fiercer! Charge your line back more! Don't let them get the jump on you! About every third down you fellows are late.

"Now for the back field. You fellows must start quicker, and you must run harder. It 's only the fraction of a second whether you get past the tackle on a run outside, or whether he gets you. You tried several forward passes. The second should have gone. If the end — you, I mean — if you had run harder, you 'd have got the ball in your hands and not on the ends of your fingers. That would have meant a touchdown."

The right end dropped his head. "I — wont slip up again, Mr. Baggs," he promised.

"That 's the spirit," cried the man. "Let every fellow go out there feeling that he is n't going to make any of the mistakes he made the first half. Let every fellow do a little better than he did before. Then the game will go to Manor. And I want a cheer for Manor, fellows — a big cheer."

He got it. Even before the echoes had died away the voice of Joe, the rubber, came to them: —

"Time 's up!"

"All out!" cried Craig.

The team crowded through the door. Danny felt an arm around his shoulders. He looked up. Craig walked beside him.

"You are going in for Chapman," said the coach. "I want to see you clean up the work in good style. I want to see you drive that team as you *can* drive it.

Make them work! Make them work hard and fast! It 's a question of which team cracks first, and I want to see you keep our boys fighting."

"I — I 'll do my best," said Danny.

With the exception of Danny, Manor's team was the same as when she had finished the half. Monroe sent in a fresh left end. Draper still held his place, but so far he had not lived up to his reputation as a punter.

Manor kicked to Monroe's twenty yards. Monroe made two attempts to advance. Draper dropped back to punt.

Here was Danny's first chance. His hands felt cold and clammy. He saw the ball sail up the field from Draper's foot; he felt a moment's tremor. Then, somehow, he felt perfectly confident that he was going to catch the ball. He seemed to remember in detail all Mr. Baggs' instructions. He placed himself, without hurrying, under the dropping oval. It settled into his grasp as though muffs were things that he had never known.

The kick had out-distanced the pursuing ends. Danny ran the ball back ten yards before he was stopped.

Remembering Lee's speed he worked the right half for the first play outside tackle. The ball came cleanly from Baggs. Danny took a quick step, shot the ball to Lee, and then flashed out himself as an interferer. The play earned six yards.

Craig had ordered forward passes. Danny called for one. But the wind was with the ball, and it went too far. A Monroe half secured it on his thirty-yard line.

Once more Monroe failed to gain. Draper's kick sailed down to Danny. This time the boy was thinking about the run back he had secured on the other kick, and was a bit anxious to get started. The result was almost a fumble. Danny's heart gave a frightened thump. Next time, he decided, he 'd make sure first about catching the ball.

Danny called on Lee, and Lee whisked around his own end for a four-yard gain. Then Proud was sent around the other end. Exactly as he had done in the first half, he fumbled, and a Monroe tackle dropped on the ball. But Monroe could not advance against the granite wall of the green and white, and the punt came down to Danny on his thirty-five yard line. This time he gave all his attention to the catch.

Here Manor was found holding, and the penalty brought her to her twenty yards. Danny, quick to realize that twice at this same stand Monroe had blocked Talmage's punts, quickly called for a quarter-back run.

The play worked nicely. An opposing guard came through too soon, and Danny went past Baggs. Ten yards on he met the middle defense man. There he stopped.

Instantly he signaled for a punt. The play was unexpected; and it got away with such speed that the ball went over the Monroe full's head. A Monroe back finally got it on his three-yard line.

Monroe kicked without delay. It was Manor's ball on Monroe's forty-five-yard line.

After that the period ran nip and tuck. Manor would

gain a bit; then Monroe would gain her share. Occasional trick plays were tried, but none of them succeeded. The quarter ended with the ball in Manor's possession on Monroe's forty yards. Danny had driven the team fast, but thus far he had not been able to overcome Monroe's sturdy defense. He thought, however, that he had found one or two weak spots, and he believed that he could still get up within scoring distance.

Danny started the next period with a fake kick. Lee went around the end for ten yards. The ball was now on Monroe's thirty-yard line. Then, from the same formation, Danny tried a quarterback run of his own. The ball came back widely and he almost lost it, falling on it in the end to save it.

Baggs retreated to the new scrimmage line. "I 'm sorry," he whispered humbly.

Danny forced a grin. "Accidents will happen," he chirped. "Lively, fellows. Line up! Line up!"

He again called the signal for the kick formation, and this time took another chance on a forward pass. This time the right end had his fighting blood up. He raced away and caught the ball, and went down on the ten-yard line.

"Touchdown!" Manor's stands roared. "Touchdown!"

Danny thought that here was the place to win. He gave the signal that should have sent Proud, the left half, just outside of tackle. But Baggs's pass was again freakish. The ball came far to the left, and Danny almost pulled away from it by trying to get started. Proud, though, had started. Danny tried to pass him

the ball, but the oval went behind him. A medley of yells and shouts came from the stands.

Danny, almost with the pass, realized what had happened. He charged after that precious ball with savage vim, and fell on it. But the play had brought a ten-yard loss, and it was second down with twenty yards to go.

Danny felt a momentary despair. But that, his better sense told him, was not the way to play the game. He saw Baggs, and the big center looked as though he could have cried. The team lined up. He patted Baggs's broad back, and somehow he felt, from that moment, that Baggs was with him heart and soul.

He called for a kick from placement. Talmage tried hard, but the ball missed the goal posts by inches.

Monroe's friends cheered. Manor's chance to score was gone.

Monroe put the ball in play on her twenty-yard line. On the first play Manor's left tackle tried to sneak through outside guard. He was off side, and Manor was penalized five yards. It began to look like a no-score game.

Play followed play without any effective result. Danny caught Draper's punts handily, but could not run them back.

With three minutes still to play, Draper sent a long, high punt out to midfield. The ball settled well in Danny's hands; then the ends got him. He was on his feet in an instant. Craig had said forward passes. Well, here was the place to take big chances. He stepped over to Talmage.

"Forward pass on the second play," he said. "It 's our only chance."

Talmage wiped the sweat from his face. "Make it go, Danny," he panted.

As they lined up Danny leaned over Baggs. "Here 's where we win or lose, Don," he whispered. "Get them back clean and sure."

Baggs's cheek twitched. "You 'll get 'em," he said.

Danny dropped back into place. He gave the signal for a run around left tackle, which would bring the play farther to that side of the field. The gain was but four yards, but the ball was where Danny wanted it. He had fallen in the scrimmage and Baggs had helped him to his feet.

"Next play, Baggs," he whispered.

He ripped out the signal for a long forward pass. The ball came perfectly from the center. It was Manor's old play. Only this time left end came back, took the ball from Danny, and sent a long spiral pass sailing down the field.

The stands turned loose a yell that was without order or direction — just a yell. For it was plain that this play either won or left the game a tie.

Right end raced down the field with hungry speed. Here was his chance to win his place in Manor hearts. But it looked as though he would not be able to get under the flying oval.

He was going at full speed when the ball was halfway down. Turning slightly he saw where it was going. His speed seemed to increase. The Monroe back was not near enough to make trouble. The end ran des-

perately. Then the stands saw him reach up and out with a frantic clutch. The ball was in his hands!

There was riot in the stands. The end seemed about to fall. He staggered a step or two, and regained his balance. The Monroe back was coming up fast, but the end lowered his head and raced down the field and across the line!

With less than a minute to play, the game was practically over. Monroe's adherents sank gloomily into their seats. Out on the field Talmage hugged Danny, and Baggs grinned with honest joy. Craig, on the side line, chuckled softly. From the stands came a mad

> "Watch them fight! Watch them fight! Watch them fight!
> Green and white! Green and white! Green and white!
> Manor, Manor, Manor, Manor, Manor!
> Hall, Hall, Hall!"

Talmage kicked an easy goal. A minute later the final whistle blew.

Manor cheered Monroe; Monroe cheered Manor. The teams started from the field. Danny felt something touch his arm.

"If — if you care to shake hands — " Baggs began clumsily.

That was something that Danny wanted badly. Their hands gripped.

"Did n't we give 'em a fight!" gasped the quarter.

"I guess we did," said Baggs proudly.

Craig, bringing up in the rear, saw it all. Strangers in the stands wondered to see him toss his cap into the air and kick it merrily as it came down.

THE MARATHON RACE OF 1896

By Sidney G. Ashmore

IT is three o'clock in the afternoon. The various trials of skill and strength are in progress, and result, with scarcely an exception, in victory for the Stars and Stripes. Meanwhile one's interest in the proceedings is frequently interrupted by a curious restlessness in the spectators. At unexpected moments the people suddenly rise from their seats and cast inquiring and uneasy glances toward the entrance. It is Marathon Day, and the news has gone abroad that at two o'clock began the great race from Marathon to Athens.

The Greeks have not expected much success for their own countrymen. Unlike their namesakes of antiquity they are novices in the matter of athletic sports. But one event above all others they feel that they cannot afford to lose — the long distance run from Marathon. Young Greeks have been training for it for months. The very heart of the nation is set on winning the prize offered by a member of the French Institute to the man who, after leaving Marathon, shall be the first to enter the stadium and present himself to the king.

It may seem strange that Greek feeling should have been so keen about a matter that after all could signify

little in itself. To appreciate it we must comprehend the depth of the Greek patriotism, and observe the pride that the nation takes in its past. The great age and all the relics and reminders of that age are sacred in the national mind. It is on these that Greece plumes herself, and one of the precious remnants of that period of renown is the memory of the victory at Marathon. The defeat of the Persians was announced to the Athenians, if we may believe the story, by a soldier who ran the forty kilometres or twenty-five miles on the day of the battle, and the contest we are speaking of has been arranged to commemorate that event. It is handed down in the annals of the nation that the ancient runner, when he reached his goal, exclaimed "Rejoice: the victory is ours!" and fell dead from exhaustion; and it is said that many a young Greek, could he have won the race from Marathon, would have been willing to lose his life in the effort.

Eighteen contestants have entered, and one hundred thousand people within and in the neighborhood of the stadium are anxiously awaiting the finish. It is afterwards learned that an American, a Frenchman, and an Australian have each been in the lead, and that each has succumbed to the strain. Germany and Hungary also are in the race, but a plurality of the runners are Greeks. The desire is universal that a Greek shall win. Suddenly there is commotion among the horsemen on guard at the entrance. The spectators rise and again strain their gaze in the direction of the road from Marathon. A cannon shot is heard in the distance — the signal that the first man is approaching. As he

enters the stadium, he is seen to be wearing the short, white kilt of the Greek peasant.

The people are truly wild with delight. Men shout, women weep, and some one lets loose a flock of doves trailing the Greek colors from their feet. The band strikes up the national anthem, while Prince George goes to meet the young hero and runs with him the full length of the stadium. The crown prince embraces the youth, and the king, taking him by the hand, thanks him publicly for having done so well for his country. The spectators leave their seats to get a nearer view of him, and it has been said that he would have suffocated had not the two princes taken him to a place of safety. It was a scene not easy to forget.

The name of the Greek was Spyridion Louès. He was twenty-four years old, and the son of a peasant farmer of Marousi, a village not far from Athens. He covered the stretch of twenty-five miles in two hours, fifty-eight minutes, and fifty seconds, over a road the reverse of smooth, and under circumstances that must have proved trying to the strongest and the pluckiest. His seriousness of purpose was manifested in the fact that before going out to Marathon for the start he took the Sacrament from the priest of his native village, and it was currently reported in Athens that he thought the effort might kill him, but that he preferred death to defeat.

One might have read in the ephemeral literature of the period the many stories and anecdotes concerning him that sprang up, as it were, in a single night. Certain it is that his fellow-citizens vied with one another

to do him honor. Sums of money, suits of clothes, gold watches, as well as the freedom of cafés and barber shops were literally thrust upon him. A wealthy Athenian was eager to sign a cheque for ten thousand francs to his credit, and an innkeeper presented him with an order for three hundred and sixty-five meals at his establishment.

But Louès was unwilling to be paid for what he had done. It was his evident determination to avoid all appearance of professionalism. The victory was its own reward, and the ancient olive wreath, the token and symbol of achievement, was all that he could desire. So he declined every offer, and hurried away to his own home, to share his happiness with his parents and friends.

THE OPENING OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES OF 1906

By James E. Sullivan

THE morning of April 22, 1906, was the dawning of a day long to be remembered. It was the opening day of the Olympic Games — a day awaited by the Greek nation. All roads leading to Athens saw wagons wending their way to the city. It was not rare to see a band of peasants being drawn in a wagon to which was attached a donkey, an ox, and a mule. Every street leading to the Stadium was thronged with people, all good-natured and orderly. An excited murmur seemed to run through the city. Occasionally a cheer would be heard. Cabmen were brushing up their carriages in view of their coming afternoon trade and the fancy prices they were going to get.

As early as noon the carriages began to roll toward the Stadium and drop their human freight about a hundred yards from the gate, for only the equipages of the royal family were allowed to cross the bridge of Ilissus, the scene of greatest excitement. Thousands of people were standing around the bridge and near the entrance to the Stadium.

The main feature was the *foustanellofori*, or *evzoni* (the king's bodyguard), with their skirts and peculiar uniforms. They were stretched from the Stadium en-

trance in two long lines facing each other, leaving between the two lines a lane about ten feet wide through which the royal family passed. The bands of music were allowed to take their places in the Stadium. Thousands of soldiers were being marched in, not to keep order — that was not necessary — but as the Stadium is built between three hills, and as the top row of seats just reached those hills — where thousands congregated daily — it was found necessary to have the top row of seats guarded by soldiers, to prevent the people on the hills from stepping over the marble wall.

The placing of the soldiers was very interesting. What an imposing spectacle they made when they took their positions. Tramp, tramp, they would come marching up to the top row of the upper wall, thousands of them, with their peculiar uniforms, their heads just showing against the sky. One can imagine how many there must have been when it is known that the upper outer wall of the Stadium measures over one-third of a mile in circumference. So picture a third of a mile of soldiers up in the skies — just like so many birds on the bough of a tree. It was a picture that many photographers were quick to recognize as unique.

When the guard was placed around the top of the Stadium the people were allowed to come in. There was a mad rush for seats. The management had the iron gates removed and thousands entered by holding their tickets over their heads. There were four entrances, two being for the holders of tickets in the upper tiers, the latter ascending an outside marble

stairway, built exclusively for them. Thousands could not buy tickets and joined the army of spectators that stood on the hills, on the bridge and along the streets, waiting to see the royal family arrive.

From the moment the royal family left the palace in their carriages there was a long continued cheer that only ceased when they were comfortably seated in the royal box.

What an imposing spectacle it was as the royal family drove up between the bodyguard of evzoni under the arch of the Stadium gates. As they were escorted up the in-field by the committee and jurymen, fifty thousand people stood up to greet them. So loud were the cheers that the national airs could hardly be heard.

It was 3.15 P.M. when the royal party entered the Stadium. The crowds rose to their feet and were trying to get a glimpse of their majesties. His majesty King George came first, wearing a simple admiral uniform, accompanying his sister, the Queen Alexandra of England. Then came His Majesty King Edward of England, accompanied by Queen Olga of Greece. They were followed by the Crown Prince Constantin and the Princess of Wales, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Sophia, Prince George and Princess Victoria, Prince Nicolas, Prince Andrew, the Princess Helen and the Grand Duke Boris, brother of Princess Helen.

The members of the royal family bowed to the right and left in recognition of the cheering and standing people in the Stadium. Flags were waved in a frantic manner. The fringe of soldiers around the top row of seats stood saluting, the naval officers stood back

of the throne in salute. The cheers grew louder and louder — not only the people in the Stadium were cheering, but all Athens was cheering. No wonder the king smiled and bowed during his walk of two hundred yards through the mass of people who so madly cheered him. [Then followed a speech by the crown prince, followed by one by the king formally declaring the Olympic Games of 1906 to be opened.]

During all of this interesting ceremony, which was conducted in a dignified manner, the athletes from different countries stood in columns back of the crown prince. Then came the parade of the contestants before the king, the bands of music of Levkas and of Piræus preceding them. As they passed in front of the royal box, each group saluted according to the custom of their own country and marched to their reserved seats in the left wing of the Stadium.

The programme of events consisted of gymnastic exhibitions presented by different countries. For this reason most of the in-field was filled with gymnastic apparatus. The feature of the day was the gymnastic work done by a class of Danish women, invited by the king and guests at the palace. Their balancing movements showed grace and poise; their apparatus work consisted of giant swings on the horizontal bars, the half lever on the rings, hand-stands on the parallel bars, and wonderful vaults on the horse. They received great applause.

At six o'clock the gymnastic exhibition was concluded, and it is doubtful whether one person had left the Stadium. When the royal party rose to make their tri-

umphal exit, the same reception was accorded them, if anything a little more pronounced. Every one of the fifty thousand stood up — men uncovered their heads — the cheers echoed and reëchoed throughout the Stadium. After the royal party the people in a slow, orderly way left the Stadium by the four exits, but there was no crowding, or jostling, no jeering or laughter, for it was the opening of the Olympic Games. A Greek festival had been inaugurated; the Greek people were part and parcel of it.

HOW I BEGAN TO PLAY GOLF

By Francis Ouimet

"BIG brothers" have a lot of responsibility in life, more than most of them realize. "Little brother" is reasonably certain to follow their example, to a greater or less degree, hence the better the example set, the better for all concerned. My own case is just one illustration. Whether I was destined to become a golfer anyway, I cannot say; but my first desire to hit a golf ball, as I recall, arose from the fact that my older brother, Wilfred, became the proud possessor of a couple of golf-clubs when I was five years old, and at the same time I acquired the idea that the thing I wanted most in the world was to have the privilege of using those clubs.

Thus it was that, at the age of five years, my acquaintance with the game of golf began. To say that the game has been a wonderful source of pleasure to me might lead the reader to think that the greatest pleasure of all has been derived from winning tournaments and prizes. I can truthfully say that nothing is further from the fact. Of course, I am pleased to have won my fair share of tournaments; I appreciate the honor of having won the national open championship; but the winning is absolutely secondary. It is

the game itself that I love. Of all the games that I have played and like to see played, including baseball, football, hockey, and tennis, no other, to my mind, has quite so many charms as golf — a clean and wholesome pastime, requiring the highest order of skill to be played successfully, and a game suitable alike for the young, the middle-aged, and the old.

The first "golf course" that I played over was laid out by my brother and Richard Kimball in the street in front of our home on Clyde Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, a street which forms the boundary of one side of the Country Club property. This golf course, as I call it, was provided by the town of Brookline, without the knowledge of the town's officials. In other words, my brother and Kimball simply played between two given points in the street. With the heels of their shoes they made holes in the dirt at the base of two lamp posts about one hundred and twenty yards apart, and that was their "course."

Nearly every afternoon they played, and I looked on enviously. Once in a while they let me take a club and try my hand, and then was I not delighted! It made no difference that the clubs were nearly as long as I was and too heavy for me to swing, or that the ball would only go a few yards, if it went at all. After all, as I look back, the older boys were only dealing me scanty justice when they occasionally allowed me to take a club, for when they lost a ball, I used to go searching for it, and, if successful, they always demanded its return. In the case of such a demand from two older boys, it is not always wise to refuse.

"Big brother" was responsible for getting me interested in golf; "big brother" likewise was in great measure responsible for keeping me interested. On my seventh birthday, he made me a birthday present of a club — a short brassy. Here was joy indeed! Not only had I now a club all my own with which to practice, but I already had amassed a private stock of seven or eight golf balls. The way this came about was that the journey from my house to school (this school, by the way, had only eight pupils in it, and the schoolhouse was built in Revolutionary days) took me past the present sixth hole of the Country Club course, and I generally managed to get a little spare time to look for lost golf balls.

Some boys do not like to get up early in the morning. Any boy or girl who becomes as interested in golf as I was at the age of seven, will have no difficulty on that score. It was my custom to go to bed at eight o'clock, and then get up by six o'clock the next morning, and go out for some golf play before time to get ready for school. The one hole in the street where my brother and Richard Kimball first played had now been superseded by a more exacting golf layout in a bit of pasture land in back of our house.

Here the older boys had established a hole of about one hundred and thirty yards that was a real test for them, and, at first, a little too much for me. On the left, going one way, the ground was soft and marshy, an easy place to lose a ball. If the ball went on a straight line from the tee, it generally went into a gravel pit, which had an arm extending out to the right.

There also was a brook about a hundred yards from the tee, when the play was in this same direction. Here, then, was a hole requiring accuracy; and I cannot but think that a measure of what accuracy my game now possesses had its foundation back in those days when I was so young and just taking up the game. I believe, moreover, that any boy or girl who becomes interested in golf should not pick out the easy places to play at the start, simply because they like the fun of seeing the ball go farther.

What bothered me most, in those days, was the fact that I could not drive over that brook going one way. The best I could do was to play short of the brook, and then try to get the second on the improvised green. Every now and then, I became bold enough to have another try to carry the brook, though each time it was with the knowledge that failure possibly meant the loss of the ball in the brook, in a time when one ball represented a small fortune. At last came the memorable morning when I did manage to hit one over the brook.

If ever in my life a shot gave me satisfaction, it was that one. It did more — it created ambition. I can remember thinking that if I could get over the brook once, I could do it again. And I did do it again — got so I could do it a fair proportion of my tries. Then the shot over the brook, coming back, began to seem too easy, for the carry one way was considerably longer than the other. Consequently I decided that for the return I would tee up on a small mound twenty-five to thirty yards in back of the spot from which we

usually played, making a much harder shot. Success brought increased confidence, and confidence brought desired results, so that, in course of time, it did not seem so difficult to carry the brook playing either way.

This was done with the old hard ball then generally known as the "gutty," made from gutta-percha. About this time I picked up, one morning, a ball which bounced in a much more lively fashion than the kind I had found previously. Now, of course, I know that it was one of the early makes of rubber-cored balls, but at that time, I simply knew that it would go much farther than the others, and that, above all things, I must not lose it. That ball was my greatest treasure. Day after day I played with it, until all the paint was worn off, and it was only after long searching that I managed always to find it after a drive.

Realizing that something must be done to retain the ball, I decided to repaint it, and did so with white lead. Next, I did something that was almost a calamity in my young life. To dry the white lead, I put the ball into a hot oven and left it there for about an hour. I went back thinking to find a nice new ball, and found — what do you suppose? Nothing but a soft mass of gutta-percha and elastic. The whole thing simply had melted. The loss of a brand-new sled or a new pair of skates could not have made me grieve more, and I vowed that in future, no matter how dirty a ball became, I would never put another into a hot oven to dry after repainting.

All this time I had been playing with the brassy that Brother gave me, and all my energies were devoted

to trying to see how far I could hit the ball. My next educational step in play came when Wilfred made me a present of a mashy, whereupon I realized that there are other points to the game than merely getting distance. Previous practice with the brassy had taught me how to hit the ball with fair accuracy, so that learning something about mashy play came naturally. Being now possessed of two clubs, my ambitions likewise grew proportionately. The cow pasture in back of our house was all right enough, as far as it went, but why be so limited in my surroundings? There was the beautiful course of the Country Club across the street, with lots of room and smoother ground; nothing would do but that I should play at the Country Club. I began going over there mornings to play, but soon discovered that the grounds keeper and I did not hold exactly the same views concerning my right to play there. Whatever argument there was in the matter was all in favor of the grounds keeper. Of course I know now that he only did his duty when he chased me off the course.

While my brother's interest in golf began to wane, because football and baseball became greater hobbies with him, other boys in our neighborhood began to evince an interest in it, until it became a regular thing for three or four of us to play in the cow pasture after school hours and most of the day Saturday. We even had our matches, six holes in length, by playing back and forth over the one-hundred-and-thirty-yard hole three times, each using the same clubs. We even got to the point where we thought it would add excitement

by playing for balls, and one day I found myself the richer by ten balls. But let me add that it is a bad practice for boys. There is too much hard feeling engendered.

As we became more proficient in play, we began to look over the ground with an eye to greater distance and more variety, until finally we lengthened out the original hole to what was a good drive and pitch for us, about two hundred and thirty yards; likewise we created a new hole of about ninety yards, to play with the mashy. From the new green, back to the starting point, under an old chestnut tree, was about two hundred yards, which gave us a triangle course of three holes. In this way we not only began gradually to increase the length of our game, but also to get in a great variety of shots.

As I look back now, I become more and more convinced that the manner in which I first took up the game was to my subsequent advantage. With the old brassy I learned the elementary lesson of swinging a club and hitting the ball squarely, so as to get all the distance possible for one of my age and physical make-up. Then, with the mashy, I learned how to hit the ball into the air, and how to drop it at a given point. I really think I could not have taken up the clubs in more satisfactory order. Even to this day, I have a feeling of confidence that I shall be sure to hit the ball cleanly when using a brassy, which feeling probably is a legacy from those old days.

And a word of caution right here to the boy or girl, man or woman, taking up the game: do not attempt at the start to try to hit the ball as far as you have seen

some experienced player send it. Distance does not come all at once, and accuracy is the first thing to be acquired.

The first time that I had the pleasure of walking over a golf course without the feeling that, at any moment, I should have to take to my heels to escape an irate green keeper was when I was about eleven years old. I was on the Country Club links, looking for lost golf balls, when a member who had no caddy came along and asked me if I would carry his clubs. Nothing could have suited me better. As this member was coming to the first tee, I happened to be swinging a club, and he was kind enough to hand me a ball, at the same time asking me to tee up and hit it.

That was one occasion in my golfing career when I really felt nervous, though by this time I had come to the point where I felt reasonably confident of hitting the ball. But to stand up there and do it with an elderly person looking on was a different matter. It is a feeling which almost any golfer will have the first time he tries to hit a ball before some person or persons with whom he had not been in contact previously. I can remember doubting that I should hit the ball at all, hence my agreeable surprise in getting away what, for me, was a good ball.

Evidently the gentleman, who was not an especially good player himself, was satisfied with the shot, for he was kind enough to invite me to play with him, instead of merely carrying his clubs. He let me play with his clubs, too. That was the beginning of my caddying career. Some of the other members, for whom I carried

clubs occasionally made me a present of some clubs, so that it was not long before my equipment contained not only the original brassy and mashy, but also a cleik, mid-iron, and putter.

Needless to say, they were not all exactly suited to my size and style of play; yet to me each one of them was precious. I took great pride in polishing them up after every usage. The second time I played with the gentleman who first employed me as caddy, I had my own clubs. I had the pleasure of playing with him two years later, after he came home from abroad, in which round I made an eighty-four, despite a nine at one hole.

All this time, my enthusiasm for the game increased, rather than diminished, so that, during the summer of 1906, I was on the links every moment that I could be there until school opened in September; after which I caddied or played afternoons and Saturdays until the close of the playing season.

CARNEGIE ON THE LINKS

By Andrew Carnegie

THE game of golf in my young days was the preserve of the upper classes in Scotland, sure mark of the gentleman, and a sickly plant south of the Border. No lady was ever seen on the links. The missionary work in various lines which the northern member of the United Kingdom has performed for her southern neighbor is too large to recount, but among these the noble game surely ranks high, its most notable exponent being the Scotch ex-Prime Minister and leader of the Conservatives, Mr. Balfour, a "pawkie chiel," as Scotch as brose. The writer read that at a recent conference of political leaders, when the present dangerous position of hereditary peers had produced profound silence, Mr. Balfour restored hilarity by proposing to change the subject and take up the real pressing question of the age — "How to keep on the line of the put."

I was a very late convert to the noble game of golf. Well do I remember laughing at the first attempts of some guests to drive wee balls into wee holes in some parts of the park at Skibo. One day a noted golfer and cup winner, Mr. Morrison, librarian, Edinburgh, came to me there, all aglow, his eyes sparkling, and announced in rapid accents, panting for breath, his remarkable find. "Do you know you have a natural golf course at the bottom of the park between the Loch

and the Firth? Certain, no possible mistake. What a find!" And my friend awaited my reply in an attitude which seemed to express wonder that I had not fainted at this supreme gift of Providence which made Skibo perfect, leaving nothing else to be desired. We had to be careful not to shock our friend by seeming indifference and did the best we could to conceal the latent smile. This was only eleven years ago. Morrison was told to work it up, and Skibo links is the result, and such links! Along one side a salmon loch, sea gulls nesting upon an island in the center, "where screams the wild sea mew" as they flutter around; the salt Firth along the other side; scores of skylarks nestling along the edges of the links and filling the air with their thrills as they mount. The carpet under our feet, a variegated rug, so brilliant the colors.

The links cost money, but we ask ourselves what amount of money would induce us to part with this special attraction which gives rarer pleasure to more of our visitors than any other one feature of our life in the Highlands. The links which we laughed at have rendered us Crank Morrison's debtor forever, and he is n't much of a crank after all.

My nephews play and win prizes; and upon our visits to our gifted sister's Cumberland Island, I saw the effect of the game upon devotees of our family. Nevertheless, I was persuaded to try one drive or two just to be in the fashion. Then another, and lo and behold, before I knew it, the tempter had me in his toils and I became not a player of, but *at* golf, which I am still and shall forever remain.

Beginning at sixty-three, what can one expect! I try to make good bargains with real players and the number of strikes some generous souls allow gives me a game now and then. Sometimes dire suspicion lurks that their explanations for certain extraordinary failures they make arouses suspicion even when the handicaps are liberal, but not wishing to embarrass my liberal colleagues, I accept the situation, smiling to myself, nevertheless. I 'm tolerable nowadays on the green, but the long straight, swinging drive is still beyond my reach, although I was on the green in three twice recently, and this inspires hopes.

THE QUEEN'S CHAMPIONS

By Eva March Tappan

"NOW that Robin Hood is dead," said King Henry, "we 'll soon make an end of all the bold outlaws in Sherwood Forest."

"Know you that he is dead?" asked Queen Katherine.

"There 's word come from the North Countree," answered King Henry, "that one of his own men was false to him and that he died on the gallows tree by the castle gate."

"Think you that his own men would be false to him?" asked Queen Katherine.

"Why should not men be false to him as to another?" retorted the king.

"Why should not men be true to him as to another?" asked the queen; but the king was gazing out of the castle window and did not answer.

"And what are you planning now, my king?"

"I 'm planning the greatest shooting match that was ever held in Finsbury Field," said the king. "I 'll call out every man that can aim an arrow, and he that wins shall be captain of all my bowmen, and we 'll clear the forest of the bold outlaws."

"I 'll lay you a wager that I can show better archers than you, my king," said the queen, with a queer little smile about the corners of her mouth.

"I 'll take it," cried the king, "and we 'll make it

three hundred tuns of Rhenish wine, and three hundred tuns of beer, and three hundred of the fattest harts that run on Dallom Lea."

"And if I lose," said the queen, "I 'll give it to your champions; but it 'll take half the tribute from my own little dowry province for a good month to come."

"And if I lose," said the king, "you may give it all to your champions, and I 'll even send a company of good stout yeomen to bear it home for them, wherever they may abide."

Then the queen went straight to her bower and called her little foot page.

"Richard, my own little foot page," she said, "it 's a long journey that you must take for me, even to far-away Nottingham; and you must go as fast as the wind, for there 's a great wager 'twixt the king and me, and you must bring me the champion bowman that 'll be sure to win the day. Search the forest well, and ask for the champion of every good yeoman by the way."

"And what is his name, my queen?" queried the little foot page.

"I 'm almost fearing to tell you," said the queen, "for there are those that say he is helped by the fiend himself; but he is a true man, I know it well, and I 'll whisper his name in your ear." So she softly whispered a name that made the little foot page jump for joy.

"I 'd gladly win my way to Nottingham ten times over to have one sight of him," cried the page, "and I 'll walk and I 'll run and I 'll lose no time on the way, my queen!"

"Here 's my own signet ring," said she, "and when you find him, show it to him and say that the queen bids him hasten to be her champion, and that she promises that no ill shall come to him or his."

So the little foot page went on his way to Nottingham. Sometimes he walked and sometimes he ran. He peered into every forest path, and he asked every honest yeoman that he met, but nowhere could he find the brave champion.

He made no stop for food or drink until he came to Nottingham town. Then as he sat at the hostelry, he drank a health to his queen.

"Do you come from the queen?" asked a good yeoman who sat by his side, "and what is your business so far away in the North Countree?"

Then the little foot page told his errand, and the honest yeoman said: —

"I know the champion well, and at break of day I 'll lead you to him."

So at break of day the honest yeoman and the little foot page went far away into the forest, and there they found the champion. The foot page doffed his little cap, and dropped down upon his knee, and showed the queen's signet ring, and gave her message.

The champion bowed low, and kissed the ring, and took off his cloak of Lincoln green, and said: —

"Go to the queen, my little foot page, and carry her this as a sign that when the day comes and the hour comes, her own champion will not fail her."

Then the little page went home joyfully and gave the message to the queen.

The king had sent his royal proclamation to all the country around that on Finsbury Field was to be a shooting match the like of which had never been seen before, and that the man who won should be captain of the king's archers, and that he and his merrymen should have three hundred tuns of the best Rhenish wine, and three hundred tuns of beer, and three hundred of the fattest harts that ran on Dallom Lea.

The day of the shooting came, and the king and all his archers marched boldly into Finsbury Field. With them was the queen, riding in a beautiful chariot all bedecked with roses and fresh oaken boughs; and for a standard she had a hunting cloak all of the Lincoln green. The king's musicians made their merriest music, the men waved their tunics of many colors, the women waved the green boughs of trees, and the little children dropped roses wherever they went and they all shouted: —

"Long live King Henry and Queen Katherine!"

By and by there was silence for a moment. Then the trumpets blew, and the king's herald came forth in a mantle of bright blue with shining silver fringe all around its edges and silver embroidery above the silver fringe, and he called out: —

"Hear, O you archers in all the land, for whoever shall this day approve himself to be the best of the archers shall be captain of the king's bowmen. Then, too, shall he and his merrymen have three hundred tuns of Rhenish wine, and three hundred tuns of beer, and three hundred of the fattest harts that run on Dallom Lea. This is the word of the king."

All the trumpets blared again and the drums beat. Then the king stepped forth and called to his first bowman: —

"Measure out the line and set up the willow wand."

"What need of measuring so carefully?" asked haughty Clifton of the king's archers. "We be ready to shoot at the eagle that flies over yonder hill, or at the sun and the moon, if the king so wills it."

"Fifteen-score paces is the measure," replied the first bowman.

"Child's play," said Clifton. "I'll wager my very bow that we win the day."

First shot three archers of the king, and their arrows went within three fingers of the willow wand. Then came three archers of the queen, and their arrows were a full hand's breadth away.

"The king's men win!" shouted the people.

Then came the second trial, and now it was the queen's men who were three fingers away and the king's men who were a whole hand's breadth from the willow wand, and the people shouted:—

"A tie, a tie!" And watched eagerly to see what would happen.

Now came the last shot of the king's men. One shot the bark from one side of the wand, one shot the bark from the other, and one arrow touched the top of the wand.

"The king's men win!" cried the people, and the trumpets blared again and louder than ever. Then there was silence, for the queen had bowed herself before the king.

"A boon!" she cried, and all the people shouted: —

"A boon, a boon for the queen!"

"Whatever you will," promised the king, and the queen said: —

"I have but three archers left. They come from a far country, and mayhap they fear to step forth among so many strange people. Will you give your own royal word that no harm shall come to them? Will you grant them forty days to go and forty days to come and three times forty days to sport and play as they will?"

The king kissed the queen's white hand, and led her to the seat beside himself on the throne, and he said: —

"Never does the queen ask of me in vain, for what she would have is hers before she asks." Then the trumpets blared, and the drums beat, and all the people shouted: —

"Long live good king Henry!"

Afar off at the edge of the crowd there was a little movement, and soon three men came forward. One was dressed in white, one in red, and the tallest of them all was in Lincoln green. They made their way to the dais and bent low before the throne. Then they kissed the hand of the queen and stepped to the shooting-place. First shot the man in white, and his arrow cleaved the willow wand exactly in the center. Then shot the man in red, and his arrow went into the hole that the first had made, and there it stuck fast. The queen turned red and then white, and the crowd held their breath to see the next shot. The man in green

bent his bow, and his shot split in twain the arrow of the man in red, and both arrow and wand broke into two pieces and fell on either side of the butt.

Such a shout of delight arose from the crowd as never had been heard before, even on Finsbury Field. The musicians played their best music, and the trumpets blared, and the drums beat louder than ever.

"The prize belongs to the three champions of the queen," announced the king a little ruefully. "Let them come forward to the throne."

So the First Grand Usher in Waiting was sent to escort them to the throne; and as they walked along the pathway, the people cheered so that all the little birds fell to singing, and all the trees on all the hilltops waved as if there was a great storm.

"And who are you?" asked the king, "and from what far country do you come?" But before they could answer, the queen said: —

"Remember your royal word, my King, that no touch of harm shall come to my chosen champions."

"The royal word shall never be broken," declared the king. Then said the queen: —

"I myself will be your remembrancer. He in White is Much, the miller's son. He in red is Little John, and they both be servants of one that abides in the forest. Their master is he that wears the Lincoln green, and his name is Robin Hood."

The three men bowed low, and all the people held their breath to see what the king would say. Twice he opened his mouth, and twice he shut it without speaking. Then he looked at the queen, and there

was a mischievous twinkle in her eyes that aroused him.

"The royal word shall be kept," said he. "Give bold Robin Hood and his merry men the three hundred tuns of the best Rhenish wine, and the three hundred tuns of beer, and tell off stout yeomen that shall bear it whithersoever he will. As for the three hundred fat harts that run on Dallom Lea, I fancy that the champions can shoot them for themselves. None shall say that King Henry ever failed to keep his royal word."

The people cheered again, but Queen Katherine asked demurely: —

"And shall he be captain of your bowmen, my king?" It was Robin himself who answered this question, for he said: —

"Have we the king's permission to return to the good greenwood?" The king bowed with calmness and dignity and said: —

"You have." But as they left the royal throne he slyly pinched the arm of the queen and whispered: —

"I'll get the better of you yet, Kate."

HOW JOHN MUIR LEARNED TO SWIM

By John Muir

ONE hot summer day father told us that we ought to learn to swim. This was one of the most interesting suggestions he had ever offered, but precious little time was allowed for trips to the lake and he seldom tried to show us how. "Go to the frogs," he said, "and they will give you all the lessons you need. Watch their arms and legs and see how smoothly they kick themselves along and dive and come up. When you want to dive, keep your arms by your side or over your head, and kick, and when you want to come up, let your legs drag and paddle with your hands."

We found a little basin among the rushes at the south end of the lake, about waist-deep and a rod or two wide, shaped like a sunfish's nest. Here we kicked and plashed for many a lesson, faithfully trying to imitate frogs; but the smooth, comfortable sliding gait of our amphibious teachers seemed hopelessly hard to learn. When we tried to kick frog-fashion, down went our heads as if weighted with lead the moment our feet left the ground. One day it occurred to me to hold my breath as long as I could and let my head sink as far as it liked without paying any attention to it, and try to swim under the water instead of on the surface. This

MUIR'S LAKE, WISCONSIN

method was a great success, for at the very first trial I managed to cross the basin without touching bottom, and soon learned the use of my limbs. Then, of course, swimming with my head above water soon became so easy that it seemed perfectly natural. David tried the plan with the same success. Then we began to count the number of times that we could swim around the basin without stopping to rest, and after twenty or thirty rou ds failed to tire us, we proudly thought that a little more practice would make us about as amphibious as frogs.

On the fourth of July of this swimming year one of the Lawson boys came to visit us, and we went down to the lake to spend the great warm day with the fishes and ducks and turtles. After gliding about on the smooth mirror water, telling stories and enjoying the company of the happy creatures about us, we rowed to our bathing pool, and David and I went in for a swim, while our companion fished from the boat a little way out beyond the rushes. After a few turns in the pool, it occurred to me that it was now about time to try deep water. Swimming through the thick growth of rushes and lilies was somewhat dangerous, especially for a beginner, because one's arms and legs might be entangled among the long, limber stems; nevertheless I ventured and struck out boldly enough for the boat where the water was twenty or thirty feet deep. When I reached the end of the little skiff I raised my right hand to take hold of it to surprise Lawson, whose back was toward me and who was not aware of my approach; but I failed to reach high enough, and, of course, the

weight of my arm and the stroke against the overleaning stern of the boat shoved me down, and I sank, struggling, frightened, and confused. As soon as my feet touched the bottom, I slowly rose to the surface, but before I could get breath enough to call for help, sank back again and lost all control of myself. After sinking and rising I don't know how many times, some water got into my lungs and I began to drown. Then suddenly my mind seemed to clear. I remembered that I could swim under water, and, making a desperate struggle toward the shore, I reached a point where with my toes on the bottom, I got my mouth above the surface, gasped for help, and was pulled into the boat.

This humiliating accident spoiled the day, and we all agreed to keep it a profound secret. My sister Sarah had heard my cry for help, and on our arrival at the house inquired what had happened. "Were you drowning, John? I heard you cry you could na get oot." Lawson made haste to reply, "Oh, no! He was juist havering (making fun)."

I was very much ashamed of myself, and at night after calmly reviewing the affair, concluded that there had been no reasonable cause for the accident, and that I ought to punish myself for so nearly losing my life from unmanly fear. Accordingly at the very first opportunity, I stole away to the lake by myself, got into my boat, and instead of going back to the old swimming-bowl for further practice, or to try to do sanely and well what I had so ignominiously failed to do in my first adventure, that is, to swim out through the rushes and lilies, I rowed directly out to the middle of the lake,

stripped, stood up on the seat in the stern, and with grim deliberation took a header and dove straight down thirty or forty feet, turned easily, and, letting my feet drag, paddled straight to the surface with my hands as father had at first directed me to do. I then swam round the boat, glorying in my suddenly acquired confidence and victory over myself, climbed into it, and dived again, with the same triumphant success. I think I went down four or five times, and each time as I made the dive spring shouted aloud, "Take that!" feeling that I was getting most gloriously even with myself.

Never again from that day to this have I lost control of myself in water. If suddenly thrown overboard at sea in the dark, or even while asleep, I think I should immediately right myself in a way some would call "instinct," rise among the waves, catch my breath, and try to plan what would better be done. Never was victory over self more complete. I have been a good swimmer ever since. At a slow gait I think I could swim all day in smooth water moderate in temperature.

RIDING THE SURF AT WAIKIKI

By George Marvin

PAST us as we sit on the sand waiting for Linda runs Duke Paoa, stripped to a blue breech clout, with his light "alaia" like a dark mahogany ironing-board under his arm. Makaele hails him: —

"Hai," in his sing-song voice, "wait for us; what 's your hurry?"

"Goin' out with Kahola," the duke calls back without stopping, heading off down the beach where Kahola's mighty back makes a warm-colored break on the white sand.

"The two best surfers in the islands," says Makaele, watching them. "See, they 're goin' to ride the big surf this mornin'."

Sure enough Kahola, grabbing up his big board, joins Paoa, and the two together, moving still farther away to the left, slosh out through the shallows. Pretty soon, waist deep, they slap their boards down and begin paddling through the broken white water where spent rollers come creaming up the sand.

"Yes, surely the two best here at Waikiki — not counting yourself, Mak. Paoa is wonderful. Kahola slower, not so graceful. But how about the other

islands, Niihau or Hawaii? Those wild stories of Hilo Bay?"

"Every one says the best in the world are here," says Makaele, throwing handfuls of sand on his coppery legs. "But those are not wild stories. After a big *kona* (south wind) at Hilo I have seen men come in standin' three miles across the bay, fair tearin' up the ocean. At Niihau, the reef is very far out there, farther than at Hilo, five miles even they ride in that surf, though I have not myself seen them. But in those places they have big boards, 'olos.' Your 'alaia' is not seven feet. Paoa's and mine less than six. Now at Hilo Bay they are often ten or twelve, sometimes more. To manage an olo like that takes a very strong man, like the old chiefs."

"Like old chief Kahola there navigating that barge of his. Anybody else would have to lug it out in a canoe."

The two champions, outward bound, are hurdling their first breakers. Three or four other "kamaainas" (old-timers) are riding in on the "big surf," their poised, glistening bodies coming zipping ashore, picked out against the dark tree line over toward Diamond Head. In the "canoe surf" in front of us some dark-skinned Kanaka boys are playing, and westward, near the Outrigger Club, a couple of canoes are launching in what they call the "cornucopia surf," where the neophytes, the "malihini," learn their first lessons in riding the rollers.

The difference in these three parts of Waikiki beach lies simply in the way the coral and sand shoal out to the

reef, a mile or so offshore. From where we sit the whole sunny sweep of sparkling ocean seems the same, as from one wooded point to the other the long, onward-marching ridges reach clear across in even succession. But when you get into the water there is a whole lot of difference between the big surf where eastward a more abrupt shoal piles incoming waves up steep and strong and the serener cornucopia rollers where the bottom goes out almost flat for half a mile or so.

One of those outrigger canoes up there belongs to Linda, the dilatory, who is keeping us waiting. She 's got that pretty Mrs. Neave with her, who came in yesterday on the Tenyo Maru from 'Frisco, "just crazy to try surfboard riding," as she calls it. So Linda is taking her in an outrigger to-day to see it done and give her a long coast back in the canoe. Makaele and I are part of the Roman holiday, a very willing pair of barbarians. We don't mind waiting much either, for it is very comfortable lying here in the sun-warmed sand. Makaele has got started on his folklore about the extraordinary stunts of the old Hawaiian chiefs, who "used to run seven and eight feet tall, sure *kela.*" Some chiefs, those, as the pretty Mrs. Neave would say — and their Homeric surfing on twenty-five foot boards that no modern man could lift. Punctuating Makaele's monologue come the shouts of the laughing Kanaka boys, beginning now to paddle out together toward the reef; from time to time I can hear the drone of the Honolulu trolley car with its changing note as it hits the bridge back of ex-Queen Liliuokalani's house.

The blue sky comes down clean and sharp to the

darker blue of the deep Pacific beyond the reef where the white sails of fishing boats are heaving.

"There they are," says Makaele, suddenly breaking off in the maritime amours of Kalea and Kalamakua; and summoned out of our sun-baked laziness by Linda's familiar whistle, we are off down the beach to meet two graceful figures drifting in long white bath wraps to the sea. Behind them Linda's French maid comes mincing like a cat, trying to keep the sand out of her tight patent leathers. The Kanakas in the outrigger have sighted them, too, and are coasting along toward us, both paddles going.

"You would n't believe what a time I 've had to make her leave her skirt off," laughs Linda. "That 's what has kept us all this time. I tell her," with a wink of her long-lashed eyes to us, "there 's a perfectly good chance of our upsetting out on the reef or turning turtle coming in, and then where should you be, Mrs. Propriety, with an old skirt wrapped round your legs?"

The two girls splash laughing up to the outrigger. Linda and the two Kanakas start paddling easily out in the soapy water. Makaele and I are right after them, running with our boards like sleds in both hands as far as we can keep our knees free, then, souse! flat out we shoot alongside them. The pretty Mrs. Neave, watching Makaele, forgets all about her bathing suit.

This is one of his specialties. Flat on his chest, his legs churning the water in the trudgeon stroke, he keeps both arms going like paddle wheels each side, the front end of his alaia scowing over the water like the bow of a launch. Everyone goes out more or less that way;

I 'm doing the same thing, but only two or three others can make such speed as Makaele, even when he is n't showing off.

"Keep way over to your left," calls Linda; "we must see the duke and Kahola coming in." So our squadron changes its course and, swimming and paddling diagonally in the long intervals between waves, we work over eastward toward the edge of the big surf and always outward toward the reef.

This matter of navigating out with your board is an important part of surfing, and good fun, too. At first you think you are going to wear your short ribs right through the skin from the chafing of your position on the hard "koa" wood, and for the first week of your malihiniship you contract pains like inflammatory rheumatism in your shoulders, the back of your neck, and the small of your back. But the sun and the exercise bake and work the soreness out of your muscles long before you make sufficient progress in the science to take the soreness out of your spirit.

This is the leeward side of the island, you see, so there is never a pounding surf inside the reef, even after a storm. Also, over this flat, level bottom the surf forms slowly and is slow to break. Consequently you often have long distances where you can make speed going out; sometimes, depending on the tide and wind, the sea all about you will be like a plain; then, especially half a mile or more from shore, where most riders turn, the surf will come in series, three or four, or even seven, crests at a time, rolling in very grandly in a sea procession.

Soon we strike our first big waves. Over the first two broken ones Mak and I coast. Then I see him dive headlong into the third, which is curling to break, and in a minute I follow suit, depressing the front of my board with a sharp forward thrust. On the reverse slope, looking back, we see the outrigger lift drunkenly over the white ridge and come down, ke-slosh! ke-zop! — Linda a victorious figurehead in the bow. In negotiating these big toppling fellows you must be careful to duck the front of your board just right as you dive through, otherwise she is apt to plumb the depths without you or set you back shoreward with a big drink of salt water. Now comes a level space, and way ahead of us we make out the dark heads and shoulders of the Kanaka boys sitting on their boards waiting for a good wave. There it comes, its mounting top shutting out the sails of the fishing boats. We hear them calling to each other excitedly "Nalu-nui!" (big wave) and "Hoë, hoë, hoë" (paddle, paddle, paddle); then with a shout the row of dusky figures out at sea leap upright on their boards and come tearing in. Theirs proves to be a lumpy wave, badly chosen. We slip over it as they go cheering by to the west of us, but on behind come some hummers, and right on the crest of the second stand two figures glorified.

"Look, look," calls Makaele back to the canoe, "the duke and Kahola!" They must have seen us coming out and swum across, and a good thing they did, too, for now the eager visitor will see the finest sight at Waikiki, the last word in surf riding. No race in the world is so beautifully developed as the Polynesian,

and these two men are the pick of their race. Without changing a line, you could put them into a Greek frieze, but you would have to animate or electrify the frieze to keep it in key with their poised grace supreme in this immemorial pastime of their people. Both are as much at home on the streaming mane of a breaker as a Pawnee brave on the bare back of a galloping bronco.

Ducking through the top of the wave ahead of theirs, we emerge to find their glistening brown bodies against the sky surging down a smoky green hillside. A familiar sight, it is nevertheless a miracle, for the boards are nearly hidden in spray so that we behold shooting down at us two youthful Tritons, not, as they really are, obeying the course of the wave they ride, but directing it; ruling, triumphing over the ocean.

"A-i-i-i-i-e-e-e-e-!" yells the duke, as he goes streaming by, light as the spray smoking after him, the last of his yell swallowed by the half-drowned work I make of that breaker because of watching him too long.

It is still a long hoë out to the reef, and Mak and I, already half a mile offshore, decide to mark time hereabouts, the outrigger going on to the "kulana nalu," place where the surf begins to form, so as to give our now highly enthusiastic gallery a longer ride in. Off they go seaward, disappearing and reappearing, and one of the Kanaka boys we lately passed, who has lost his wave and with it his companions, paddles up to join us. He and I, sitting on our boards, shove them all but the tip under water. Makaele, a brown merman stretched out half submerged on his light shingle, kicks his feet lazily.

In this seventy-eight degree water we are even more comfortable than on the sand ashore, and the view is finer. Off to the eastward old Diamond Head, *couchant* like ourselves, stretches out into blue water, the iron pyrites at its base shimmering like myriads of real diamonds. Millions more of sparkling water diamonds the sun makes far westward over the sea to the purple headland of Waianäe. Straight ashore, in interrupted views, stretches a long, white band of beach with the parallel green band of palm and rubber trees above it broken by square hotels and angular, ugly houses.

We have not long to wait before we hear a distant hail from the sea and, looking back over our shoulders from the top of the next low swell that heaves us up, we make out a fine series of surf charging toward us hot off the reef, the canoe chasing down the face of the first hill.

Now it is all action with us, for to catch a wave just right you must get to going at top speed before it overtakes you.

"Hoë, hoë, hoë," yells the Kanaka boy, but "No!" Mak sings out; "Wait, wait, no good."

Checking my headway I see he is right, for this first wave is a dull, heavy-moving one with a lumpy surface.

In spite of its threatening height it will peter out before it gets ashore and be absorbed by the following surf. You must let that kind, or double ones, go, and wait patiently for a precipice with a jagged edge toppling over you.

The canoe goes sifting by down the steep slope we climb, a burly, naked mariner high in the air astern

straining over on his paddle to keep her head straight, a cloud of fine white spray whisping up from her forefoot. There is a brief dream of fair women, starry-eyed, their mouths open and their arms outstretched, and back on the wind comes a Gabriel-horn kind of noise, the result of Linda's contralto jeer at us mingling with her friend's high soprano shriek of delight.

We let them go with their inferior wave, and the next one, too, but the third, a high green comber with a dancing ridge of spray, we mark for our very own. There is a lot of excited yelling in the process of making this judgment unanimous, but then each man is down on the tail of his board with never another look behind, legs churning madly and arms whaling the water for dear life.

Now the surf has caught us, towers over us. I feel my feet lifted in the air, the board shoots forward, higher and faster I drive till in a sudden white seething I break through the top of the wave. Then, lost for a second in the foam, quick my hands slip back, legs gather up, one foot in front as though kneeling, and I rise head and back together, feel for the balance center, then stand erect. Just ahead on my right Makaele is calmly standing in a smother like the wake of a motor boat; behind on the other side the Kanaka boy is whooping, and we are off all together, forty miles an hour, for the coast.

Anyone who has sailed a racing canoe in a fresh breeze, or held the tiller of a sloop, running free in a heavy following sea, will have some idea of the sensation of surfing. Only you must multiply those other

sensations by at least ten to get the exhilaration of riding a big surf at Waikiki. The lift and yawning thrust of the wave under you is something like that you feel in a boat, but a twenty-pound board is, of course, far more sensitive. When you first stand erect, it feels as though you had suddenly spurred some gigantic marine monster with a wild response of a thoroughbred hunter rising at a fence, or as though the Ancient Mariner's Spirit of the deep had reached fathoms up a great hand to hurl you like a javelin at the beach.

As a racing canoe is balanced on a rigger out to windward, so we, standing upright on our racing boards, balance them by anticipating the whim of the wave, keeping them coasting forever down hill and never reaching the valley. While the surf is high and steep I stand back on the board; when it begins to flatten out I slip forward. The danger point ahead is in driving the alaia nose under, when she is very sure to throw you and dive for coral; yet I must not let her climb too high or I shall lose the wave and be dragged backwards over the crest as though someone had suddenly tied a flock of peach paskets on behind. And all the time, like a shying colt, she is apt to slew sidewise; sometimes I let her slide off on the bias and then straighten her with a flip of my legs, when she shoots ahead again, obeying the tread of her master's feet.

Sunlight and flashing color! A great wash of air and water; tingling life and speed, speed! We are chiefs of old, back in the springtime of the world, in the undiscovered Pacific!

And so at length we drive into the "kipapa," the

place where the long rollers from end to end break and come foaming down in white ruins. Here is the canoe close at hand. Makaele, in sheer exuberance, stands on his head on his board and goes on so, his legs in the air like the spars of a derelict. I tread back from the "muku" to the "lala" side of the wave, am caught in the drag, and stop as though I had run into a rope. My board sinks slowly and I swim with it alongside the canoe.

"I 'm going to learn to do that," says the extraordinarily pretty Mrs. Neave, "if I have to stay here a year."

FISHING WITH A WORM

By Bliss Perry

"The last fish I caught was with a worm." — Izaak Walton.

A DEFECTIVE logic is the born fisherman's portion. He is a pattern of inconsistency. He does the things which he ought not to do, and he leaves undone the things which other people think he ought to do. He observes the wind when he should be sowing, and he regards the clouds, with temptation tugging familiarly at his heartstrings, when he might be grasping the useful sickle. It is a wonder that there is so much health in him. A sorrowing political economist remarked to me in early boyhood, as a jolly red-bearded neighbor, followed by an abnormally fat dog, sauntered past us for his nooning: "That man is the best carpenter in town, but he will leave the most important job whenever he wants to go fishing." I stared at the sinful carpenter, who swung along leisurely in the May sunshine, keeping just ahead of his dog. To leave one's job in order to go fishing! How illogical!

Years bring the reconciling mind. The world grows big enough to include within its scheme both the instructive political economist and the truant mechanic. But that trick of truly logical behavior seems harder to the man than to the child. For example, I climbed up

to my den under the eaves last night — a sour, black sea fog lying all about, and the December sleet crackling against the window panes — in order to varnish a certain fly rod. Now rods ought to be put in order in September, when the fishing closes, or else in April, when it opens. To varnish a rod in December proves that one possesses either a dilatory or a childishly anticipatory mind. But before uncorking the varnish bottle, it occurred to me to examine a dog-eared, water-stained fly book, to guard against the ravages of possible moths. This interlude proved fatal to the varnishing. A half hour went happily by rearranging the flies. Then, with a fisherman's lack of sequence, as I picked out here and there a plain snell hook from the gaudy feathered ones, I said to myself with a generous glow at the heart: "Fly fishing has had enough sacred poets celebrating it already. Is n't there a good deal to be said, after all, for fishing with a worm?"

Could there be a more illogical proceeding? And here follows the treatise — a defense of Results, an Apology for Opportunism — conceived in agreeable procrastination, devoted to the praise of the inconsequential angleworm, and dedicated to a childish memory of a whistling carpenter and his fat dog.

Let us face the worst at the very beginning. It shall be a shameless example of fishing under conditions that make the fly a mockery. Take the Taylor Brook, "between the roads," on the headwaters of the Lamoille. The place is a jungle. The swamp maples and cedars were felled a generation ago, and the tops were trimmed into the brook. The alders and moosewood are

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higher than your head; on every tiny knoll the fir balsams have gained a footing, and creep down, impenetrable, to the edge of the water. In the open spaces the joe-pye weed swarms. In two minutes after leaving the upper road you have scared a mink or a rabbit, and you have probably lost the brook. Listen! It is only a gurgle here, droning along, smooth and dark, under the tangle of cedar tops and the shadow of the balsams. Follow the sound cautiously. There, beyond the joe-pye weed, and between the stump and the cedar top, is a hand's breadth of black water. Fly casting is impossible in this maze of dead and living branches. Shorten your line to two feet, or even less, bait your hook with a worm, and drop it gingerly into that gurgling crevice of water. Before it has sunk six inches, if there is not one of those black-backed, orange-bellied, Taylor Brook trout fighting with it, something is wrong with your worm or with you. For the trout are always there, sheltered by the brushwood that makes this half mile of fishing "not worth while." Below the lower road the Taylor Brook becomes uncertain water. For half a mile it yields only fingerlings, for no explainable reason; then there are two miles of clean fishing through the deep woods, where the branches are so high that you can cast a fly again if you like, and there are long pools, where now and then a heavy fish will rise; then comes a final half mile through the alders, where you must wade, knee to waist deep, before you come to the bridge and the river. Glorious fishing is sometimes to be had here — especially if you work down the gorge at twilight, casting a white miller until it is too dark to

see. But alas, there is a well-worn path along the brook, and often enough there are the very footprints of the "fellow ahead of you," signs as disheartening to the fisherman as ever were the footprints on the sand to Robinson Crusoe.

"But between the roads" it is "too much trouble to fish;" and there lies the salvation of the humble fisherman who disdains not to use the crawling worm, nor, for that matter, to crawl himself, if need be, in order to sneak under the boughs of some overhanging cedar that casts a perpetual shadow upon the sleepy brook. Lying here at full length, with no elbow-room to manage the rod, you must occasionally even unjoint your tip, and fish with that, using but a dozen inches of line, and not letting so much as your eyebrows show above the bank. Is it a becoming attitude for a middle-aged citizen of the world? That depends upon how the fish are biting. Holing a put looks rather ridiculous also, to the mere observer, but it requires, like brook fishing with a tip only, a very delicate wrist, perfect tactile sense, and a fine disregard of appearances.

There are some fishermen who always fish as if they were being photographed. The Taylor Brook "between the roads" is not for them. To fish it at all is back-breaking, trouser-tearing work; to see it thoroughly fished is to learn new lessons in the art of angling. To watch R., for example, steadily filling his six-pound creel from that unlikely stream, is like watching Sargent paint a portrait. R. weighs two hundred and ten. Twenty years ago he was a famous amateur pitcher, and among his present avocations are violin playing,

which is good for the wrist, taxidermy, which is good for the eye, and shooting woodcock, which before the days of the new Nature Study used to be thought good for the whole man. R. began as a fly-fisherman, but by dint of passing his summers near brooks where fly-fishing is impossible, he has become a stout-hearted apologist for the worm. His apparatus is most singular. It consists of a very long, cheap rod, stout enough to smash through bushes, and with the stiffest tip obtainable. The lower end of the butt, below the reel, fits into the socket of a huge extra butt of bamboo, which R. carries unconcernedly. To reach a distant hole, or to fish the lower end of a ripple, R. simply locks his reel, slips on the extra butt, and there is a fourteen-foot rod ready for action. He fishes with a line unbelievably short, and a Kendal hook far too big; and when a trout jumps from that hook, R. wastes no time in maneuvering for position. The unlucky fish is simply "derricked," — to borrow a word from Theodore, most saturnine and profane of Moosehead guides.

"Shall I play him awhile?" shouted an excited sportsman to Theodore, after hooking his first big trout.

"—— no!" growled Theodore in disgust. "Just derrick him right into the canoe!" A heroic method surely; though it once cost me the best square-tail I ever hooked, for Theodore had forgotten the landing-net, and the gut broke in his fingers as he tried to swing the fish aboard. But with these lively quarter-pounders of the Taylor Brook, derricking is a safer procedure. Indeed, I have sat dejectedly on the far end of a log, after fishing the hole under it in vain, and seen the

mighty R. wade downstream close behind me, adjust that comical extra butt, and jerk a couple of half-pound trout from under the very log on which I was sitting. His device on this occasion, as well as I remember, was to pass his hook but once through the middle of a big worm, let the worm sink to the bottom, and crawl along it at his leisure. The trout could not resist.

Once, and once only, have I come near equaling R.'s record, and the way he beat me then is the justification for a whole philosophy of worm fishing. We were on this very Taylor Brook, and at five in the afternoon both baskets were two-thirds full. By count I had just one more fish than he. It was raining hard. "You fish down through the alders," said R. magnanimously.

"I 'll cut across and wait for you at the sawmill. I don't want to get any wetter, on account of my rheumatism."

This was rather barefaced kindness — for whose rheumatism was ever the worse for another hour's fishing? But I weakly accepted it. I coveted three or four good trout to top off with — that was all. So I tied on a couple of flies, and began to fish the alders, wading waist deep in the rapidly rising water, down the long green tunnel under the curving boughs. The brook fairly smoked with the rain, by this time, but when did one fail to get at least three or four trout out of this best half mile of the lower brook? Yet I had no luck. I tried one fly after another, and then, as a forlorn hope — though it sometimes has a magic of its own — I combined a brown hackle for the tail fly with a twisting worm on the dropper. Not a rise! I thought of R.

sitting patiently in the sawmill, and I fished more conscientiously than ever.

> "Venture as warily, use the same skill,
> Do your best, whether winning or losing it,
> If you choose to play! — is my principle."

Even those lines, which by some subtle telepathy of the trout brook murmur themselves over and over to me in the waning hours of an unlucky day, brought now no consolation. There was simply not one fish to be had, to any fly in the book, out of that long, drenching, darkening tunnel. At last I climbed out of the brook, by the bridge. R. was sitting on the fence, his neck and ears carefully turtled under his coat collar, the smoke rising and the rain dripping from the inverted bowl of his pipe. He did not seem to be worrying about his rheumatism.

"What luck?" he asked.

"None at all," I answered morosely. "Sorry to keep you waiting."

"That 's all right," remarked R. "What do you think I 've been doing? I 've been fishing out of the sawmill window just to kill time. There was a patch of floating sawdust there, — kind of unlikely place for trout anyway — but I thought I 'd put on a worm and let him crawl around a little." He opened his creel as he spoke.

"But I did n't look for a pair of 'em," he added. And there, on top of his smaller fish, were as pretty a pair of three-quarter-pound brook trout as were ever basketed.

"I 'm afraid you got pretty wet," said R. kindly.

"I don't mind that," I replied. And I did n't. What

I minded was the thought of an hour's vain wading in that roaring stream, whipping it with fly after fly, while R., the foreordained fisherman, was sitting comfortably in a sawmill, and derricking that pair of three-quarter-pounders in through the window! I had ventured more warily than he, and used if not the same skill, at least the best skill at my command. My conscience was clear, but so was his; and he had had the drier skin and the greater magnanimity and the biggest fish besides. There is much to be said, in a world like ours, for taking the world as you find it and for fishing with a worm.

One's memories of such fishing, however agreeable they may be, are not to be identified with a defense of the practice. Yet, after all, the most effective defense of worm fishing is the concrete recollection of some brook that could be fished best or only in that way, or the image of a particular trout that yielded to the temptation of an angleworm after you had flicked fly after fly over him in vain. Indeed, half the zest of brook fishing is in your campaign for "individuals" — as the Salvation Army workers say — not merely for a basketful of fish *qua* fish, but for a series of individual trout which your instinct tells you ought to lurk under that log or be hovering in that ripple. How to get him, by some sportsmanlike process, is the question. If he will rise to some fly in your book, few fisherman will deny that the fly is the more pleasurable weapon. Dainty, luring, beautiful toy, light as thistledown, falling where you will it to fall, holding when the leader tightens and

sings like the string of a violin, the artificial fly represents the poetry of angling. Given the gleam of the early morning on some wide water, a heavy trout breaking the surface as he curves and plunges, with the fly holding well, with the right sort of rod in your fingers, and the right man in the other end of the canoe, and you perceive how easy is that Emersonian trick of making the pomp of emperors ridiculous.

But angling's honest prose, as represented by the lowly worm, has also its exalted moments. "The last fish I caught was with a worm," says the honest Walton, and so I say. It was the last evening of last August. The dusk was settling deep upon a tiny meadow, scarcely ten rods from end to end. The rank bog grass, already drenched with dew, bent over the narrow, deep little brook so closely that it could not be fished except with a double-shotted, baited hook, dropped delicately between the heads of the long grasses. Underneath this canopy the trout were feeding, taking the hook with a straight downward tug, as they made for the hidden bank. It was already twilight when I began, and before I reached the black belt of woods that separated the meadow from the lake, the swift darkness of the North Country made it impossible to see the hook. A short half hour's fishing only, and behold nearly twenty good trout derricked into a basket until then sadly empty. Your rigorous fly-fisherman would have passed that grass-hidden brook in disdain, but it proved a treasure for the humble.

Here, indeed, there was no question of individually-minded fish, but simply a neglected brook, full of trout

which could be reached with the baited hook only. In more open brook fishing it is always a fascinating problem to decide how to fish a favorite pool or ripple, for much depends upon the hour of the day, the light, the height of water, the precise period of the spring or summer. But after one has decided upon the best theoretical procedure, how often the stupid trout prefer some other plan! And when you have missed a fish that you counted upon landing, what solid satisfaction is still possible for you, if you are philosopher enough to sit down then and there, eat your lunch, smoke a meditative pipe, and devise a new campaign against that particular fish! To get another rise from him after lunch is a triumph of diplomacy; to land him is nothing short of statesmanship. For sometimes he will jump furiously at a fly, for very devilishness, without ever meaning to take it, and then, wearying suddenly of his gymnastics, he will snatch sulkily at a grasshopper, beetle, or worm. Trout feed upon an extraordinary variety of crawling things, as all fishermen know who practice the useful habit of opening the first two or three fish they catch, to see what food is that day the favorite. But here, as elsewhere in this world, the best things lie nearest, and there is no bait so killing, week in and week out, as your plain garden or golf green angleworm.

Walton's list of possible worms is impressive, and his directions for placing them upon the hook have the placid completeness that belonged to his character. Yet in such matters a little nonconformity may be encouraged. No two men or boys dig bait in quite

the same way, though all share, no doubt, the singular elation which gilds the grimy occupation with the spirit of romance. The mind is really occupied, not with the wriggling red creatures in the lumps of the earth, but with the stout fish which each worm may capture, just as a saint might rejoice in the squalor of this world as a preparation for the glories of the world to come. Nor do any two experienced fishermen hold quite the same theory as to the best mode of baiting the hook. There are a hundred ways, each of them good. As to the best hook for worm fishing, you will find dicta in every catalogue of fishing tackle, but size and shape and tempering are qualities that should vary with the brook, the season, and the fisherman. Should one use a three-foot leader, or none at all? Whose rods are best for bait fishing, granted that all of them should be stiff enough in the tip to lift a good fish by dead strain from the tangle of brush or logs? Such questions, like those pertaining to the boots or coat which one should wear, the style of bait box one should carry, or the brand of tobacco best suited for smoking in the wind, are topics for unending discussion among the serious minded around the camp fire. Much edification is in them, and yet they are but prudential maxims after all. They are mere moralities of the Franklin or Chesterfield variety, counsels of worldly wisdom, but they leave the soul untouched. A man may have them at his finger's ends and be no better fisherman at bottom; or he may, like R., ignore most of the admitted rules and come home with a full basket. It is a sufficient defense of fishing with a worm to pronounce the truism that no man is a

complete angler until he has mastered all the modes of angling. Lovely streams, lonely and enticing, but impossible to fish with a fly, await the fisherman who is not too proud to use, with a man's skill, the same unpretentious tackle which he began with as a boy.

But ah, to fish with a worm, and then not catch your fish! To fail with a fly is no disgrace: your art may have been impeccable, your patience faultless to the end. But the philosophy of worm fishing is that of Results, of having something tangible in your basket when the day's work is done. It is a plea for Compromise, for cutting the coat according to the cloth, for taking the world as it actually is. The fly-fisherman is a natural Foe of Compromise. He throws to the trout a certain kind of lure; and they will take it, so; if not, adieu. He knows no middle path.

> "This high man, aiming at a million,
> Misses an unit."

The raptures and the tragedies of consistency are his. He is a scorner of the ground. All honor to him! When he comes back at nightfall and says happily, "I have never cast a line more perfectly than I have to-day," it is almost indecent to peek into his creel. It is like rating Colonel Newcome by his bank account.

But the worm fisherman is no such proud and isolated soul. He is a "low man" rather than a high one; he honestly cares what his friends will think when they look into his basket to see what he has to show for his day's sport. He watches the Foe of Compromise men go stumbling forward and superbly falling, while

he, with less inflexible courage, manages to keep his feet. He wants to score, and not merely to give a pretty exhibition of base running. At the Harvard-Yale football game of 1903 the Harvard team showed superior strength in rushing the ball; they carried it almost to the Yale goal line repeatedly, but they could not, for some reason, take it over. In the instant of absolute need, the Yale line held, and when the Yale team had to score in order to win, they scored. As the crowd streamed out of the Stadium, a veteran Harvard alumnus said: "This news will cause great sorrow in one home I know of, until they learn by to-morrow's papers that the Harvard team *acquitted itself creditably.*" Exactly. Given one team bent upon acquitting itself creditably, and another team determined to win, which will be victorious? The stay-at-homes on the Yale campus that day were not curious to know whether their team was acquitting itself creditably, but whether it was winning the game. Every other question than that was to those young Philistines merely a fine-spun irrelevance. They took the Cash and let the Credit go.

There is much to be said, no doubt, for the Harvard veteran's point of view. The proper kind of credit may be a better asset for eleven boys than any championship; and to fish a bit of water consistently and skillfully, with your best flies and in your best manner, is perhaps achievement enough. So says the Foe of Compromise, at least. But the Yale spirit will be prying into the basket in search of fish; it prefers concrete results. If all men are by nature either Platonists or Aristotelians, fly-fishermen or worm fishermen, how difficult it

is for us to do one another justice! Differing in mind, in aim and method, how shall we say infallibly that this man or that is wrong? To fail with Plato for companion may be better than to succeed with Aristotle. But one thing is perfectly clear: there is no warrant for Compromise but in Success. Use a worm if you will, but you must have fish to show for it, if you would escape the finger of scorn. If you find yourself camping by an unknown brook, and are deputed to catch the necessary trout for breakfast, it is wiser to choose the surest bait. The crackle of the fish in the frying pan will atone for any theoretical defect in your method. But to choose the surest bait, and then to bring back no fish, is unforgivable. Forsake Plato if you must, — but you may do so only at the price of justifying yourself in the terms of Aristotelian arithmetic. The college president who abandoned his college in order to run a cotton mill was free to make his own choice of a calling; but he was never pardoned for bankrupting the mill. If one is bound to be a low man rather than an impractical idealist, he should at least make sure of his vulgar success.

Is all this but a disguised defense of pothunting? No? There is no possible defense of pothunting, whether it be upon a trout brook or in the stock market. Against fish or men, one should play the game fairly. Yet for that matter some of the most skillful fly-fishermen I have known were pothunters at heart, and some of the most prosaic-looking merchants were idealists compared to whom Shelley was but a dreaming boy. All depends upon the spirit with which one makes his

venture. I recall a boy of five who gravely watched his father tramp off after rabbits — gun on shoulder and beagle in leash. Thereupon he shouldered a wooden sword, and dragging his reluctant black kitten by a string, sallied forth upon the dusty Vermont road "to get a lion for breakfast." That is the true sporting temper! Let there be but a fine idealism in the quest, and the particular object is unessential. "A true fisherman's happiness," says Mr. Cleveland, "is not dependent upon his luck." It depends upon his heart.

No doubt all amateur fishing is but "play" — as the psychologists soberly term it: not a necessary, but a freely assumed activity, born of surplusage of vitality. Nobody, not even a carpenter wearied of his job, has to go fishing unless he wants to. He may indeed find himself breakfastless in camp, and obliged to betake himself to the brook, — but then he need not have gone into the woods at all. Yet if he does decide to fish, let him

> "Venture as warily, use the same skill,
> Do his best, . . ."

whatever variety of tackle he may choose. He can be a whole-souled sportsman with the poorest equipment, or a mean "trout-hog" with the most elaborate.

Only, in the name of gentle Izaak himself, let him be a *complete* angler; and let the man be a passionate amateur of all the arts of life, despising none of them, and using all of them for his soul's good and for the joy of his fellows. If he be, so to speak, but a worm fisherman, — a follower of humble occupations, and pledged to unromantic duties, — let him still

thrill with the pleasures of the true sportsman. To make the most of dull hours, to make the best of dull people, to like a poor jest better than none, to wear the threadbare coat like a gentleman, to be outvoted with a smile, to hitch your wagon to the old horse if no star is handy, — this is the wholesome philosophy taught by fishing with a worm. The fun of it depends upon the heart. There may be as much zest in saving as in spending, in working for small wages as for great, in avoiding the snapshots of publicity as in being invariably first "among those present." But a man should be honest. If he catches most of his fish with a worm, secures the larger portion of his success by commonplace industry, let him glory in it, for this, too, is part of the great game. Yet he ought not in that case to pose as a fly-fisherman only — to carry himself as one aware of the immortalizing camera — to pretend that life is easy, if one but knows how to drop a fly into the right ripple. For life is not easy, after all is said. It is a long brook to fish, and it needs a stout heart and a wise patience. All the flies there are in the book, and all the bait that can be carried in the box, are likely to be needed ere the day is over. But, like the Psalmist's "river of God," this brook is "full of water," and there is plenty of good fishing to be had in it if one is neither afraid nor ashamed of fishing sometimes with a worm.

ALL FOR A FISHHOOK

By Walter H. Main

WHEN you 've been in camp ten days and never caught a thing except a few suckers and sunfish, when your grub is almost gone, and you are getting hungry and peevish, when you begin to doubt if you ever caught a real fish and wonder if there are any more fish in the world worth catching — when you get in that frame of mind you 'll be ready to follow any stranger who comes along into the trackless forest if he will promise you fish.

That was just the state of our camp that August morning. Pete was peeving in the shack, thinking about breaking up housekeeping and starting home. I was washing the boat. Not that the boat needed washing, but there did n't seem to be any use going fishing and I 'd rather wash the boat than listen to Pete, and I had to do something.

I don't know where he came from, the uncouth figure who smashed through the underbrush back of our camp and broke the silence, that was brooding ominous like, about our shack with his "Wall, stranger, how they runnin'?"

"If you mean the fishing," I replied sententiously, "there ain't any."

I was glum; I did n't want to be disturbed by any loquacious tramps, and I went on washing my boat.

The unkempt individual squatted on the ground and lighted his pipe. He said no more, from which I gathered he was a guide and a real woodsman. Now, there are guides and guides. Some are good and some are n't worth their salt. However, they all have one point in common: Leave them alone long enough and they will get around to tell you what 's on their mind. Precipitous action in the woods is often accompanied by a catastrophe. There are times when you can hurry, and again there are times when all you can do is to sit and wait.

You can't hurry nature, and nature is what the guides are up against most of the time. Maybe he was figuring that out and sizing me up all the time he was smoking that pipe; I don't know. I kept on washing the boat. I don't know just when the idea began to percolate through my gray matter that this individual might be a real guide.

Whatever it was that made me, when he next broke silence I had a civil tongue in my head. Perhaps the keen observer of nature had noticed a change in my mental attitude. Anyway I was ready for him when he began to converse again. We talked of boats and fishing and the deer season that would open on the morrow and the prospects of knocking over a little venison and such things as those. At last he got around to what he wanted to say.

"Partner, you could n't let me have a fishhook, could you? I 'm goin' out to pick up my bear traps and

come away this mornin' 'thout a hook, 'n' I may want to do a little fishin' before I go back."

"Sure thing!" I replied with alacrity.

It 's always a good plan to treat guides as well as you know how. They don't often ask favors of city folks, but when they do it never pays to be backward or slow about granting them if you intend to come to the woods again ever. You never can tell when a guide can do you a favor, and you never can tell what one of them might do if he got down on you.

So I jumped from the boat and ran up to our shack. From my own tackle box I took out an unopened package of a dozen of my favorite snells. When I handed the package to the guide, he carefully opened it, took out one hook, fixed it in the band of his hat, wrapped up the remaining eleven, and handed them back to me.

"They 're yours," I said; "put 'em in your pocket."

"Now, see here, partner," protested the stranger, "I don't want to rob you. I don't want to take all yer hooks."

"Take 'em, man; take 'em. I 've got plenty more."

"But I only wanted one."

"Who ever heard of a man going into the woods fishing with only one fishhook?" I retorted. "You put 'em in your pocket and don't say another word."

Whether it was my open-handedness in giving a whole dozen fishhooks to a man who only wanted one, and a stranger at that, or whether he pitied a man who had n't caught a fish worth while speaking of in a week, or whether it was a sudden rush of generosity or what,

I never could figure out, but after some desultory conversation the lone guide said:

"Say stranger, do you want to ketch some fish?"

"You bet I do," I replied, "but I don't see any chance here."

"No, there ain't. But you come with me, and I 'll show you a trout stream that ain't bin fished this year. There 's only one man besides myself that knows this stream, and I know he ain't bin thar."

That sounded pretty good, but I parried; "I 'm sort of afraid to go out with one of you fellows who know the woods. You 'll walk the legs off me."

"No, I won't stranger. I 'm jest goin' out to pick up some b'ar traps. Along some time this afternoon we 'll fetch up at this trout stream and take out a few for supper. If I don't show you some of the best trout fishin' *you* ever had, I won't go fishin' no more, never. Now, you jest go up to yer camp and pack up a little grub and git your tackle. Yer won't need no rod; we 're goin' through some woods."

When I told Pete I was going fishing with a stranger he rolled over in his bunk and grunted, "Some piker, most likely. I wish you luck. I 'll eat all the trout you get."

That 's how it came about that on a pleasant August forenoon I found myself leaving my camp alone with an unknown guide, striking off through primeval forest, trusting to an absolute stranger, who might lead me, no one knew where. A couple of hours before I had never laid eyes on the man. He came unintroduced, without credential or recommendation. I was taking

him at his face value. He took me on the strength of a dozen fishhooks. He did n't ask my name, and I did n't ask his. In fact, we did n't do much conversing after we left camp. I was just as well satisfied at this arrangement, as it took all my attention to scramble through the dense underbrush and jump the gullies.

We must have walked three or four hours. I had no means of telling how many miles we traveled. For aught I knew we might not be farther than four or five miles from our shack in a straight line. But we had followed such a devious course, picking up the bear traps, that I had no idea where I was. I was lost, absolutely lost, in the midst of the great North Woods! I might wander around for days, and never find a trail unless this unkempt, unshaved stranger chose to lead me.

I knew we had doubled on our tracks; I had seen the guide stop, look intently about him, take his bearings from the direction of the sun in a patch of blue sky at a clearing, and then plunge off in an opposite direction. The bear traps were all up, he said. Then he was losing me! Alone in a vast forest with an unknown guide!

It was no time to whine, however, or to show doubt. When he changed his course I changed mine. I plunged into the dark woods after him as fast as I could, and he waited for me. We must have pursued these tactics of zigzagging an hour more, when the guide halted.

"We 're getting near the stream. Better keep your eye out for a good, likely switch that 'll make a good rod."

Each of us soon had cut down a light sapling and trimmed it into the semblance of a fishing rod and affixed

our lines and tackle. Pretty soon the rippling of a brook over its shallows smote my ears, and I knew we were at the stream which the guide said would yield some fish. We struck the pebbly shore. The water, coursing over the stones, murmured as it ran, making the only sound that disturbed the silence of the forest primeval. Great pines and oaks and spruces reared their heads from a land that had never known the devastating axe of the woodsman. In the dark shadows of the woods I knew trout must lurk.

"There 's a still water down stream a piece," he whispered. "We 'll work down that way."

With stealthy tread, silently we picked our way downstream a few rods. Then he stationed me on a tussock of grass a few yards from the sedgy shore, while he went farther down, still in sight and within call.

I have whipped Adirondack streams; I have brought home full creels; I have waded trout brooks all day with the water up to my waist and better; I have trolled the lakes. Down home I was counted some fisherman; but I never knew what fishing was until I stood on that tussock in a little unnamed, unknown, uncharted trout stream that rambled down through that particular glen of the great woods.

With my little rod I cast my worm-baited hook over the low fringe of alders that hedged me from the still-water. A strike! A two-pounder! Another! Another! It was literally a case of bait and pull them in. On a little tussock not more than a foot and a half square, without stirring from my tracks, I filled my creel, the pockets of my canvas hunting coat, all the rest of my

pockets. I strung them on an alder switch, and still they bit. My worms were getting low and I knew the afternoon sun was waning, but still I pulled them in.

I must have stood there an hour or more and my arms were beginning to ache from the mere exertion of drawing the fish in, when my companion down stream broke the silence. "How they comin', partner?"

"I got all I want," I was compelled to admit.

"Let 's go down stream a piece and clean up, then."

When we came to disgorge out pockets and count up, I found I had taken fifty-four trout in a little more than an hour. My companion had a few more than I did, possibly fifty-eight or sixty. But the funny thing about those trout was that they were so near of a size that they looked as if they had all been cast in the same mold, all two-pounders, hardly a variation of two or three ounces. It was as if we had ordered the mess of a specified size.

It was quite a job to clean such a mess of fish, but with the expert deftness of the guide and my slower work we had the lot packed up ready to move by the time the sun had disappeared behind the tallest pines and shadows were beginning to lengthen over the hills at our backs.

Perhaps you think that because of the approaching dusk the guide chose the shortest way back to camp? No, sir. He set out in one direction; stopped; looked; turned about, and went in the opposite direction until I could n't have found myself. I had no more idea which way the stream lay from us than I have of the navigation laws of the Milky Way. We doubled and crossed

and criss-crossed so many times that at times I doubted whether the guide himself knew just where he was. It took only a couple of hours to get back to our camp, which shows how far out of our way we had gone in the morning.

Just as I was despairing of ever seeing Pete and the shack again, I smelled the smoke from our campfire and pretty soon we broke out of the thicket not more than a rod from the place where we had entered in the morning.

Pete was preparing supper. The bacon and coffee smelled good, and there was a peculiar, superior smile about Pete's mouth as he greeted me with, "I thought you 'd be coming in pretty soon with an empty basket, and some real grub would taste good to you."

As the guide and myself slipped our baskets from our shoulders silently, Pete looked inquiringly. "Did you get any fish?"

"A few," I said.

The guide grinned as Pete drew back the green leaves that covered the trout and began to pick them out. He got our dishpan and filled it, then another pan and filled that, too astonished to say a word. At our insistence the guide took part of the fish with him; but before that he sat down and ate some of our bacon and drank some coffee.

As unceremoniously as he arrived in the morning he departed at evening. "Well, s' long, stranger; I must be goin'," and he had slipped into the underbrush and was gone. We never saw him again. We never saw anybody who knew him or had ever seen him.

We paddled down the lake the next morning and expressed a lot of those fish to the city. We distributed some among other campers whose luck had been no better than ours. To every inquiry we replied as carelessly as we could, "Oh, we found a little trout brook back there in the woods."

In a couple of days the last fish was gone. Pete and I talked it over and decided we would take a compass and find that stream.

But it was as irrevocably lost as if the earth had swallowed it and the two-pound trout had gone to become eyeless fish in some subterranean cavern. We trapped those woods with a compass for days. We followed every promising lead; we paddled around the shores of the lake and followed up every stream that emptied into it; we consulted the maps; we asked other campers — very guardedly. It was of no avail; the uncouth stranger had covered the tracks so craftily that it was as if I had been led, blindfolded, to the brink of the brook and, blindfolded, led back.

Neither did we find anyone who had ever heard of the uncouth stranger. He may have been a guide, but if he was, the parties he guided came from some other quarter of the earth than anyone we ever met, and we knew nearly all the regular campers in that country. My guide was probably one of those strange, nomadic creatures of the woods, who have no fixed habitation, who come and go, who know all parts of the wilderness and cannot be lost anywhere. He was one of those who read the signs of nature with a craftiness that is almost uncanny and who read human beings

with equal skill. Without doubt he had sized up my woodcraft before he invited me to the best trout fishing I ever had.

Somewhere in the Adirondacks is a trout brook, teeming with fish that are hungry for any bait you offer. I dream of it nights; I feel that tussock beneath my feet, the twitch of the slender birch switch, the pull of the two-pounder. Somewhere in North Lake country is that stream. You may find it; Pete and I never could.

HOW I KILLED A BEAR

By Charles Dudley Warner

SO many conflicting accounts have appeared about my casual encounter with an Adirondack bear last summer, that in justice to the public, to myself, and to the bear, it is necessary to make a plain statement of the facts. Besides, it is so seldom I have occasion to kill a bear, that the celebration of the exploit may be excused.

The encounter was unpremeditated on both sides. I was not hunting for a bear, and I have no reason to suppose that a bear was looking for me. The fact is, that we were both out blackberrying, and met by chance — the usual way. There is among the Adirondack visitors always a great deal of conversation about bears — a general expression of the wish to see one in the woods, and much speculation as to how a person would act if he or she chanced to meet one. But bears are scarce and timid, and appear only to a favored few.

It was a warm day in August, just the sort of day when an adventure of any kind seemed impossible. But it occurred to the housekeepers at our cottage — there were four of them — to send me to the clearing, on the mountain back of the house, to pick blackberries. It was rather a series of small clearings, running up into the forest, much overgrown with bushes and briers,

and not unromantic. Cows pastured there, penetrating through the leafy passages from one opening to another, and browsing among the bushes. I was kindly furnished with a six-quart pail, and told not to be gone long.

Not from any predatory instinct, but to save appearances, I took a gun. It adds to the manly aspect of a person with a tin pail if he also carries a gun. It was possible I might start up a partridge; though how I was to hit him, if he started up instead of standing still, puzzled me. Many people use a shotgun for partridges. I prefer the rifle: it makes a clean job of death, and does not prematurely stuff the bird with globules of lead. The rifle was a Sharp's, carrying a ball cartridge (ten to the pound), — an excellent weapon belonging to a friend of mine, who had intended, for a good many years back, to kill a deer with it. He could hit a tree with it — if the wind did not blow, and the atmosphere was just right, and the tree was not too far off — nearly every time. Of course, the tree must have some size. Needless to say that I was at that time no sportsman. Years ago I killed a robin under the most humiliating circumstances. The bird was in a low cherry tree. I loaded a big shotgun pretty full, crept up under the tree, rested the gun on the fence, with the muzzle not more than ten feet from the bird, shut both eyes, and pulled the trigger. When I got up to see what had happened, the robin was scattered about under the tree in more than a thousand pieces, no one of which was big enough to enable a naturalist to decide from it to what species it belonged. This disgusted me with the

BEARS IN THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

life of a sportsman. I mention the incident to show, that, although I went blackberrying armed, there was not much inequality between me and the bear.

In this blackberry patch bears had been seen. The summer before, our colored cook, accompanied by a little girl of the vicinage, was picking berries there one day, when a bear came out of the woods, and walked toward them. The girl took to her heels, and escaped. Aunt Chloe was paralyzed with terror. Instead of attempting to run, she sat down on the ground where she was standing, and began to weep and scream, giving herself up for lost. The bear was bewildered by this conduct. He approached and looked at her; he walked around and surveyed her. Probably he had never seen a colored person before, and did not know whether she would agree with him: at any rate, after watching her a few moments, he turned about, and went into the forest. This is an authentic instance of the delicate consideration of a bear, and is much more remarkable than the forbearance toward the African slave of the well-known lion, because the bear had no thorn in his foot.

When I had climbed the hill, I set up my rifle against a tree, and began picking berries, lured on from bush to bush by the black gleam of fruit (that always promises more in the distance than it realizes when you reach it); penetrating farther and farther, through leaf-shaded cow paths flecked with sunlight, into clearing after clearing. I could hear on all sides the tinkle of bells, the cracking of sticks, and the stamping of cattle that were taking refuge in the thicket from the flies.

Occasionally, as I broke through a covert, I encountered a meek cow, who stared at me stupidly for a second, and then shambled off into the brush. I became accustomed to this dumb society, and picked on in silence, attributing all the wood noises to the cattle, thinking nothing of any real bear. In point of fact, however, I was thinking all the time of a nice romantic bear, and as I picked, was composing a story about a generous she-bear who had lost her cub, and who seized a small girl in this very wood, carried her tenderly off to a small cave, and brought her up on bear's milk and honey. When the girl got big enough to run away, moved by her inherited instincts, she escaped, and came into the valley to her father's house (this part of the story was to be worked out, so that the child would know her father by some family resemblance, and have some language in which to address him), and told him where the bear lived. The father took his gun, and, guided by the unfeeling daughter, went into the woods and shot the bear, who never made any resistance, and only, when dying, turned reproachful eyes upon her murderer. The moral of the tale was to be kindness to animals.

I was in the midst of this tale, when I happened to look some rods away to the other edge of the clearing, and there was a bear! He was standing on his hind legs, and doing just what I was doing — picking blackberries. With one paw he bent down the bush, while with the other he clawed the berries into his mouth, — green ones and all. To say that I was astonished is inside the mark. I suddenly discovered that I did n't want

to see a bear, after all. At about the same moment the bear saw me, stopped eating berries, and regarded me with a glad surprise. It is all very well to imagine what you would do under such circumstances. Probably you would n't do it: I did n't. The bear dropped down on his fore feet, and came slowly toward me. Climbing a tree was of no use, with so good a climber in the rear. If I started to run, I had no doubt the bear would give chase; and although a bear cannot run down hill as fast as he can run up hill, yet I felt that he could get over this rough, brush-tangled ground faster than I could.

The bear was approaching. It suddenly occurred to me how I could divert his mind until I could fall back upon my military base. My pail was nearly full of excellent berries — much better than the bear could pick himself. I put the pail on the ground, and slowly backed away from it, keeping my eye, as beast tamers do, on the bear. The ruse succeeded.

The bear came up to the berries, and stopped. Not accustomed to eat out of a pail, he tipped it over, and nosed about in the fruit, "gorming" (if there is such a word) it down, mixed with leaves and dirt, like a pig. The bear is a worse feeder than the pig. Whenever he disturbs a maple-sugar camp in the spring, he always upsets the buckets of sirup, and tramples round in the sticky sweets, wasting more than he eats. The bear's manners are thoroughly disagreeable.

As soon as my enemy's head was down, I started and ran. Somewhat out of breath, and shaky, I reached my faithful rifle. It was not a moment too soon. I

heard the bear crashing through the brush after me. Enraged at my duplicity, he was now coming on with blood in his eye. I felt that the time of one of us was probably short. The rapidity of thought at such moments of peril is well known. I thought an octavo volume, had it illustrated and published, sold fifty thousand copies, and went to Europe on the proceeds, while that bear was loping across the clearing. As I was cocking the gun, I made a hasty and unsatisfactory review of my whole life. I noted, that, even in such a compulsory review, it is almost impossible to think of any good thing you have done. The sins come out uncommonly strong. I recollected a newspaper subscription I had delayed paying years and years ago, until both editor and newspaper were dead, and which now never could be paid to all eternity.

The bear was coming on.

I tried to remember what I had read about encounters with bears. I could n't recall an instance in which a man had run away from a bear in the woods and escaped, although I recalled plenty where the bear had run from the man and got off. I tried to think what is the best way to kill a bear with a gun, when you are not near enough to club him with the stock. My first thought was to fire at his head; to plant the ball between his eyes; but this is a dangerous experiment. The bear's brain is very small; and, unless you hit that the bear does not mind a bullet in his head; that is, not at the time. I remembered that the instant death of the bear would follow a bullet planted just back of his fore-leg, and sent into his heart. This spot is also diffi-

cult to reach, unless the bear stands off, side toward you, like a target. I finally determined to fire at him generally.

The bear was coming on.

The contest seemed to me very different from anything at Creedmoor. I had carefully read the reports of the shooting there; but it was not easy to apply the experience I had thus acquired. I hesitated whether I had better fire lying on my stomach; or lying on my back, and resting the gun on my toes. But in neither position, I reflected, could I see the bear until he was upon me. The range was too short; and the bear would n't wait for me to examine the thermometer, and note the direction of the wind. Trial of the Creedmoor method, therefore, had to be abandoned; and I bitterly regretted that I had not read more accounts of offhand shooting.

For the bear was coming on.

I tried to fix my last thoughts upon my family. As my family is small, this was not difficult. Dread of displeasing my wife, or hurting her feelings, was uppermost in my mind. What would be her anxiety as hour after hour passed on, and I did not return! What would the rest of the household think as the afternoon passed, and no blackberries came! What would be my wife's mortification when the news was brought that her husband had been eaten by a bear! I cannot imagine anything more ignominious than to have a husband eaten by a bear. And this was not my only anxiety. The mind at such times is not under control. With the gravest fears the most whimisical ideas will occur.

I looked beyond the mourning friends, and thought what kind of an epitaph they would be compelled to put upon the stone. Something like this: —

HERE LIE THE REMAINS
OF
——— ———,
EATEN BY A BEAR
Aug. 20, 1877.

It is a very unheroic and even disagreeable epitaph. That "eaten by a bear" is intolerable. It is grotesque. And then I thought what an inadequate language the English is for compact expression. It would not answer to put upon the stone simply "eaten;" for that is indefinite, and requires explanation; it might mean eaten by a cannibal. This difficulty could not occur in the German, where *essen* signifies the act of feeding by a man, and *fressen* by a beast. How simple the thing would be in German! —

HIER LIEGT
HOCHWOHLGEBOREN
HERR ——— ———,
GEFRESSEN
Aug. 20, 1877.

That explains itself. The well-born one was eaten by a beast, and presumably by a bear — an animal that has a bad reputation since the days of Elisha.

The bear was coming on; he had, in fact come on. I judged that he could see the whites of my eyes. All my subsequent reflections were confused. I raised the

gun, covered the bear's breast with the sight, and let drive. Then I turned, and ran like a deer. I did not hear the bear pursuing. I looked back. The bear had stopped. He was lying down. I then remembered that the best thing to do after having fired your gun is to reload it. I slipped in a charge, keeping my eyes on the bear. He never stirred. I walked back suspiciously. There was a quiver in the hind legs, but no other motion. Still he might be shamming; bears often sham. To make sure, I approached, and put a ball into his head. He did n't mind it now; he minded nothing. Death had come to him with a merciful suddenness. He was calm in death. In order that he might remain so, I blew his brains out, and then started for home. I had killed a bear!

Notwithstanding my excitement, I managed to saunter into the house with an unconcerned air. There was a chorus of voices: —

"Where are your blackberries?"

"Why were you gone so long?"

"Where 's your pail?"

"I left the pail."

"Left the pail? What for?"

"A bear wanted it."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Well, the last I saw of it, a bear had it."

"Oh, come! You did n't really see a bear?"

"Yes, but I did really see a real bear."

"Did he run?"

"Yes; he ran after me."

"I don't believe a word of it. What did you do?"

"Oh! nothing particular — except kill the bear."

Cries of "Gammon!" "Don't believe it!" "Where 's the bear?"

"If you want to see the bear, you must go up into the woods. I could n't bring him down alone."

Having satisfied the household that something extraordinary had occurred, and excited the posthumous fear of some one of them for my own safety, I went down into the valley to get help. The great bear hunter, who keeps one of the summer boarding houses received my story with a smile of incredulity; and the incredulity spread to the other inhabitants and to the boarders as soon as the story was known. However, as I insisted in all soberness, and offered to lead them to the bear, a party of forty or fifty people at last started off with me to bring the bear in. Nobody believed there was any bear in the case; but everybody who could get a gun carried one; and we went into the woods armed with guns, pistols, pitchforks, and sticks, against all contingencies or surprises, — a crowd made up mostly of scoffers and jeerers.

But when I led the way to the fatal spot, and pointed out the bear, lying peacefully wrapped in his own skin, something like terror seized the boarders, and genuine excitement the natives. It was a no-mistake bear, by George! and the hero of the fight — well, I will not insist upon that. But what a procession that was, carrying the bear home! and what a congregation was speedily gathered in the valley to see the bear! Our best preacher up there never drew anything like it on Sunday.

And I must say that my particular friends, who were

sportsmen, behaved very well, on the whole. They did n't deny that it was a bear, although they said it was small for a bear. Mr. Deane, who is equally good with a rifle and a rod, admitted that it was a very fair shot. He is probably the best salmon fisher in the United States, and he is an equally good hunter. I suppose there is no person in America who is more desirous to kill a moose than he. But he needlessly remarked, after he had examined the wound in the bear, that he had seen that kind of a shot made by a cow's horn.

This sort of talk affected me not. When I went to sleep that night, my last delicious thought was, "I 've killed a bear!"

BRINGING HOME THE BEAR

By Frank Bolles

THE horn of Chocorua rose into a sky full of threatening colors and shadows. Its own coloring was sinister, its outlines vague, its height apparently greater than usual. Low, growling thunder came from its ledges and ravines. The forest at its feet, which ended at my door, was silent; no whisper swept through its waiting leaves. In the west as in the north, cloud masses were boiling up into the sky, covering the blue with white, gray, and black, through which now and then shot a ray of gold from the protesting sun. A tempest seemed brewing as a not unwelcome close of a mid-August day.

A tall man emerged from the woods and came striding toward me across the grass. A rifle swung to and fro in his right hand as he walked. It was a repeating rifle, one of those inclusive successors of the fowling piece, shot pouch, powder flask, cap box, and wad pocket of this tall man's boyhood. The stride ended at my side, and the tall man and I spoke of the heat, the drought, and the approaching storm. Just as he was preparing to lope onwards down the ribbon road through the birches, I said: —

"I hear Merrill caught a bear Saturday, and brought it out at Piper's."

"That so? How big was it?"

"A small one, a two-year-old, probably. It was in one of his traps and he shot it."

"Well, I 've kept up with him this time. I shot one less than an hour ago, and he warn't in any trap, either."

I looked at the man wonderingly. There had been no unusual spark in his eye, flush on his bronzed cheek, or spring in his heavy step. He had not boasted, or even spoken of his achievement until I touched his pride by my tale of his rival's success. Would he have gone home without telling me? I think so. Yet this meeting with a bear, alone, on the high ledges of Chocorua, had been one of the joys of this man's life. Many a weary hour had he carried his magazine rifle over the ledges, treading softly, keeping eye and ear alert, hoping to see Bruin on his feeding ground. A year before he had trapped and killed some of the great creatures; but shooting a beast caught in a forty-pound steel trap is tame sport compared with facing a free bear on the open ledges.

Before the hunter left me, we had arranged that soon after sunrise on the following morning he was to pass through my dooryard on his way to the spot where, under those black clouds, poor Bruin was lying dead.

The rage around Chocorua deepened. Boom, boom, of thunder rolled downward from the heights of storm. The peak was swept by masses of rain. Flash after flash lit up the darkening sky behind the grim mountain. Still the nearer forests lay at rest, waiting. Then a golden rift came into the western cloud bank. One half of the storm rolled past us on the south, drench-

ing Ossipee and Wolfborough, the other half on the north, soaking Conway and Fryeburg; we alone were dry.

The morning of the 13th of August was breathlessly hot. Even the hermit thrushes forgot to sing. A rattle of wheels brought me from breakfast to join the party organized to bring home the bear. A strong, sure-footed horse was drawing a farm wagon which had been the stand-by of an earlier generation, and which, therefore, was made of solid stuff. My tall friend and two of his hunting satellites were in it, and around them were strewn rifle, hatchet, ropes, empty grain bags, and other apparatus to be used in bringing the dead brute down the mountain. My master of the horse, an alert and muscular Prince Edward Islander, stood by ready to march, so the word was given, and we five, some walking, some in the ancient wagon, started for the mountain.

For a quarter of a mile the road was good, winding through my pasture and belts of white birches. Then we turned from it and plowed through beds of brake and blackberry bushes dripping and glistening with dew. We might as well have waded waist deep in the lake, which would have been warmer though no more wet than that dew-deluged tangle. Next came a ravine filled with spruces, over which towered two immense canoe birches, at whose feet a cold spring bubbled in a sandy pool. The horse wound in and out among the trees, shaking from them showers of cold dewdrops. Small saplings and bushes bowed before the wagon and passed under its axles; large ones were bent away by

strong hands, or hacked down. Sometimes the wheels locked against tree trunks, bringing the horse to a sudden standstill, and almost throwing the passengers to the ground; and sometimes they sank into unseen hollows, filled to the brim with ferns, making the wagon careen so that all its contents slid, or struggled not to slide, against its sinking side.

Beyond the ravine and its dripping spruces was a narrow sunny valley pointing straight toward the mountain. Up this valley our party continued its course, the sun drying the dew from our clothes, and flashing many colors in the drops still clinging to brakes and grasses. Fifteen hundred feet above us towered the West Ledges, on which the bear had been shot. As one looks at Chocorua from the south, its peak seems to rest upon the shoulders of two converging ridges, one sloping upward toward it from the southeast, and one from the southwest. Between the two ridges the soft forest drapery of the mountain falls in graceful folds and curves to the level of the lake. We were in one of these folds, climbing toward the steep inner side of the western ridge. On each side of us lofty trees clung to the slopes of the valley. Owls hoot in these woods after twilight and at dawn. Great bowlders lie in confusion in the perpetual shadows of the trees, and in the caverns between and under them are dens of porcupines, foxes, and skunks.

Not until we reached the torrent at the foot of the west ridge was the wagon abandoned and the horse tethered. The forest at this point consists mainly of poplars, birches, and oaks. The bear slayer led the

way through them, and his more muscular satellite followed at his heels, cutting saplings in order to form a path for our descent with the bear. After climbing several hundred feet, we rested. A loud humming filled the air, yet no bees were to be seen. They appeared to be in the higher foliage, attracted by something on the leaves. We examined the lower branches, and then the leaves of low shrubs and plants. They seemed to be covered with dew, but the dew was sticky and proved to be sweet to the taste. As we continued our walk we found that the entire side of the mountain had been sprinkled with heavenly sweetness of the same kind.

The roar of bees had become familiar to our ears. The bear slayer was bending down a slender beech for the satellite to cut, when suddenly he uttered a cry and sprang backward. "Run, run," he shouted, and in a moment the islander and the small satellite were bounding down the mountain side like chamois. The larger satellite became a football under the bear slayer's feet, and I, hearing a second cry of "hornets!" plunged headforemost into the bushes and crawled away under the brakes, thus avoiding both the hornets and the necessity of reclimbing lost ground. The bear slayer's retreat was marked by repeated howls of pain which lent further speed to the flying heels of the rear guard. It was some time before the ignominious stampede was checked and a fresh ascent begun. The bear slayer had been stung in three places, and the larger satellite declared he had saved himself from a sting by pulling the hornet off his back with his fingers.

Standing among the young trees of the forest were many gray stumps of ancient origin — decayed relics of forest gentry now displaced by the democracy of poplars and birches. These stumps bore no axe marks; they had fallen at the command of the tornado, not of the lumber thief. On their sides were long scratches which looked like claw marks. Had "Sis Wildcat" been trying her claws there? No; but "Brer Bar" had been. Near by was a small grove of oaks, not one of which was more than a foot in diameter. Their sides were deeply scored by Bruin's claws, and their highest branches hung down upon the rest of their limbs, broken and dying. There is hardly an oak on Chocorua which has not been climbed by bears in acorn time, and disfigured by the great brutes in their attempts to reach the coveted nuts.

Towering close above the oaks we could see the abrupt faces of the West Ledges. We seemed to be at the foot of a great feudal castle whose gray walls need scaling ladders to be conquered. Ferns grew in the crevices in the rock; tiny streams of water trickled down its sides and fed mosses and lichens; honeysuckle, mountain ash, wild Solomon's seal, and striped maple sprang in luxuriant tangles from its feet, and tripped us as we skirted the castle's base and sought a break in its smooth walls. Presently we found one — a rift made originally by ice, but long since widened and deepened by other erosive forces. Clinging to tree trunks or the rough stems of blueberry bushes, we pulled ourselves up the steep ravine and reached the top of the first ledge. The mountain was still unconquered before us, but

turning we saw, sunlit and smiling, the world we had left. Curving, undulating forest; warm spots of open pasture; the Hammond farm, from which one of the principal paths starts up Chocorua; my own red-roofed cottage with squares of flax, millet, corn, and buckwheat giving patchwork colors to its clearing; Chocorua ponds and the cottages on Nickerson's hill, and then the wider world of forest, mountain, river, and lake — Ossipee, Sandwich Dome, Bearcamp, Winnepesaukee — blended beauties whose names awaken pleasant memories and whose picture is a joy to look upon — all these things we saw, and much more which we only half thought about, so eager were we to go on with our quest.

Climbing ledge after ledge, wading through thickets of mountain ash, dogwood, low spruce and blueberry bushes, we gained at last the highest open point on West Ridge. On three sides the land fell away abruptly. On the north the ridge, heavily grown with stunted spruce and poplars, continued toward the peak. It did not go straight toward that proud rock, but sought it by bending westward and then northward in a great bow. The peak, consequently, stood the other side of a vast hollow filled with tangled forest. It was near, and yet appeared unattainable. I thought of the winter day when I had climbed to this point over four feet of packed and frozen snow and seen the Chocorua horn, crusted with ice and flanked by mighty snowdrifts, hanging in the bright blue sky. Then, stimulated by the keen air, I had plunged into the hollow, crossed it, scaled its farther side on hands and knees, gained the

foot of the peak, and finally won its slippery summit, no larger than my dining table; and lying there half freezing, had seen the snow-covered world from Casco Bay to the Green Mountains; Monadnock to Dixville Notch. The sun of August did not encourage such exploits, and a dead bear lying hidden near us drew our thoughts away from the heights to the damp thicket close below.

The bear slayer was telling his story: "I was coming along here, sort of softly, thinking it was just the kind of place for a bear, when just as I got to this open ledge I heard a hustling round in that snarl of bushes. I stopped short and listened and peeped in. There was something black and hairy rubbing round in the blueberry bushes — you can see how thick the berries are in there. Well, I thought, I must be careful; there are lots of folks berrying, and I should hate to put one of these pills into a woman picking blueberries. It would settle her right off. So I peeked round, till I was dead sure it was a bear, and then I let drive — at what I could see. The ball hit him in his side not far back of his shoulder, and he gave an awful roar and started out this way. I climbed up on this big bowlder, five feet out of harm's way, and waited. He was letting out roars and then drawing awful deep breaths. You could hear those gasps a mile. I could not see him, he was in so thick in the bushes. But then he began to drag himself off toward old Coroway and I started after him. I heard him go kerchunk down this ledge, and then I caught sight of his head and let him have another, and a third ball, but they did n't

seem to stop him a bit, just glanced off his skull, I s'pose. Well, he got down 'most a hundred feet before I could get a sight at his side again, but when I did, I put one in where it stopped his gasping and kicking."

During this narrative we had followed the hunter through the network of trees, bushes, and brambles, tracing the track made by the bear in his agony. Branches were broken, leaves crushed, moss stained, and rocks torn up. As we descended the north slope toward the dark ravine which the bear had sought, the sunlight grew dim and the air cold. Suddenly I saw the bear. At the foot of a slippery ledge, over which hung dripping wet moss, lying upon a deep bed of spagnum, was a gaunt black form. Dead and still as it was, it sent a thrill through me. I seemed to see the being for whom this wild region had been created. The horn-blowing, pistol-firing, peanut-eating tourist is out of place in the rugged ravines of Chocorua. Even the bronzed, gray-shirted native with his magazine rifle is not in tune with the solemn music of this wilderness. But in the dead creature on the moss I saw the real owner of forest and ledge, mountain pool and hidden lake. He looked weary and worn, as though life had been full of hunger and terror. The small, keen, wicked eyes were closed; the cruel teeth were locked tight, the broad feet were cut by his last struggles on the ledges, and his thin hair, showing the hide below it, was flecked with blood which had oozed from four bullet wounds.

We five men gathered around the dead bear and looked at him, felt of him, counted his nails, tried to

open his set jaws, guessed at his weight, discussed his character, wondered at his ability to maintain life in such a region, and marveled especially at the nature of his kind to bring forth young in late winter and to rear them in the chill and foodless months of February and March. With great interest we sought through his capacious stomach to see what he had eaten, and found quarts of ripe blueberries, scarlet cherries, and what we at first took to be grubs dug from decaying stumps. Closer examination showed that Bruin had swallowed the whole of a hornet's nest, for the perfect insects, hundreds of their undeveloped young in their brood cells, and the gray, papery nest were all recognized. This bear certainly knew how to pick ripe blueberries and not to pick green ones. I saw but one green berry in the quarts which he had gathered.

Drawing the bear's fore and hind feet on each side together, the hunter strapped them firmly. He next tied the head to the feet, so that it should not drag, and then passed two maple poles through the loops made by the two pairs of lashed feet, and called upon the larger satellite and the Islander to shoulder their burden. They did so, and the homeward march began, the bearers groaning. Possibly a hundred yards had been traversed before the islander tripped and fell, pulling the bear down upon his prostrate form, and receiving also the weight of the heavy satellite. The hunter took his place under the poles, and fifty yards more were gained. Then the hunter, with a resounding exclamation, flung down the poles and whipped out his hunting-knife. With difficulty he was dissuaded

from skinning and quartering Bruin on the spot. The plan which induced him to stay his hand was suggested by one of the party who had read of what he called an "Indian wagon." Under his direction two long poles were cut and the bear was lashed on top of them near their heavy ends. The satellites then stood between the light ends, as horses stand between the shafts, and began dragging the bear down the steep side of the mountain. They had not gone fifty feet before the weight of the bear turned the poles over and left the satellites sprawling in the bushes. Once more knives were drawn and skinning threatened.

The next proposal was to wrap Bruin in grain bags so as to protect his skin, and then to drag and roll him over to where traveling would be easier. The bear slayer consented to try this experiment, and two large shorts bags were drawn over the body, one from its head, the other from its tail. Other bags were laid under the body, and, thus protected, it was dragged, bumping and rolling, down several hundred yards to the foot of the ledges. Short cross sticks were then inserted in the lashings, which were tied round the bear's legs, and four of us, two on each side, or two in front and two behind, raised the body by these sticks and bore it through the winding path we had cleared while ascending. The lesser satellite, carrying the rifle, hatchet, and other luggage, brought up the rear, and urged on the party by jeering remarks and snatches of song. In spite of repeated cautions from the bear slayer, whose stings still smarted, we narrowly escaped walking into the hornet's nest a second time.

BRINGING HOME THE BEAR

More than six hours had elapsed since our departure from home when our little procession wound out of the woods into my dooryard. Raspberry vinegar never was more gratefully swallowed, and never was dead emperor received with more respect than poor Bruin by the crowds which flocked to view his remains during the afternoon of that hot August day. One brought his nails, another his teeth, a third his thinly haired skin, while pieces of his flesh, prepared for future cooking, were carried away in various directions. As when sugar is spilled upon the ground, ants come from every quarter to gather up the grains and draw them away, so dead Bruin drew gossips and idlers from all parts of the town, eager to pick up bits of his body or stories of his melancholy end.

PHOTOGRAPHING LIONS FOR THE "MOVIES"

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

A RUNNER came into camp one afternoon with word that the four Somali horsemen were "holding up" a lion at a certain place on the plain. Kearton was flat on his back with a fever of 104 degrees. It was out of the question for him to attempt the sortie on his own feet, but four of the porters were ordered to take up his cot.

In ten minutes the war party streamed out across the plain: Cole mounted, Kearton jolting and plunging between his four carriers, the camera boys trotting along with the machines, and the Masai in a long thin file, progressing at their own peculiar gait, which is something between a fast walk and a slow run.

It is an open land, the East African game country, dotted here and there with clumps of brush and solitary thorn trees, and cut up by innumerable *dongas* — somewhat like the arroyos of our own western plains, except that they are generally choked with bushes. Here on the open veldt they found the Somali riders at their precarious game of "cross-tag." The lion could be seen in occasional glimpses, bounding through the grass and scrub this way and that after the tantalizing players, who passed him from one to an-

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TRAINING A LION FOR THE "MOVIES"

other with polished team work, always bringing him back inevitably to his starting point. In this way they "hold up" a lion in the open for hours at a time.

At a hundred yards the Masai prepared for action, moving to the left and opening out in a wide crescent. Kearton got up from his cot, took the machine and tripod from the boys, and, flanked by a pair of spearmen, moved up toward the Somali and the lion. To the left the Masai, fifteen in number, advanced in the traditional manner, waving their spears. No sound save the tinkling of the leader's rattle came from the dark line. The horsemen began to draw off, their part in the drama finished. Everything was going smoothly, according to program. Having noted these things, the sick man put his eye to the sights and commenced to turn the shutter.

Now, here is a peculiar phenomenon connected with the taking of animated pictures; once the operator has his eye to the sights, he seems to pass into a state of mesmerism, losing all consciousness of the world about him. It is a fact that an operator, following the flight of a bird coming directly over his head, will never know he is falling until his head hits the ground. Even perspective loses its significance.

So now it was only the shouts of the two spearmen that roused Kearton to the fact that the lion had bolted and was bounding away across the plain. This was not at all according to program. Picking up the machine, he gave chase as fast as he could run, the shouts of the pursuing Masai coming to him from the left, his eyes on the little knot of horsemen careening far ahead. His two personal guards had thrown in their

lot with the larger body, so that he ran alone, and somewhat to the right.

After half a mile it seemed to Kearton that he could go no farther. The fever had so burned away his strength that he was afraid at every step he would drop. For some unknown reason, the Somali appeared to have slowed down not far ahead. Coming alongside of a little clump of brush, he eased down to a walk, completely "done." The quinine he had been taking, thirty grains a day, had so affected his head that he was almost deaf; he felt, rather than heard, a pounding on the earth to his left, and looking up caught sight of Cole bearing past, close in, at a full gallop.

"Lion in the bush, Kearton!" the rider shouted, gesticulating toward the brush. "*Lion in the bush!*"

"I turned my eyes to the right," says Kearton, "and there he was, sure enough. He was crouching under a scraggly branch, his tail whipping his back, and his mouth three parts open, seven yards away. He was looking at me and growling, and through the leaves I could see his huge front paws dragging back and tearing up the earth.

"Well, it was about as tough a place as I ever care to get into. I dare n't look away, and, for all I knew, there was nobody within a hundred yards of me. I began to back away slowly, keeping my eye on the chap all the time. The trouble was that I could have no idea what he was going to do. In open-ground fighting, you can always tell that the beast is n't going to charge, so long as he pounces up and down and *whoofs* at you. That 's very different from

the lion's 'charge,' when he comes along close down on his belly and at about the rate of an express train.

"When I 'd come back about eight yards, I put down the machine and began to turn the handle. 'Kearton,' I said, 'either you are going to get him or he is going to get you, and it 'll be no use to bolt.' It 's a queer thing, though. I knew I was n't turning fast enough, and I kept telling myself so, over and over, but, for the life of me, I could n't make my hand go faster. I 've found it 's always so in a tight place. I can see it when the pictures are run through afterward.

"I kept watching him across the sights for what seemed a terrible stretch of time. At last, from a little corner of my eye I saw a line of black sweeping up. It was the Masai. Of a sudden, the lion snarled and charged out of the bush. Two of the warriors had thrown their spears. As another struck, the beast opened up with the full battle roar of his kind — he 'd only been coughing at me. The Masai ran in closer, some of them throwing more spears, all jeering and taunting, trying to get him farther into the open.

"He came slowly at first, biting at the stinging spears, tearing up the ground in monstrous big gashes, and roaring the roar that strikes one in the chest and vibrates out of the back. Then he charged, right into the thick of them. I have it on the film, but it is silent there and one can gain no idea at all of the awful tumult — the monstrous pandemonium of roaring, growling, yelling, and screaming. He was dead in ten seconds, driven through and through with the Masai spears, but not before he had bowled over and wounded

three of the warriors. I have never seen the like of that sight in my life. It will give some idea of the fierceness with which they throw them when I say that one of the spears went clear through the lion and through the thick of a man's arm lying beneath."

After the fight Kearton collapsed. He knew nothing until he came to life again in camp. But his camera boys carried back in the little dark chamber one of the finest lion pictures ever traced upon a film.

In one lion fight Simba, the little fox terrier, played a conspicuous part. This dog was originally picked up in the London Dogs' Home for a few shillings. The Masai, in time, offered Kearton a hundred dollars in bullocks for her, though with them the dog is "unclean" and not to be touched unless necessity requires. Kearton says he has never seen any other dog who would attack a lion single-handed; but Simba did it cheerfully and on every possible occasion.

Simba's great day was once when the party picked up a pair of lions under a thorn tree two hundred yards away southeast of a kraal, where they had been doing considerable damage. Deploying in the usual manner, the Masai moved upon them, and when within fifteen yards the lioness bolted. The lion stood his ground only a moment more before the advancing skirmishers, then made a sudden break around the left wing of the line in the direction of a donga some three hundred yards to the east.

On his way he passed the two camera boys and stopped to growl at them. Simba, the dog, was tied by a leash to the leg of one, and, letting out a growl of her

own, she started to fly at the lion's throat, only to be jerked over backward by the leash. Disgusted, she turned and bit the offending leg, and the owner of the leg gave her freedom as soon as it was humanly possible.

I will let Kearton tell the rest of the story: —

"As soon as she was loosed, Simba put her nose in the air, sniffed this way and that way, and then, with an excited yelp, flew straight down into the donga. The next moment a horrible roar came out of the bush. Everybody bolted back fifteen yards or so — it was so utterly unexpected. The boys had thrown stones into the donga, and we supposed the lion must be a mile away by that time. Now he broke cover for an instant, bounding through an open space in the gully; and the startled men let drive their spears, two of them taking effect. I started along the edge at a dead run, bringing up at another clearing to set my machine, and discovered I was all alone, the rest of the party having broken in the opposite direction.

" 'Kearton,' said I to myself, 'this is no place for you. If that lion comes out here he 'll get you, sure as fate.'

"So I made a dash for it across the donga, and about thirty yards down the other side I met the Masai. They were leaning over, gesturing wildly toward something below. I asked Mac, my boy, what was up.

" 'The lion 's got one of the men,' he said. I looked down through the sparse shrubbery, and there, sure enough, I could see the bare legs of a man stretched out on the floor of the depression, and through another rift a glimpse of the lion's hide.

"Well, I 'll not say that did n't upset me. I liked those black chaps, and there was something bad about losing little Simba, too. One of the men beside me began moaning and trembling, a form of hysteria that takes hold of these people after a big fight. It was something awful to hear just then.

"Hardly had he started his whining, however, when the black legs in the donga exhibited abrupt signs of life, and the following instant their owner came out of the place like greased lightning.

"It seems that he had been trying to get hold of the black tuft at the end of the lion's tail. Among the Masai, the man who first touches that tuft of hair is the rightful owner of the animal's skin. The lion was lying there dead under the brush, and the warrior had a clear field — except for the little white fox terrier. Simba had hold of that black tuft, and was willing to defend her rights in the matter.

"The Masai went down and dragged the carcass out and held their ceremonial dance around it. Then the chief retired to deliberate. Here was a most extraordinary and difficult case; but in the end he awarded the pelt to little Simba."

THE LURE OF THE CAMERA

By Charles S. Olcott

TWO pictures, each about the size of a large postage stamp, are among my treasured possessions. In the first, a curly-headed boy of two, in a white dress, is vigorously kicking a football. The second depicts a human wheelbarrow, the body composed of a sturdy lad of seven, whose two plump arms serve admirably the purpose of a wheel, his stout legs making an excellent pair of handles, while the motive power is supplied by an equally robust lad of eight, who grasps his younger brother firmly by the ankles.

These two photographs, taken with a camera so small that in operation it was completely concealed between the palms of my hands, revealed to me for the first time the fascination of amateur photography. The discovery meant that whatever interested me, even if no more than the antics of my children, might be instantly recorded. I had no idea of artistic composition, nor of the proper manipulation of plates, films, and printing papers. Still less did I foresee that the tiny little black box contained the germ of an indefinable impulse, which, expanding and growing more powerful year by year, was to lead me into fields which I had never dreamed of exploring, into habits of observation

never before a part of my nature, and into a knowledge of countless places of historic and literary interest as well as natural beauty and grandeur, which would never have been mine but for the lure of the camera.

The spell began to make itself felt almost immediately. I determined to buy a camera of my own — for the two infinitesimal pictures were taken with a borrowed instrument — and was soon the possessor of a much larger black box capable of making pictures three and a quarter inches square. The film which came with it was quickly "shot off," and then came the impulse to go somewhere. My wife and I decided to spend a day at a pretty little inland lake, a few hours' ride from our home. I hastened to the druggist's to buy another film, and without waiting to insert it in the camera, off we started. Arrived on the scene, our first duty was to "load" the new machine. The roll puzzled us a little. Somehow the directions did not seem to fit. But we got it in place finally and began to enjoy the pleasures of photography.

Our first view was a general survey of the lake, which is nearly twelve miles long, with many bays and indentations in the shore line, making a rather large subject for a picture only three and a quarter inches square. But such difficulties did not seem formidable. The directions clearly intimated that if we would only "press the button" somebody would "do the rest," and we expected the intangible somebody to perform his part of the contract as faithfully as we were doing ours. Years afterwards, chancing to pass by the British Museum, which stretches its huge bulk through Great Rus-

sell Street a distance of nearly four hundred feet, we saw a little girl taking its picture with a "Brownie" camera. ."That reminds me of 'Dignity and Impudence,'" said my wife, referring to Landseer's well-known painting which we had seen at the National Gallery that afternoon. This is the mistake which all amateurs make at first — that of expecting the little instrument to perform impossible feats.

But to resume my story. We spent a remarkably pleasant day composing beautiful views. We shot at the bays and the rocks, at the steamers and the sailboats and at everything else in sight except the huge ice houses which disfigure what would otherwise be one of the prettiest lakes in America. We posed for each other in picturesque attitudes on the rocks and in a little rowboat which we had hired. We had a delightful outing and only regretted when, all too soon, the last film was exposed. But we felt unusually happy to think that we had a wonderful record of the day's proceedings to show to our family and friends.

That night I developed the roll, laboriously cutting off one exposure at a time, and putting it through the developer according to directions. Number one was blank! Something wrong with the shutter, I thought, and tried the next. Number two was also blank!! What can this mean? Perhaps I have n't developed it long enough. So into the fluid went another one, and this one stayed a long time. To my dismay number three was as vacant as the others, and so were all the rest of the twelve. Early the next morning I was at the drug store demanding an explana-

tion. The druggist confessed that the film-roll he had sold me was intended for another camera, but "It ought to have worked on yours," he said. Subsequent investigation proved that on my camera the film was to be inserted on the left, while on the other kind it went in on the right. This difference seemed insignificant until I discovered that in turning the roll to insert it on the opposite side from what was intended, I had brought the strip of black paper to the front of the film, thus preventing any exposure at all! Thus I learned the first principle of amateur photography: — *Know exactly what you are doing* and take no chances with your apparatus. A young lady, to whom I once attempted to explain the use of the various "stops" on her camera, impatiently interrupted me with the remark, "Well, that 's the way it was set when I got it and I 'm not going to bother to change it. If the pictures are no good, I 'll send it back." It is such people who continually complain of "bad luck" with their films.

It was two or three years later after the complete failure of my first expedition before the camera again exerted its spell, except that meanwhile it was faithfully recording various performances of the family, especially in the vacation season. It was in the autumn of 1898. The victorious American fleet had returned from Santiago and all the famous battleships and cruisers were triumphantly floating their ensigns in the breezes of New York Harbor. "Here is a rare opportunity. Come!" said the camera. Taking passage on a steamer I found a quiet spot by the lifeboats, outside the rail, where the view would be unobstructed. We passed in

succession all the vessels, from the doughty Texas, commanded by the lamented Captain Philip, to the proud Oregon, with the laurels of her long cruise around Cape Horn to join in the fight. One by one I photographed them all. Here, at last, I thought, are some pictures worth while. I had been in the habit of doing my own developing — with indifferent success, it must be confessed. These exposures, made under ideal conditions, were too precious to be risked, so I took the roll to a prominent firm of dealers in photographic goods, for developing and printing. Every one was spoiled! Not a good print could be found in the lot. Impure chemicals and careless handling had left yellow spots and finger marks on every negative! Subsequent investigation revealed the fact that a negro janitor had been intrusted with the work. Here, then, was maxim number two for the amateur — *Do your own developing*, and be sure to master the details of the operation. The old adage, "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself," applies with peculiar force to photography.

Another experience, which happened soon after, came near ending forever all further attempts in photography. This time I lost, not only the negatives, but the camera itself. Having accomplished very little, I resolved to try no more. But a year or two later a friend offered to sell me his 4 × 5 plate camera, with tripod, focusing cloth and all, at a ridiculously low price, and enough of the old fever remained to make me an easy — victim, shall I say? No! How can I ever thank him enough? I put my head under the focusing cloth and for the first time looked at the inverted image

of a beautiful landscape, reflected in all its colors upon the ground glass. At that moment began my real experience in photography. The hand camera is only a toy. A child can use it as well as an expert. It has its limitations like the stone walls of a prison yard, and beyond them one cannot go. All is guess work. Luck is the biggest factor of success. Artistic work is practically impossible. It is not until you begin to compose your pictures on the ground glass that art in photography becomes a real thing. Then it is amazing to see how many variations of the same scene may be obtained, how many different effects of light and shade, and how much depends upon the point of view. Then, too, one becomes more independent of the weather, for by a proper use of the "stop" and careful application of the principles of correct exposure, it is possible to overcome many adverse conditions.

An acquaintance once expressed surprise that I was willing to spend day after day of my vacation walking about with a heavy camera case, full of plate holders in one hand, and a bulky tripod slung over my shoulder. I replied that it was no heavier than a bagful of golf sticks, that the walk took me through an endless variety of beautiful scenery, and that the game itself was fascinating. Of course, my friend could not appreciate my point of view, for he had never paused on the shore of some sparkling lake to study the ripple of the waters, the varying shades of green in the trees of the nearest bank, the pebbly beach with smooth flat stones whitening in the sun, but looking cooler and darker where seen through the transparent cover of the shallow water,

the deep purple of the undulating hills in the distance, and above it all the canopy of filmy, foamy cumulus clouds, with flat bases and rounded outlines, and here and there a glimpse of the loveliest cerulean blue. He had never looked upon such scenes as these with the exhilarating thought that something of the marvelous beauty which nature daily spreads before us can be captured and taken home as a permanent reminder of what we have seen.

To catch the charm of such a scene is no child's play. It requires the use of the best of lenses and other appliances, skill derivable only from long study and experience, and a natural appreciation of the artistic point of view. It requires even more, for the plate must be developed and the prints made, both operations calling for skill and a sense of the artistic.

The underlying pleasure in nearly all sports and in many forms of recreation is the overcoming of obstacles. The football team must defeat a heavy opposing force to gain any sense of satisfaction. If the opponents are "easy," there is no fun in the game. The hunter who incurs no hardship complains that the sport is tame. A fisherman would rather land one big black bass after a long struggle than catch a hundred perch which almost jump into your boat without an invitation.

Photography as a sport possesses this element in perfection. Those who love danger may find plenty of it in taking snapshots of charging rhinoceroses, or flash-light pictures of lions and tigers in the jungle. Those who like hunting may find more genuine enjoyment in stalking deer for the purpose of taking the

animal's picture than they would get if they took his life. Those who care only to hunt landscapes — and in this class I include myself — can find all the sport they want in the less strenuous pursuit. There is not only the exhilaration of searching out the attractive scenes — the rugged mountain-peak; the woodland brook; the shady lane, with perhaps a border of white birches; the ruined castle; the seaside cliffs; the well-concealed cascade; or the scene of some noteworthy historical event — but the art of photography itself presents its own problems at every turn. To solve all these; to select the right point of view; to secure an artistic "balance" in all parts of the picture; to avoid the ugly things that sometimes persist in getting in the way; to make due allowance for the effect of wind or motion; to catch the full beauty of the drifting clouds; to obtain the desired transparency in the shadows — these and a hundred other considerations give sufficient exercise to the most alert mind and add to the never-ending fascination of the game.

I have noticed that the camera does not lure one into the beaten tracks which tourists most frequent. It is helpless on the top of a crowded coach or in a swiftly flying motor car. It gets nervous when too many people are around, especially if they are in a hurry, and fails to do its work. It must be allowed to choose its own paths and to proceed with leisure and calmness. It is a charming guide to follow. I have always felt a sense of relief when able to escape the interminable jargon of the professional guides who conduct tourists through the various show places of Europe, and so far

as it has been my fortune to visit such places, have usually left with a vague feeling of disappointment.

On the other hand, when, acting under the spell of the camera, I have sought an acquaintance with the owner of some famous house and have proceeded at leisure to photograph the rooms and objects of interest, I have left not only with a sense of complete satisfaction, but with a new friendship to add to the pleasure of future memories.

To visit the places made famous by their associations with literature and with history; to seek the wonders of nature, whether sublime and awe-inspiring, like the mountain peaks of Switzerland and the vast depths of the Grand Cañon, or restful in their sweet simplicity like the quiet hills and valleys of Westmoreland; to see the people in their homes, whether stately palaces or humble cottages; to find new beauty daily, whether at home or abroad, in the shady woodland path, in the sweep of the hills and the ever-changing panorama of the clouds; to gain that relief from the cares of business or professional life which comes from opening the mind to a free and full contemplation of the picturesque and beautiful — these are the possibilities offered by amateur photography to those who will follow the lure of the camera.

THE JOY OF HORSEBACK RIDING

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

A GREAT many years ago a little girl begged one evening after supper to be put on her father's gray horse, Harry Clay. It was at the Blue Lick Springs in the mountains of Kentucky, and a breath of sharp evening air comes with the remembered picture. She was lifted in the saddle and sat, solemn and important, while the stirrups were adjusted and her short skirt arranged. Then Harry was led off.

"I want to go alone," the little girl pleaded.

So the bridle was put into her fat fists, and "Hold the reins tight," she was ordered. She clutched with her might. The reins hung loose on Harry's neck, but she did not pull them up. "Hold them tight," she had been told, and she was a literal person; she held them. With that, Harry, feeling freedom, bounded into a canter.

"Hold the reins tighter," the child's father called in consternation.

Harry galloped cheerfully into the landscape, and the seven-year-old turned purple as her fingers gripped with their strength the dangling strips of leather — not pulling in an inch. By a miracle she stuck on, and there was a rapture in her, as the big beast plunged

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HORSEBACK RIDING

under her, not forgotten to this day. Harry stopped of his own accord, and a frightened and out-of-breath father ran up and delivered terse remarks about the débutante horsewoman's intelligence. The little girl was not frightened, and had found her ride pleasant; only she was astonished to be blamed when she had held the reins as tight as she could, strictly according to orders.

Three years later there were a dozen children and a pony on a plantation in the Kentucky Blue Grass; probably all of those children have vivid memories to-day of Colonel, the pony. There was a mad dash up the long, graveled driveway when the little girl had scrambled on casually behind Eliza, aged twelve, who was moved to kick the Colonel's flanks and shout. The Colonel galloped and the little girl clung and howled remonstrance, but Eliza shouted and kicked and the Colonel galloped harder, and off went the little girl, and lay on her back in the turf and wondered if she were dead — the first of many spills.

There was a long, bright summer on a Kentucky farm four years later still, when the little girl, now rather a big girl, rode all the time and learned to sit a horse which did irregular things, such as bucking and shying, and learned to love a ride in proportion as it was a test of horsemanship.

The little girl proceeded into life with a fixed principle of not letting one possible ride escape her, and as the life has spun on and on and the principle has not been abandoned, there is a fine large gallery of equestrian pictures in her mind to-day — a long list of saddle-

horse friends, remembered by name and by personality as human friends are remembered. Gray Harry of Kentucky was the first; Dixie was a gray horse too, and Meh Lady was a little black mare who had seven gaits and was given to doing them all at once. The Lamb was a sloppy beast, but yet the hero of many good rides; Souris, the Mouse, was perhaps the best looking and best loved, with the charm of unexpectedness developed to perfection, for no one ever guessed what Souris would do next. He had more fine airs to the minute than a court lady, and his beauty justified them — beautiful, proud old Souris, shot, six years ago, for incurable nervicular disease. The last adventure with him brings a smile and a tear. He had been turned out for the summer, hoping against hope that the lame foot would heal, and when the time came to bring him home nobody could catch him. They stalked him about the 20-acre lot and he amused himself with being stalked; till at last his mistress went with pockets of sugar and called to him, and he came up shyly, and quietly she fed as they slipped on the halter. She led him home behind the carriage and it was heart-breaking to see him toss his head high, and plunge about, and go through his innocent nonsense of vanity, all the time with the poor foot halting so pitifully. He was cared for and petted a while longer and then the kindest and best vet. in the world sent a merciful shot into his handsome head and finished all but the memory of a dear horse person.

That memory is a story full of plot; Souris was never dull a minute; his caprices were unending. His most

distinguished performance was perhaps on the night of the country Horse Show when he was sure of the blue ribbon and silver cup in the saddle class, but lost his temper because the band played suddenly as he went in. Thereupon he bucked continuously half way around the ring and then balked and stood frozen, an equestrian statue, till the judges reluctantly had to "give him the gate." Naughty, fascinating, dangerous Souris — the picture gallery is full of good rides to his account.

Now the great riders, and the owners of squads of horses cannot be friends with a horse person in this way; the Old-Woman-Who-Lived-in-a-Shoe could not possibly have loved all those children. But the amateur remembers each animal who has given him good times with a glow of friendliness; gray and bay and black and white, the good beasts rise out of the mists of days gone, and bring with them weather and roads and the quality of the riding. One recollects an afternoon on Flambeau, a huge red Virginian, one of a famous stable, and the coming in just at dark, down a road past hurdles; and how Flambeau's master, on another big hunter, rode at a three-foot-six jump, calling back "You 'd better not try it — it 's too dark"; and how instantly Flambeau, his head put at the rails, skimmed over without rapping, while the other horse, with the real horseman on top, refused.

That ride, because of that jump in the dark, is hung in the gallery on the adventure line.

There was another day on another great Virginian. One had gone out with a party, mounted on a hobby-

horse from the club, with a tinkling, semi-invisible trot.

And the master of Gladiator offered to change for the ride home. With that, one was high in the air, and suddenly one rose and fell to a trot like a storm at sea — one fell with the breath knocked out audibly. The change was astounding; it took two miles to do Gladiator's giant trot with dignity, without an emphatic "huh" to mark each descent. The sense of unending big power under one in sitting such a horse is like being on top of a saddled and bridled locomotive.

Ace-of-Spades, though no Virginian, and not over 15.2, would have made a notable locomotive, though of a runaway sort. This dear, good horse was recommended as an iron-jawed devil who had thrown people and smashed wagons; he proved to be merely a person driven desperate by steel bars jerked into his mouth. In good Houyhnhnm he explained that the more he tried to get away the harder they pulled, and he could see no way out of it except by running first. Gradually assured that this time his mouth was safe, he developed, after three nervous expeditions, into a complete mother; one could run him full tilt and pull him down at a touch. There are unfading pictures of galloping the beautiful, high-strung Ace into the orange sunsets of a Western prairie traveling contentedly with not an ounce of pull — a bundle of tireless, willing steel springs sheathed in shining black.

By the way, moreover, the question of the safety of side and cross saddles was once partly answered with the Ace-of-Spades. Riding him across country on a

day, an in-and-out jump happened, and he refused the second wickedly, exactly at the fence, whirling at a right angle. It was a jolt, but the side saddle pommels held, and the rider stayed on. The same week Chris, the club trainer, a real horseman, rode the Ace, put him at the same two jumps, went through the same performance, and rambled over the fence alone. Which is not an argument for health and reasonableness in side saddles but only for safety.

It is a far cry from the flat prairie country and the big Virginia hunters and Ace-of-Spades to Canada and the steep, piled-up hills of the St. Lawrence and the resigned little habitant horses whose ways and brains run always in a rut. Riding a habitant horse is not, properly speaking, riding: but yet, for the mountain spaces and the wide sparkling river; for the old-world life looking out of quaint, steep-roofed cabins, and the calêches which follow, jinglingly, with lunch for the picnic; and for the unforgotten faces which smile yet from calêche or saddle, framed in vibrating sunlight of Canadian summers — for that setting many a ride ranks high which would not count much by the test of horse flesh. Certain winning ways of the habitant beasts add an element of excitement to equestrianism up there; they have a liking for rolling; if one uses a side saddle this is peculiarly awkward. Also they are casual with their forefeet, not stumbling exactly, but tumbling.

One remembers the first ride, on the first little beast to hand — "Jimmee," unharnessed from a calêche in the waiting line before the hotel, and saddled by the

united efforts of four people, between the woodpile and the cottage. This gentle soul appeared lamblike but ambled persistently and expertly from under the saddle till cornered by the woodpile. When once girthed and bridled he yielded whole-heartedly and proceeded gladly with his rider into general Canada. And with that, about three miles out, down he went forward, no nothing, on a level road, quite without excuse. And the rider fled over his head into the dust. gripping the rains, and behold — close — a mountainous brownness of "Jimmee" rolling inevitably on top of her. Just as one was barely not crushed to a jelly, the brown bulk rolled back; by the blessing of Providence and nothing else one was alive. One learned by that to get a "recommend" for the footing before one rented a Canadian horse.

With one or two of the Canadians summers went gymkhana celebrations, whose events were largely on horseback. There was a "steeple-chase" a mile long, with half-a-dozen two-foot jumps, and a ditch perhaps twenty inches wide — a course taken most seriously by its riders. A person who has not tried it may be scornful; it is at least, however, near-serious to maneuver a hay-fed, farm-yard habitant horse into a run, and a jump over even two feet. There were twenty-four entries, divided into heats. One remembers how one got off somehow ahead and how another horse was galloping near, drawing forward, till neck to neck the two swung together across the big ten-acre field, and one wondered who it might be sitting within a yard — but had no time to look. How, as the first fence came

and the two beasts lifted over it in the same stride, at that second curiosity was strong, and on the rise one flashed a look sidewise and met the eyes of one's most immediate family. How two minutes farther the other horse refused the "water-jump" — a trickle of two feet — and one flew over practically sure of winning. And then, sad memory, how that same lack of common sense which distinguished the seven-year-old rider of gray Harry caused one to pull in casually at the last fence, not noticing that the finish bag was twenty feet farther — and behold another horse flashed past and won! It may be doubted if steeplechases where fortunes change hands and horses jump liverpools are more exciting than was this event; it is certain that they are not more amusing. But the great riders are shut out from these pleasures of simplicity.

Likely, everybody remembers in his acquaintance some quiet personality of high breeding, of calm but courteous manner, reliable, unemotional, a rock wall of capability and clean power. Such a one was Revelation, a thoroughbred hunter, an "entirely competent person," as one of his friends described him in brief. Under the chilliest human exterior smolders — for all that the world knows — a volcano, and more than once such has broken forth and melted things and burned things. So beneath Revvy's iron muscles and cool dignified glance there was Revvy's own peculiar enthusiasm. His owner broke his leg on a day in a hunt. Everybody was grieved, but to one person, mingled with the most genuine grief, there came a consolation — she was to ride Revelation in the next hunt. The

riders left the club house for the meet, and proud as Punch the rider of Revvy led the line, side by side with the Master of the Hounds, all glorious in "pink." The hounds yelped ahead, and shortly the hunt had begun. The first fence was taken by the flowing field of centaurs; the second — half a dozen. Suddenly people were caught in the corner of a farmyard, jammed in with a half-dozen horses, and more coming over the last fence back. Some horse had refused the one narrow jump and there was a congestion. Excited beasts tramped into excited beasts and twisted and pushed without any "Excuse me." And then right through the crowd shoved Revvy, powerful and determined, and that communion of spirit which tries rider and mount spoke up out of his silence and said, "We are going to take that fence next the Master, and there is no other consideration in the universe." And "we" did — without a take-off, lifting from a standstill from the waiting crowd — we were over and out in the free field and into a glorious gallop that was the nearest to angelhood that rider ever came.

With a tribute to Nancy, now passing a quiet morning in the stable in the devoted company of Peter, a blear-eyed bulldog, this wandering document of rides and mounts must close. Nancy who watches through the stable window as one comes up the path under the apple trees, and says "Good morning," with a forefoot doubled up and a mouth opened ferociously wide for sugar; Nancy who squeals like a pig by way of saying that it is a fine day, and dashes in a spirited manner all over the sidewalk to signify how much the

trolley car frightens her — when she thinks of it. Nancy who eats the rose out of one's buttonhole without apology; who runs away easily from all ordinary horses; who bucks and plunges and shies and is naughty enough to be very amusing, but has a beautiful, rangy trot and never pulls an ounce and is willing to her last atom of strength; Nancy who came a crude "Western girl" as the old vet put it, and has grown into a lovely responsible, accomplished horse person. She ends the list — but deep in one's memory is many a thought yet of horses unmentioned, whose musical hoof beats have pounded out over and over a welcome to the use of their strength and their lightheartedness.

Some people have orchid houses and violets in December; some people have old-fashioned little gardens with rows of sweet williams and a crimson rambler over the fence; some people have grand, big stables and thoroughbreds and cup winners, and some people have one saddle horse, the darling of their hearts, and the joy of long days in the open. To each who loves the game fairly is the glory of the game, and the splendid polo player who thunders down the field and strikes, standing in his stirrups, at the flowing ball, may know as well — but not better — than an everyday rider who really rides, what it is to be the top half of "horse and superhorse."

HOW THE BLUE RIBBON WAS WON

By Ouida

THE thoroughbreds pulled and fretted, and swerved in their impatience; one or two over contumacious bolted incontinently, others put their heads between their knees in the endeavor to draw their riders over their withers; Wild Geranium reared straight upright, fidgeted all over with longing to be off, passaged with the prettiest, wickedest grace in the world, and would have given the world to neigh if she had dared, but she knew it would be very bad style, so like an aristocrat as she was, restrained herself; Bay Regent almost sawed Jimmy Delmar's arms off, looking like a Titan Bucephalus; while Forest King, with his nostrils dilated till the scarlet tinge on them glowed in the sun, his muscles quivering with excitement as intense as the little Irish mare's, and all his Eastern and English blood on fire for the fray, stood steady as a statue for all that, under the curb of a hand light as a woman's, but firm as iron to control, and used to guide him by the slightest touch.

All eyes were on that throng of the first mounts in the Service; brilliant glances by the hundred gleamed down behind hothouse bouquets of their chosen color, eager ones by the thousand stared thirstily from the

crowded course, the roar of the ring subsided for a second, a breathless attention and suspense succeeded it; the guardsmen sat on their drags, or lounged near the ladies with their race glasses ready, and their habitual expression of gentle and resigned weariness in nowise altered, because the Household, all in all, had from sixty to seventy thousand on the event, and the Seraph murmured mournfully to his cheroot, "That chestnut 's no end *fit*," strong as his faith was in the champion of the brigades.

A moment's good start was caught — the flag dropped — off they went sweeping out for the first second like a line of cavalry about to charge.

Another moment and they were scattered over the first field. Forest King, Wild Geranium, and Bay Regent leading for two lengths, when Montacute, with his habitual "fast burst," sent Pas de Charge past them like lightning. The Irish mare gave a rush and got alongside of him; the King would have done the same, but Cecil checked him and kept him in that cool swinging canter which covered the grassland so lightly; Bay Regent's vast thundering stride was Olympian, but Jimmy Delmar saw his worst foe in the "Guards' Crack," and waited on him warily, riding superbly himself.

The first fence disposed of half the field, they crossed the second in the same order, Wild Geranium racing neck to neck with Pas de Charge; the King was all athirst to join the duello, but his owner kept him gently back, saving his pace and lifting him over the jumps as easily as a lapwing. The second fence proved a

cropper to several, some awkward falls took place over it, and tailing commenced; after the third field, which was heavy plow, all knocked off but eight, and the real struggle began in sharp earnest; a good dozen who had shown a splendid stride over the grass being done up by the terrible work on the clods.

The five favorites had it all to themselves; Day Star pounding onward at tremendous speed, Pas de Charge giving slight symptoms of distress owing to the madness of his first burst, the Irish mare literally flying ahead of him, Forest King and the chestnut waiting on each other.

In the grand stand the Seraph's eyes strained after the scarlet and white, and he muttered in his mustaches, "Ye gods, what 's up! The world 's coming to an end! — Beauty's turned cautious!"

Cautious, indeed — with that giant of Pytchley fame running neck to neck by him; cautious — with two thirds of the course unrun, and all the yawners yet to come; cautious — with the blood of forest King lashing to boiling heat, and the wondrous greyhound stride stretching out faster and faster beneath him, ready at a touch to break away and take the lead; but he would be reckless enough by-and-by; reckless, as his nature was, under the indolent serenity of habit.

Two more fences came, laced high and stiff with the Shire thorn, and with scarce twenty feet between them the heavy plowed land leading to them, clotted, and black, and hard, with the fresh earthy scent steaming up as the hoofs struck the clods with a dull thunder; Pas de Charge rose to the first; distressed too early,

his hind feet caught in the thorns, and he came down rolling clear of his rider; Montacute picked him up with true science, but the day was lost to the heavy cavalry men. Forest King went in and out over both like a bird and led for the first time; the chestnut was not to be beat at fencing and ran even with him; Wild Geranium flew still as fleet as a deer, true to her sex she would not bear rivalry; but little Grafton, though he rode like a professional, was but a young one, and went too wildly, her spirit wanted cooler curb.

And now only, Cecil loosened the King to his full will and his full speed. Now only, the beautiful Arab head was stretched like a racer's in the run-in for the Derby, and the grand stride swept out till the hoofs seemed never to touch the dark earth they skimmed over; neither whip nor spur was needed, Bertie had only to leave the gallant temper and the generous fire that were roused in their might, to go their way, and hold their own. His hands were low; his head a little back; his face very calm, the eyes only had a daring, eager, resolute will lighting in them; Brixworth lay before him. He knew well what Forest King could do; but he did not know how great the chestnut Regent's powers might be.

The water gleamed before them, brown and swollen, and deepened with the meltings of winter snows a month before; the brook that has brought so many to grief over its famous banks, since cavaliers leaped it with their falcon on their wrist, or the mellow note of the horn rang over the woods in the hunting days of Stuart reigns. They knew it well, that long, dark line,

shimmering there in the sunlight, the test that all must pass who go in for the Soldier's Blue Ribbon. Forest King scented water, and went on with his ears pointed, and his greyhound stride lengthening, quickening, gathering up all its force and its impetus for the leap that was before — then like the rise and the swoop of a heron he spanned the water, and, landing clear, launched forward with the lunge of a spear darted through air. Brixworth was passed — the Scarlet and White, a mere gleam of bright color, a mere speck in the landscape, to the breathless crowds in the stand, sped on over the brown and level grassland; two and a quarter miles done in four minutes and twenty seconds, Bay Regent was scarcely behind him; the chestnut abhorred the water, but a finer trained hunter was never sent over the Shires, and Jimmy Delmar rode like Grimshaw himself. The giant took the leap in magnificent style, and thundered on neck and neck with the "Guards' Crack." The Irish mare followed, and with miraculous gameness, landed safely; but her hind legs slipped on the bank, a moment was lost, and "Baby" Grafton scarce knew enough to recover it, though he scoured on, nothing daunted.

Pas de Charge, much behind, refused the yawner, his strength was not more than his courage, but both had been strained too severely at first. Montacute struck the spurs into him with a savage blow over the head; the madness was its own punishment; the poor brute rose blindly to the jump, and missed the bank with a reel and a crash; Sir Eyre was hurled out into the brook, and the hope of the Heavies lay there with

his breast and forelegs resting on the ground, his hind quarters in the water, and his back broken. Pas de Charge would never again see the starting flag waved, or hear the music of the hounds, or feel the gallant life throb and glow through him at the rallying notes of the horn. His race was run.

Not knowing, or looking, or heeding what happened behind, the trio tore on over the meadow and the plowed; the two favorites neck by neck, the game little mare hopelessly behind through that one fatal moment over Brixworth. The turning flags were passed; from the crowds on the course a great hoarse roar came louder and louder, and the shouts rang, changing every second, "Forest King wins," "Bay Regent wins," "Scarlet and White's ahead," "Violet's up with him," "Violet's past him," "Scarlet recovers," "Scarlet beats," "Ten to one on the Regent," "Guards are over the fence first," "Guards are winning," "Guards are losing," "Guards are beat!!"

Were they!

As the shout rose, Cecil's left stirrup leather snapped and gave way; at the pace they were going most men, aye, and good riders too, would have been hurled out of their saddle by the shock; he scarcely swerved; a moment to ease the King and to recover his equilibrium, then he took the pace again as though nothing had chanced. And his comrades of the Household when they saw this through their race glasses, broke through their serenity and burst into a cheer that echoed over the grasslands and the coppices like a clarion, the grand rich voice of the Seraph leading foremost and

loudest — a cheer that rolled mellow and triumphant down the cold, bright air like the blast of trumpets, and thrilled on Bertie's ear where he came down the course a mile away. It made his heart beat quicker with a victorious, headlong delight, as his knees pressed closer into Forest King's flanks, and, half stirrupless like the Arabs, he thundered forward to the greatest riding feat of his life. His face was very calm still, but his blood was in tumult, the delirium of pace had got on him, a minute of life like this was worth a year, and he knew that he would win or die for it, as the land seemed to fly like a black sheet under him, and, in that killing speed, fence and hedge and double and water all went by him like a dream, whirling underneath him as the gray stretched, stomach to earth, over the level, and rose to leap after leap.

For that instant's pause, when the stirrup broke, threatened to lose him the race.

He was more than a length behind the Regent, whose hoofs as they dashed the ground up sounded like thunder, and for whose herculean strength the plow has no terrors; it was more than the lead to keep now, there was ground to cover, and the King was losing like Wild Geranium. Cecil felt drunk with that strong, keen, west wind that blew so strongly in his teeth, a passionate excitation was in him, every breath of winter air that rushed in its bracing currents round him seemed to lash him like a stripe — the Household to look on and see him beaten!

Certain wild blood that lay latent in Cecil under the tranquil gentleness of temper and of custom, woke,

and had the mastery; he set his teeth hard, and his hands clinched like steel on the bridle, "Oh! my beauty, my beauty," he cried, all unconsciously half aloud as they cleared the thirty-sixth fence. "Kill me if you like, but don't *fail* me!"

As though Forest King heard the prayer and answered it with all his hero's heart, the splendid form launched faster out the stretching stride stretched farther yet with lightning spontaneity, every fiber strained, every nerve struggled, with a magnificent bound like an antelope the Gray recovered the ground he had lost, and passed Bay Regent by a quarter-length. It was a neck-to-neck race once more, across the three meadows with the last and lower fences that were between them and the final leap of all; that ditch of artificial water with the towering double hedge of oak rails and of blackthorn that was reared black and grim and well-nigh hopless just in front of the grand stand. A roar like the roar of the sea broke up from the thronged course as the crowd hung breathless on the even race; ten thousand shouts rang as thrice ten thousand eyes watched the closing contest, as superb a sight as the Shires ever saw, while the two ran together, the gigantic chestnut, with every massive sinew swelled and strained to tension, side by side with the marvelous grace, the shining flanks, and the Arabian-like head of the Guards' horse.

Louder and wilder the shrieked tumult rose: "The chestnut beats!" "The gray beats!" "Scarlet's ahead!" "Bay Regent 's caught him!" "Violet 's winning, Violet 's winning!" "The King 's neck by

neck!" "The King 's beating!" "The Guards will get it!" "The Guards' Crack has it!" "Not yet, not yet!" "Violet will thrash him at the jump!" "Now for it!" "The Guards, the Guards, the Guards!" "Scarlet will win!" "The King has the finish!" "No, no, no, NO!"

Sent along at a pace that Epsom flat never eclipsed, sweeping by the grand stand like the flash of electric flame, they ran side to side one moment more, their foam flung on each other's withers, their breath hot in each other's nostrils, while the dark earth flew beneath their stride. The blackthorn was in front behind five bars of solid oak, the water yawning on its farther side, black and deep, and fenced, twelve feet wide if it was an inch, with the same thorn wall beyond it; a leap no horse should have been given, no steward should have set. Cecil pressed his knees closer and closer and worked the gallant hero for the test; the surging roar of the throng, though so close, was dull on his ear; he heard nothing, knew nothing, saw nothing but that lean chestnut head beside him, the dull thud on the turf of the flying gallop, and the black wall that reared in his face. Forest King had done so much, could he have stay and strength for this?

Cecil's hands clinched unconsciously on the bridle, and his face was very pale — pale with excitation — as his foot where the stirrup was broken crushed closer and harder against the gray's flanks.

"Oh, my darling, my beauty — *now!*"

One touch of the spur — the first — and Forest King rose at the leap, all the life and power there were

in him gathered for one superhuman and crowning effort; a flash of time, not half a second in duration, and he was lifted in the air higher, and higher, and higher in the cold, fresh, wild winter wind; stakes and rails, and thorn and water lay beneath him black and gaunt and shapeless, yawning like a grave; one bound, even in mid-air, one last convulsive impulse of the gathered limbs, and Forest King was over.

And as he galloped up the straight run-in, he was alone. Bay Regent had refused the leap.

As the gray swept to the judges' chair, the air was rent with deafening cheers that seemed to reel like drunken shouts from the multitude. "The Guards win, the Guards win"; and when his rider pulled up at the distance with the full sun shining on the scarlet and white, with the gold glisten of the embroidered "Cœur vaillant se fait Royaume," Forest King stood in all his glory, winner of the Soldiers' Blue Ribbon, by a feat without its parallel in all the annals of the Gold Vase.

MY FIRST BALLOON VOYAGE

By Winthrop E. Scarritt

IT is surprising to the layman to see the number of things taken on such a journey. There were a drag rope, an anchor rope and anchor, a huge and well-filled lunch basket, a statoscope — an instrument which indicates whether you are ascending or descending — an anemometer, a thermometer, and a barograph, a little clock-like apparatus which shows by a continuous line on a chart just how many feet one is above the earth. Also we had extra wraps, a good map of England, and seven bags of sand hung on the outside as ballast.

My first surprise on stepping into the basket and looking up at the great distended bag above was to discover that the mouth, or appendix-like opening at the bottom of the balloon, was open and that I could see straight through to the top, where was located the escape-valve. I immediately inquired if it "ought to be like that?" I was told yes, that opening was essential in order to allow the expanding gas to escape, otherwise the balloon would burst. I then inquired whether that opening was large enough to let the gas out fast enough. Mr. Rolls thought it was. But, I persisted, suppose it is n't — what will become of us?

"That will depend upon your past life," was the laconic reply. Up to this moment I had felt no alarm or undue anxiety. One by one the helpers unhooked the bags of sand that had been holding us to the earth. At length the basket swung clear of the ground and was only kept from ascending by a half-dozen pairs of strong hands holding it within a foot or two of the earth.

Near us was a huge gas tank about seventy feet tall. To me it looked seven hundred. The direction of the wind would take us directly toward it. The balloon was edged away by the helpers to the farther side of the inclosure, as far as possible from that huge round iron tank. Should we hit it? Could we by some miracle miss it? There and then I got my first fright. Oh, how hard, cruel, and altogether repulsive that iron tank looked! There was nothing nice about it. I sat down on a large lunch basket in the southeast corner of the car and held on for dear life. Some way I did n't feel any inclination to stand up and look about and crack jokes — which jokes seemed to me quite ill-timed — as the others were doing. Suddenly I was startled by the cry, "Let go!" I am still of the opinion that Mr. Rolls need not have said it so loudly. Immediately we were shot up into the air as though we were an arrow hurled from a mighty bow. I literally held my breath till we cleared that ugly gas reservoir, then I looked down and saw the pale upturned faces of my friends gazing in speechless silence. I thought, "That is the way people look at a funeral," and I was not comforted.

In less time than I am taking to tell it, we were one thousand feet above the earth. How extremely care-

less of those people to keep standing up and even to lean over and look down when the side of the basket is only waist-high! I suggested that the next time I should insist on a basket that would come up to one's ears. Then occurred to me the story of the hungry boy who asked for the core of the apple his friend was eating with so much gusto, and received the slightly discouraging reply, "There ain't goin' to be no core." So perhaps with me there was n't going to be any "next time."

Our altitude was now two thousand feet, and we were drifting in a light breeze straight across the city in the direction of St. Paul's Cathedral, which we could easily distinguish on account of its dome of gold, which looked about the size of a large football. Just here it may be well to state that anyone who thinks the pilot of a balloon has nothing to do is quite mistaken. Mr. Rolls, ably assisted by Mrs. Harbord — herself a cool and experienced balloonist who owns three fine balloons — made everything snug and taut. The various articles on board were conveniently arranged. The statoscope was keenly watched, and if we began to descend too rapidly, a small scoopful of sand was gently sprinkled out. A good, clear map was at hand, and as we progressed a red line was drawn indicating constantly our position. My anxiety was not lessened by a troubled look on our pilot's face. Finally I said: —

"See here, Mr. Rolls, I can't endure suspense — is anything wrong? Let me know the worst."

"Yes," he said. "I am sorry to say the wind is wrong, and we shall soon have to descend."

"Oh," I replied, "is that all! Well, you can't go

down any too soon to suit me." To this hour I see no good reason for the unseemly laughter which greeted this statement of a simple fact. Presently the wind changed, and, much to Mr. Rolls's relief, we headed away from the water and toward the county of Essex.

All this time I had tenaciously clung to my seat, frightened, cringing, a coward. I imagine my feelings were much like those of a bulldog I remember to have seen pictured in one of the magazines a number of years ago. A huge black snake had seized the bulldog by his stumpy tail. The dog was howling and running for dear life, but the snake held on. Beneath the picture were the suggestive words, "He searches his soul for sounds to tell how scared he is."

I had fully decided that ballooning as a sport was not what it was cracked up to be. Then I began a process of psychologic analysis to determine why I was so scared. I finally discovered the reason. It was the overwhelming sense of abject helplessness. If you are at sea and the ship meets with a serious accident there are the rafts and the lifeboats. If you are in an automobile on a steep hill and your brakes give way, you can throw in your low gear, or reverse; in other words, you have another chance. But up there amid the silence of the clouds you gaze with helpless, staring eyes upon that envelope of varnished cotton, no thicker than your cuff, and if it splits or goes wrong — well, that piece of cloth is *all* there is between you and eternity; you are face to face with your last chance.

Possibly if you were high enough and should fall out, the friction of passing through the air would set you

on fire, and you would become a living torch. I don't know how that is, but one's imagination plays queer pranks in the upper air. Then I began a course of reasoning to reassure myself. I said: "This is Mr. Rolls's one hundred and second trip. It is Mrs. Harbord's sixty-ninth trip, and neither of them has ever experienced the slightest mishap. Hundreds of human beings have gone up in balloons during the past year, and as no one has been injured the chances are that you are a coward and that you will not be hurt." Then came looming up out of the shadowy land of memory that sentence I had read as a schoolboy in my Vergil, "Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit" ("Perhaps it will be a pleasure hereafter to recall even this"), and thus I was comforted. My nervousness and fright suddenly passed away, and Richard was himself again. Soon I found myself standing up looking about at the marvelous panorama unrolling beneath our feet, and presently I could lean over the edge of the basket and look directly down, without fear and without discomfort, at the insignificant earth below. It happens that I belong to that unhappy class of individuals that cannot go up in an elevator or gaze off the top of a tall building without a feeling of nausea and distressful trembling of the knees. To my surprise there was none of this. Another surprise, there was absolutely no sense of motion. You are going with the wind and can scarcely realize, except by watching fixed objects below, that you are moving at all.

I mention these experiences because it is to be borne in mind that they are those of a tenderfoot — should

I say "tenderwing"? — and are written for that vast army of mortals who would like to know what "it is really like" to be "up in a balloon."

As I write these lines my open diary lies before me, and I will quote therefrom: —

"We left the good old earth at 2.08 P.M. It is now 2.30. My fear has gone. As I pencil these words in peace and calm, we are floating eastward two thousand feet over London. I reflect that we are crossing over the Playground of History. That tiny winding stream far below is the Thames. There is the House of Parliament, and that little toy church near by is Westminster Abbey of blessed memories, the last resting-place of kings and queens and scholars, earth's mighty Anglo-Saxon dead for generations. Now London Bridge comes into view, and London Tower of evil memories. That little green-roofed building is Greenwich Observatory. That golden ball is the dome of St. Paul's, and beneath us is the swarming traffic of the Strand. We look far beyond the hazy rim of London and in imagination see the green meadows of Runnymede and hear the clash of arms at Marston Moor. Across the gulf of the years we can see Cæsar and his conquering legions and the white cliffs of Albion. Indeed we are over the Playground of History. 2.40. Our direction is changing for the better, and we are drifting north of east and hence will have a longer ride. We have dropped a thousand feet, and the noises of the city grow clamorous. Mr. Rolls is throwing out sand and closely watching the statoscope."

Darkness falls quickly in England, and we had al-

ready remained up too long. We decided, however, that we would come down near the ground and trail a bit. Our impedimenta were tucked carefully away, the drag rope two hundred and fifty feet long was allowed to drop, and it went hurtling down, unwinding gracefully, like the coils of a great serpent. Our pilot seized the valve rope, and watching the statoscope cautiously allowed the gas to escape. When we were within five hundred feet of the ground we passed over a graveyard. It was the uncanniest looking graveyard I have ever seen.

At three hundred feet I looked up, and straight ahead of us I saw approaching the stone steeple of a great church. I exclaimed, "Oh, we are going to strike that steeple!" Mr. Rolls gazed calmly at it for a while and said, "No, I do not think so." But that obtrusive steeple kept coming nearer and nearer, and to my excited mind it seemed to fill the whole horizon. As a matter of fact we missed it about a quarter of a mile, but in the archives of memory it will forever loom large and ominous.

By the aid of the megaphone we could now talk with people on the ground, and ascertained that we were in Essex County, five miles from Chelmsford. At a height of two hundred feet, with fifty of our drag rope trailing, I discovered that we were going much more rapidly than I had supposed. Thus in the twilight we skimmed the surface of the earth for at least two miles, to the accompaniment of the shouts of the country people and the barking of the frightened dogs.

Mr. Rolls pointed out an open field a half mile ahead

and said we would land there. He requested Mrs. Harbord to drop the anchor on his signal. My nervousness suddenly came back, and I thought, "Here is where I am going to get mine." And I did. The basket struck with a good thud. With knees bent, and leaning forward as I had been instructed, in some unaccountable way I got my left foot tangled up with the lunch basket and went down in a heap in the bottom of the car. The balloon again started heavenward, but our good pilot let it rise only a few feet, then pulled the rip cord, and we settled back to earth as gently as a tired child into its mother's arms.

For ten years I have been an ardent devotee of motoring. I must admit, however, that its supremest moments are not to be compared to the joyous raptures, to the splendid intoxication, of the air. How many centuries the human race has dreamed of its conquest! But the dreams of yesterday are the realities of to-day and the commonplaces of to-morrow.

A DARING AËRONAUT

By Arnold Kruckman

IN a life crowded with tremendous activity, devoted practically to aëronautics in the most hazardous forms, Captain Baldwin has never sustained the slightest injury, not even the faintest scratch.

Of course, there is a reason. He is cautious. He is so cautious that he is exasperating. You wonder how this quality can be so strongly developed in a man who follows a vocation so extraordinarily hazardous as that of an aëronaut. By nature he is cautious to the extent of timidity. The hazard in his business is what makes it profitable. Therefore he accepts the hazard. But there is not a safeguard, not a precaution that can possibly be applied that the Captain does not utilize. You must remember that flying and its hazards are all that go to make up the humdrum day's work with the Captain and his kind, as looking after your office details are in your business.

A streak of sentimentality crops up in the Captain occasionally. On his key ring is a battered, strange brass key. It looks out of place among the rest of the keys. He has carried it for forty-seven years. It was his switch-key when at fourteen he was a brakeman on an Illinois railroad. He says it spells utmost happiness

to him. It reminds him of care-free days and it stands for the circumstances that opened the door to his career.

While he was amusing himself by performing acrobatic feats on the top of a moving train a circus man observed him. They gathered the boy into the folds of that circus and he became an acrobat. He soon won a precocious fame by walking on high wires over waterfalls and rapids and doing perilous feats over chasms eight hundred to a thousand feet deep.

In early circus days every show carried a balloon as the free attraction. One of the apprentice performers was obliged to ride the balloon. The balloonist simply sat on the trapeze under the bag and waited until the gas cooled to effect a landing. There was nothing thrilling about the exhibition. Young Baldwin inadvertently said as much to the owner of the circus one day.

"Well, youngster," drawled the veteran showman, looking the boy over, "if you can put some ginger into that act I 'll pay you five times as much as you are drawing now."

He told about the incident in the chuck tent and treated it as a joke and brought on the head of the mortified young apprentice much chaffing. But it did not squelch young Baldwin. He walked up to the owner when the circus arrived in Chillicothe, Ohio.

"I 'll put the ginger in the act on the balloon if you'll stick to your bargain," he proposed.

"What do you mean to do?" asked the amazed owner.

"I 'm going to do the trapeze act a mile in the air," answered the youngster.

They did not know whether they dared to permit it. No one had ever performed acrobatic feats on the trapeze of a balloon. It was impossible to secure the acrobat on the bar by means of a safety belt. He would not be able to do his tumbling on the bar. They finally decided to allow Baldwin to try it. Starting when the balloon reached a height of five hundred feet, he performed all the hazardous trapeze acts that are usually seen inside the circus tent, with a huge net beneath the performer. When the balloon was five thousand feet above the earth, the youngster deliberately hung head downward from the trapeze by the toes of one foot!

While riding the balloon to earth toward the end of this historic trip Baldwin had an experience which laid the foundation for the invention of the parachute. When the balloon was four thousand feet high a seam ripped and the gas escaped. The deflated balloon began dropping with frightful speed. Baldwin made up his mind to die. But after an interval he was dumbfounded to feel the speed of the fall checked. It decreased momentarily. He felt he was approaching the earth very slowly, while the wind carried him on its drift. He looked up and saw that the cloth of the deflated balloon had gathered at the top under the netting from which the trapeze was suspended. In effect it formed a huge ribless umbrella; in other words, a parachute. The boy studied it closely. He swung on his trapeze gently to discover if the parachute would upset. But as the center of gravity changed he found that the flexibility of the cloth under the netting allowed the center of pressure to correspond instantly. It dawned

upon him that it would be absolutely impossible to upset a non-rigid parachute.

He landed unhurt and thoughtful. They praised him extravagantly for his unique act. The owner gave him the increase he had promised. But Baldwin said absolutely nothing about his discovery.

He went to work on the parachute. There were very few books in the libraries on the subject of aëronautics. Those he did find were not very helpful. There were no accurate aërodynamical data, no tables of air pressure. The eminent scientists whom he consulted pointed out that the last man who had tried to demonstrate his parachute fifty years previously was killed in the first trial. Young Baldwin was wholly self-educated. His methods of working out the formulas he required were extremely crude. But eventually he built a flexible parachute which he believed would carry a heavy body from a great height.

It was in November, 1885. He was walking a high wire near the Golden Gate Park, in San Francisco. The street-car company was paying the fee.

One day he walked into the office of the general manager on Market Street. The official knew him well and liked him, as everybody likes him.

"I 've finished my parachute," young Baldwin told him. "I 'm going up in my balloon next Sunday and I 'll jump out of that balloon as many feet as you order if you 'll pay me at the rate of one dollar for each foot."

The street-car man looked at him a moment and looked at his schedule. He found he required an attraction for the next Sunday at Golden Gate Park.

"I 'll take one thousand feet of that proposition," he announced. "And I hope you 'll live to come in here Monday to collect the tariff."

Baldwin collected the tariff. The performance, to his amazement, made a great sensation. He learned that a number of prominent young men and women had arranged a lively banquet to do him honor. The prospect of being lionized by society butterflies almost paralyzed him. Furthermore, he possessed no dinner-coat. In fact, to this day he lacks such a garment. When the organizers of the celebration came to notify him of the dinner, he had vanished. At nine o'clock on the night of the banquet they located him in his bedroom — asleep. No cajoling, no pleading, no threats could induce him to stir from the bed. They were obliged to hold their banquet without the guest of honor.

It is interesting to know that this man, whose success has been largely dependent upon physical wholesomeness and well-being, has cultivated the habit of going to bed at nine o'clock since boyhood. I have not found anyone who has knowledge of any contingency that has ever prevented him from retiring at that hour. His self-control and abstinence are iron. He does not smoke, he will not drink liquors, and nothing can tempt him to eat rich food. And at sixty-one he travels tens of thousands of miles, directs the operation of half a dozen aviators, conducts an aëroplane factory, administers the affairs of an aëronautic school, supervises the production of a new type of air boat, plans the production of a gigantic dirigible balloon in coöperation

with a group of financiers, carries on a voluminous correspondence with ambitious people who seek counsel and advice in all parts of the world, and gives his personal aid and attention to the affairs of at least a dozen friends who have been unfortunate and require assistance.

The one piece of jewelry the Captain wears is a gold ring with a rare white diamond as large as a small hazelnut. He was making his first appearance in London with the parachute. King Edward, then the Prince of Wales, attended the exhibition with his family. He stood conversing with the aëronaut when a boy informed the Captain that the balloon was ready. A balloon filled with hot air waits no man's pleasure.

"If you 'll excuse me a few minutes, I 'll come right back," the Captain said.

He swung off the earth under the balloon. Like a black shoe button he disappeared through a cloud. A few minutes later he came plunging through the cloud minus the balloon. By rare good fortune the parachute landed him within a few feet of where the Prince of Wales still stood. As if nothing very extraordinary had happened to interrupt he took up the conversation where it had stopped. The Prince was so impressed by the young man's nonchalance that he stripped the ring from his finger and held it out.

"Does that fit you?"

It did, so the Captain was told to keep it as a souvenir.

This attention gave the aëronaut a vogue throughout the British Empire. The Aëronautic Society of Great Britain bestowed upon him its first gold medal. The

native princes of India decorated him with jeweled orders. We were in his safe-deposit vault one day. He took out a huge box and dumped its contents on the table. As he rummaged among the stuff for something, I noticed a glittering cross of diamonds and emeralds.

"What is that?" I demanded, pointing to the jewelry.

"Oh, that 's a lot of junk they stuck on me in Europe," replied the Captain. "Take a look at it."

The cross was a Russian order accompanied by a parchment I could not read. From Italy there was a diploma and a decoration which makes him a chevalier; there was a something from Portugal; a knighthood from Spain; and a ribbon from a scientific society of France. There were curious collars and medals from New Zealand, Tasmania, Egypt, Siam, Australia, China, Java, Sumatra, Mexico, Peru, Brazil, and Japan. The tangled mass of silk and gold and gems sparkled and blazed. When I asked him what it all meant, he grinned and said vaguely: —

"Oh, that 's a way those ginks have of being polite to you over there." And that was all he would say, except that he is very proud of having dined with the Khedive of Egypt, Porfirio Diaz, and Gladstone.

That 's when I went among the brass-collared folk," is the Captain's way of telling it.

When the aëroplane became an exhibition fad, the Captain built his own machine. It is red and is known as the Red Devil. He built the machine at Mineola, Long Island, famous incubator for American fledglings.

He was confident he could fly it without practice, and one afternoon he took the machine out. With the throttle wide open, he bounced off the earth before he anticipated it. He was accustomed to air travel, but he was unfamiliar with sixty-mile speeds, and before he knew what was upon him his crimson biplane set a dead course for a telegraph pole. It hit the wires, wrapped itself affectionately around the pole, and left the Captain hanging dazed to a cross arm.

An ordinary person would have been killed. The panther-like alertness of the old aërial gypsy enabled him to jump for the cross arm at the proper time. With fragments of biplane hanging to his person he came to earth.

The first real aëroplane flight made in the Middle West was accomplished by Captain Baldwin. He flew over the Mississippi River from the northern boundary of St. Louis to its northern extremity, passing under and over the various bridges. He was the man who gave Japan, China, and India their first vision of the aëroplane.

And there you have Baldwin — the "luckiest" of aviators.

THE BOY IN THE SUGAR CAMP

By Charles Dudley Warner

I THINK there is no part of farming the boy enjoys more than the making of maple sugar; it is better than "blackberrying," and nearly as good as fishing. And one reason he likes this work is that somebody else does the most of it. It is a sort of work in which he can appear to be very active and yet not do much.

And it exactly suits the temperament of a real boy to be very busy about nothing. If the power, for instance, that is expended in play by a boy between the ages of eight and fourteen could be applied to some industry, we should see wonderful results. But a boy is like a galvanic battery that is not in connection with anything: he generates electricity and plays it off into the air with the most reckless prodigality. And I, for one, would n't have it otherwise. It is as much a boy's business to play off his energies into space as it is for a flower to blow, or a catbird to sing snatches of the tunes of all the other birds.

In my day, maple-sugar making used to be something between picnicking and being shipwrecked on a fertile island where one should save from the wreck tubs and augers, and great kettles and pork, and hen's eggs and rye-and-Indian bread, and begin at once to lead the

sweetest life in the world. I am told that it is something different nowadays, and that there is more desire to save the sap, and make good, pure sugar, and sell it for a large price, than there used to be, and that the old fun and picturesqueness of the business are pretty much gone. I am told that it is the custom to carefully collect the sap and bring it into the house, where there are built brick arches, over which it is evaporated in shallow pans; and that pains is taken to keep the leaves, sticks, and ashes and coals out of it; and that the sugar is clarified; and that, in short, it is a money-making business, in which there is a very little fun, and that the boy is not allowed to dip his paddle into the kettle of boiling sugar and lick off the delicious sirup. The prohibition may improve the sugar, but it is cruel to the boy.

As I remember the New England boy (and I am very intimate with one), he used to be on the *qui vive* in the spring for the sap to begin running. I think he discovered it as soon as anybody. Perhaps he knew it by a feeling of something starting in his own veins — a sort of spring stir in his legs and arms, which tempted him to stand on his head, or throw a handspring, if he could find a spot of ground from which the snow had melted. The sap stirs early in the legs of a country boy, and shows itself in uneasiness in the toes, which get tired of boots, and want to come out and touch the soil just as soon as the sun has warmed it a little. The country boy goes barefoot just as naturally as the trees burst their buds, which were packed and varnished over in the fall to keep the water and the frost out. Perhaps

the boy has been out digging into the maple trees with his jackknife; at any rate, he is pretty sure to announce the discovery as he comes running into the house in a great state of excitement — as if he had heard a hen cackle in the barn — with, "Sap 's runnin'!"

And then, indeed, the stir and excitement begin. The sap buckets, which have been stored in the garret over the wood house, and which the boy has occasionally climbed up to look at with another boy, for they are full of sweet suggestions of the annual spring frolic — the sap buckets are brought down and set out on the south side of the house and scalded. The snow is still a foot or two feet deep in the woods, and the ox sled is got out to make a road to the sugar camp, and the campaign begins. The boy is everywhere present, superintending everything, asking questions, and filled with a desire to help the excitement.

It is a great day when the cart is loaded with the buckets and the procession starts into the woods. The sun shines almost unobstructedly into the forest, for there are only naked branches to bar it; the snow is soft and beginning to sink down, leaving the young bushes spindling up everywhere; the snow birds are twittering about, and the noise of shouting and of the blows of the axe echoes far and wide. This is spring, and the boy can scarcely contain his delight that his outdoor life is about to begin again.

In the first place the men go about and tap the trees, drive in the spouts, and hang the buckets under. The boy watches all these operations with the greatest interest. He wishes that some time when a hole is bored

in a tree that the sap would spout out in a stream as it does when a cider barrel is tapped; but it never does, it only drops, sometimes almost in a stream, but on the whole slowly, and the boy learns that the sweet things of the world have to be patiently waited for, and do not usually come otherwise than drop by drop.

Then the camp is to be cleared of snow. The shanty is re-covered with boughs. In front of it two enormous logs are rolled nearly together, and a fire is built between them. Forked sticks are set at each end, and a long pole is laid on them, and on this are hung the great caldron kettles. The huge hogsheads are turned right side up, and cleaned out to receive the sap that is gathered. And now, if there is a good "sap run," the establishment is under full headway.

The great fire that is kindled up is never let out, night or day, as long as the season lasts. Somebody is always cutting wood to feed it; somebody is busy most of the time gathering in the sap; somebody is required to watch the kettles that they do not boil over, and to fill them. It is not the boy, however; he is too busy with things in general to be of any use in details. He has his own little sap yoke and small pails, with which he gathers the sweet liquid. He has a little boiling place of his own, with small logs and a tiny kettle. In the great kettles the boiling goes on slowly, and the liquid, as it thickens, is dipped from one to another, until in the end kettle it is reduced to sirup, and is taken out to cool and settle, until enough is made to "sugar off." To "sugar off" is to boil the sirup until it is thick enough to crystallize into sugar.

This is the grand event, and it is only done once in two or three days.

But the boy's desire is to "sugar off" perpetually. He boils his kettle down as rapidly as possible; he is not particular about chips, scum, or ashes; he is apt to burn his sugar; but if he can get enough to make a little wax on the snow, or to scrape from the bottom of the kettle with his wooden paddle, he is happy. A good deal is wasted on his hands and the outside of his face and on his clothes, but he does not care; he is not stingy.

To watch the operations of the big fire gives him constant pleasure. Sometimes he is left to watch the boiling kettles, with a piece of pork tied on the end of a stick, which he dips into the boiling mass when it threatens to go over. He is constantly tasting of it, however, to see if it is not almost sirup. He has a long round stick, whittled smooth at one end, which he uses for this purpose, at the constant risk of burning his tongue. The smoke blows in his face; he is grimy with ashes; he is altogether such a mass of dirt, stickiness, and sweetness that his own mother would n't know him.

He likes to boil eggs with the hired men in the hot sap; he likes to roast potatoes on the ashes, and he would live in the camp day and night if he were permitted. Some of the hired men sleep in the bough shanty and keep the fire blazing all night. To sleep there with them, and awake in the night and hear the wind in the trees, and see the sparks fly up to the sky, is a perfect realization of all the stories of adventures he has ever read. He tells the other boys afterwards that he

heard something in the night that sounded very much like a bear. The hired man says that he was very much scared by the hooting of an owl.

The great occasions for the boy, though, are the times of "sugaring off." Sometimes this used to be done in the evening, and it was made the excuse for a frolic in the camp. The neighbors were invited; sometimes even the pretty girls from the village, who filled all the woods with sweet voices and merry laughter and little affectations of fright. The white snow still lies on all the ground except the warm spot about the camp. The tree branches all show distinctly in the light of the fire, which sends its ruddy glare far into the darkness, and lights up the bough shanty, the hogsheads, the buckets on the trees, and the group about the boiling kettles until the scene is like something taken out of a fairy play. If Rembrandt could have seen a sugar party in a New England wood, he would have made out of its strong contrasts of light and shade one of the finest pictures in the world. But Rembrandt was not born in Massachusetts; people hardly ever do know where to be born until it is too late. Being born in the right place is a thing that has been very much neglected.

At these sugar parties every one was expected to eat as much sugar as possible; and those who are practiced in it can eat a great deal. It is a peculiarity about eating warm maple sugar that, though you may eat so much of it one day as to be sick and loathe the thought of it, you will want it the next day more than ever. At the "sugaring off" they used to pour the hot sugar upon the snow, where it congealed, without crystal-

lizing, into a sort of wax, which I do suppose is the most delicious substance that was ever invented. And it takes a great while to eat it. If one should close his teeth firmly on a ball of it, he would be unable to open his mouth until it is dissolved. The sensation while it is melting is very pleasant, but one cannot converse.

The boy used to make a big lump of it and give it to the dog, who seized it with great avidity, and closed his jaws on it, as dogs will on anything. It was funny the next moment to see the expression of perfect surprise on the dog's face when he found that he could not open his jaws. He shook his head; he sat down in despair; he ran round in a circle; he dashed into the woods and back again. He did everything except climb a tree and howl. It would have been such a relief to him if he could have howled! But that was one thing he could not do.

LOST IN THE WOODS

By Charles Dudley Warner

IT ought to be said, by way of explanation, that my being lost in the woods was not premeditated. Nothing could have been more informal. This apology can be necessary only to those who are familiar with the Adirondack literature. Any person not familiar with it would see the absurdity of one going to the Northern Wilderness with the deliberate purpose of writing about himself as a lost man. It may be true, that a book about this wild tract would not be recognized as complete without a lost-man story in it; since it is almost as easy for a stranger to get lost in the Adirondacks as in Boston. I merely desire to say that my unimportant adventure is not narrated in answer to the popular demand, and I do not wish to be held responsible for its variation from the typical character of such experiences.

We had been in camp a week, on the Upper Ausable Lake. This is a gem — emerald or turquoise as the light changes it — set in the virgin forest. It is not a large body of water, is irregular in form, and about a mile and a half in length; but in the sweep of its wooded shores, and the lovely contour of the lofty mountains that guard it, the lake is probably the most charming in America. Why the young ladies and gentlemen

who occasionally camp there vex the days and nights with hooting, and singing sentimental songs, is a mystery even to the laughing loon.

I left my companions there one Saturday morning to return to Keene Valley, intending to fish down the Ausable River. The Upper Lake discharges itself into the Lower by a brook which winds through a mile and a half of swamp and woods. Out of the north end of the Lower Lake, which is a huge sink in the mountains, and mirrors the savage precipices, the Ausable breaks its rocky barriers, and flows through a wild gorge, several miles, to the valley below. Between the Lower Lake and the settlements is an extensive forest, traversed by a cart path admirably constructed of loose stones, roots of trees, decayed logs, slippery rocks, and mud. The gorge of the river forms its western boundary. I followed this caricature of a road a mile or more; then gave my luggage to the guide to carry home, and struck off through the forest, by compass, to the river. I promised myself an exciting scramble down this little-frequented cañon, and a creel full of trout. There was no difficulty in finding the river, or in descending the steep precipice to its bed; getting into a scrape is usually the easiest part of it. The river is strewn with bowlders, big and little, through which the amber water rushes with an unceasing thunderous roar, now plunging down in white falls, then swirling round in dark pools. The day, already past meridian, was delightful; at least, the blue strip of it I could see overhead.

Better pools and rapids for trout never were, I thought, as I concealed myself behind a bowlder, and

made the first cast. There is nothing like the thrill of expectation over the first throw in unfamiliar waters. Fishing is like gambling, in that failure excites hope of a fortunate throw next time. There was no rise to the "leader" on the first cast, nor on the twenty-first; and I cautiously worked my way down stream, throwing right and left. When I had gone half a mile, my opinion of the character of the pools was unchanged; never were there such places for trout; but the trout were out of their places. Perhaps they did n't care for the fly; some trout seem to be so unsophisticated as to prefer the worm. I replaced the fly with a baited hook; the worm squirmed; the waters rushed and roared; a cloud sailed across the blue; no trout rose to the lonesome opportunity. There is a certain companionship in the presence of trout, especially when you can feel them flopping in your fish basket; but it became evident that there were no trout in this wilderness, and a sense of isolation for the first time came over me. There was no living thing near. The river had by this time entered a deeper gorge; walls of rocks rose perpendicularly on either side — picturesque rocks, painted many colors by the oxide of iron. It was not possible to climb out of the gorge; it was impossible to find a way by the side of the river; and getting down the bed, over the falls, and through the flumes, was not easy, and consumed time.

Was that thunder? Very likely. But thundershowers are always brewing in these mountain-fortresses, and it did not occur to me that there was anything personal in it. Very soon, however, the hole in the sky

closed in, and the rain dashed down. It seemed a providential time to eat my luncheon; and I took shelter under a scraggy pine that had rooted itself in the edge of the rocky slope. The shower soon passed, and I continued my journey, creeping over the slippery rocks, and continuing to show my confidence in the unresponsive trout. The way grew wilder and more gruesome. The thunder began again, rolling along over the tops of the mountains, and reverberating in sharp concussions in the gorge; the lightning also darted down into the darkening passage, and then the rain. Every enlightened being, even if he is in a fisherman's dress of shirt and pantaloons, hates to get wet; and I ignominiously crept under the edge of a sloping bowlder. It was all very well at first, until streams of water began to crawl along the face of the rock, and trickle down the back of my neck. This was refined misery, unheroic and humiliating, as suffering always is when unaccompanied by resignation.

A longer time than I knew was consumed in this and repeated efforts to wait for the slackening and renewing storm to pass away. In the intervals of calm I still fished, and even descended to what a sportsman considers incredible baseness; I put a "sinker" on my line. It is the practice of the country folk, whose only object is to get fish, to use a good deal of bait, sink the hook to the bottom of the pools, and wait the slow appetite of the summer trout. I tried this also. I might as well have fished in a pork barrel. It is true, that, in one deep, black, round pool, I lured a small trout from the bottom, and deposited him in the creel;

but it was an accident. Though I sat there in the awful silence (the roar of water and thunder only emphasized the stillness) full half an hour, I was not encouraged by another nibble. Hope, however, did not die; I always expected to find the trout in the next flume; and so I toiled slowly on, unconscious of the passing time. At each turn of the stream I expected to see the end, and at each turn I saw a long, narrow stretch of rocks and foaming water. Climbing out of the ravine was, in most places, simply impossible; and I began to look with interest for a slide, where bushes rooted in the scant earth would enable me to scale the precipice. I did not doubt that I was nearly through the gorge. I could see at length the huge form of the Giant of the Valley, scarred with avalanches, at the end of the vista; and it seemed not far off. But it kept its distance, as only a mountain can, while I stumbled and slid down the rocky way. The rain had now set in with persistence, and suddenly I became aware that it was growing dark; and I said to myself, "If you don't wish to spend the night in this horrible chasm, you 'd better escape speedily." Fortunately I reached a place where the face of the precipice was bush grown, and with considerable labor scrambled up it.

Having no doubt that I was within half a mile, perhaps within a few rods, of the house above the entrance of the gorge, and that, in any event, I should fall into the cart path in a few minutes, I struck boldly into the forest, congratulating myself on having escaped out of the river. So sure was I of my whereabouts, that I did not note the bend of the river, nor look at my

compass. The one trout in my basket was no burden, and I stepped lightly out.

The forest was of hard wood, and open, except for a thick undergrowth of moose bush. It was raining — in fact, it had been raining, more or less, for a month — and the woods were soaked. This moose bush is most annoying stuff to travel through in a rain; for the broad leaves slap one in the face, and sop him with wet. The way grew every moment more dingy. The heavy clouds above the thick foliage brought night on prematurely. It was decidedly premature to a near-sighted man, whose glasses the rain rendered useless; such a person sought to be at home early. On leaving the river bank I had borne to the left, so as to be sure to strike either the clearing or the road, and not wander off into the measureless forest. I confidently pursued this course, and went gayly on by the left flank. That I did not come to any opening or path, only showed that I had slightly mistaken the distance; I was going in the right direction.

I was so certain of this, that I quickened my pace, and got up with alacrity every time I tumbled down amid the slippery leaves and catching roots, and hurried on. And I kept to the left. It even occurred to me that I was turning to the left so much that I might come back to the river again. It grew more dusky, and rained more violently; but there was nothing alarming in the situation, since I knew exactly where I was. It was a little mortifying that I had miscalculated the distance; yet, so far was I from feeling any uneasiness about this, that I quickened my pace again, and, before

I knew it, was in a full run; that is, as full a run as a person can indulge in in the dusk, with so many trees in the way. No nervousness, but simply a reasonable desire to get there. I desired to look upon myself as the person "not lost, but gone before." As time passed, and darkness fell, and no clearing or road appeared, I ran a little faster. It did n't seem possible that the people had moved, or the road been changed; and yet I was sure of my direction. I went on with an energy increased by the ridiculousness of the situation, the danger that an experienced woodsman was in of getting home late for supper; the lateness of the meal being nothing to the gibes of the unlost. How long I kept this course, and how far I went on, I do not know; but suddenly I stumbled against an ill-placed tree, and sat down on the soaked ground, a trifle out of breath. It then occurred to me that I had better verify my course by the compass. There was scarcely light enough to distinguish the black end of the needle. To my amazement, the compass, which was made near Greenwich, was wrong. Allowing for the natural variation of the needle, it was absurdly wrong. It made out that I was going south when I was going north. It intimated, that, instead of turning to the left, I had been making a circuit to the right. According to the compass, the Lord only knew where I was.

The inclination of persons in the woods to travel in a circle is unexplained. I suppose it arises from the sympathy of the legs with the brain. Most people reason in a circle; their minds go round and round, always in the same track. For the last half hour I had

been saying over a sentence that started itself; "I wonder where that *road* is!" I had said it over till it had lost all meaning. I kept going round on it; and yet I could not believe that my body had been traveling in a circle. Not being able to recognize any tracks, I have no evidence that I had so traveled, except the general testimony of lost men.

The compass annoyed me. I 've known experienced guides utterly discredit it. It could n't be that I was to turn about, and go the way I had come. Nevertheless, I said to myself, "You 'd better keep a cool head, my boy, or you are in for a night of it. Better listen to science than to spunk." And I resolved to heed the impartial needle. I was a little weary of the rough tramping; but it was necessary to be moving; for, with wet clothes and the night air, I was decidedly chilly. I turned toward the north, and slipped and stumbled along. A more uninviting forest to pass the night in I never saw. Everything was soaked. If I became exhausted, it would be necessary to build a fire; and, as I walked on, I could n't find a dry bit of wood. Even if a little punk were discovered in a rotten log, I had no hatchet to cut fuel. I thought it all over calmly. I had the usual three matches in my pocket. I knew exactly what would happen if I tried to build a fire. The first match would prove to be wet. The second match, when struck, would shine and smell, and fizz a little and then go out. There would be only one match left. Death would ensue if it failed. I should get close to the log, crawl under my hat, strike the match, see it catch, flicker, almost go out (the reader painfully

excited by this time), blaze up, nearly expire, and finally fire the punk — thank God! And I said to myself, "The public don't want any more of this thing; it is played out. Either have a box of matches, or let the first one catch fire."

In this gloomy mood I plunged along. The prospect was cheerless; for, apart from the comfort that a fire would give, it is necessary, at night, to keep off the wild beasts. I fancied I could hear the tread of the stealthy brutes following their prey. But there was one source of profound satisfaction — the catamount had been killed. Mr. Colvin, the triangulating surveyor of the Adirondacks, killed him in his last official report to the State. Whether he dispatched him with a theodolite or a barometer does not matter; he is officially dead, and none of the travelers can kill him any more. Yet he has served them a good turn. I knew that catamount well. One night when we lay in the bogs of the South Beaver Meadow, under a canopy of mosquitoes, the serene midnight was parted by a wild and human-like cry from a neighboring mountain. "That 's a cat," said the guide. I felt in a moment that it was the voice of "modern cultchah." "Modern culture," says Mr. Joseph Cook in a most impressive period— "modern culture is a child crying in the wilderness, and with no voice but a cry." That describes the catamount exactly. The next day, when we ascended the mountain, we came upon the traces of this brute — a spot where he had stood and cried in the night; and I confess that my hair rose with the consciousness of his recent presence, as it is said to do when a spirit passes by.

Whatever consolation the absence of catamount in a dark, drenched, and howling wilderness can impart, that I experienced; but I thought what a satire upon my present condition was modern culture, with its plain thinking and high living! It was impossible to get much satisfaction out of the real and the ideal—the me and the not-me. At this time what impressed me most was the absurdity of my position looked at in the light of modern civilization and all my advantages and acquirements. It seemed pitiful that society could do absolutely nothing for me. It was, in fact, humiliating to reflect that it would now be profitable to exchange all my possessions for the woods instinct of the most unlettered guide. I began to doubt the value of the "culture" that blunts the natural instincts.

It began to be a question whether I could hold out to walk all night; for I must travel, or perish. And now I imagined that a specter was walking by my side. This was Famine. To be sure, I had only recently eaten a hearty luncheon; but the pangs of hunger got hold on me when I thought that I should have no supper, no breakfast; and, as the procession of unattainable meals stretched before me, I grew hungrier and hungrier. I could feel that I was becoming gaunt and wasting away; already I seemed to be emaciated. It is astonishing how speedily a jocund, well-conditioned human being can be transformed into a spectacle of poverty and want. Lose a man in the woods, drench him, tear his pantaloons, get his imagination running on his lost supper and the cheerful fireside that is expecting him, and he will become haggard in an hour.

I am not dwelling upon these things to excite the reader's sympathy, but only to advise him, if he contemplates an adventure of this kind, to provide himself with matches, kindling wood, something more to eat than one raw trout, and not to select a rainy night for it.

Nature is so pitiless, so unresponsive, to a person in trouble! I had read of the soothing companionship of the forest, the pleasure of the pathless woods. But I thought, as I stumbled along in the dismal actuality, that, if I ever got out of it, I would write a letter to the newspapers, exposing the whole thing. There is an impassive, stolid brutality about the woods that has never been enough insisted on. I tried to keep my mind fixed upon the fact of man's superiority to Nature; his ability to dominate and outwit her. My situation was an amusing satire on this theory. I fancied that I could feel a sneer in the woods at my detected conceit. There was something personal in it. The downpour of the rain and the slipperiness of the ground were elements of discomfort; but there was, besides these, a kind of terror in the very character of the forest itself. I think this arose not more from its immensity than from the kind of stolidity to which I have alluded. It seemed to me that it would be a sort of relief to kick the trees. I don't wonder that the bears fall to, occasionally, and scratch the bark off the great pines and maples, tearing it angrily away. One must have some vent to his feelings. It is a common experience of people lost in the woods to lose their heads; and even the woodsmen themselves are not free from this panic when some accident has thrown them out of their reck-

oning. Fright unsettles the judgment; the oppressive silence of the woods is a vacuum in which the mind goes astray. It 's a hollow sham, this pantheism, I said; being "one with Nature" is all humbug; I should like to see somebody. Man, to be sure, is of very little account, and soon gets beyond his depth; but the society of the least human being is better than this gigantic indifference. The "rapture on the lonely shore" is agreeable only when you know you can at any moment go home.

I had now given up all expectation of finding the road, and was steering my way as well as I could northward towards the valley. In my haste I made slow progress. Probably the distance I traveled was short and the time consumed not long; but I seemed to be adding mile to mile, and hour to hour. I had time to review the incidents of the Russo-Turkish war, and to forecast the entire Eastern question; I outlined the characters of all my companions left in camp, and sketched in a sort of comedy the sympathetic and disparaging observations they would make on my adventure; I repeated something like a thousand times, without contradiction, "What a fool you were to leave the river!" I stopped twenty times, thinking I heard its loud roar, always deceived by the wind in the tree tops; I began to entertain serious doubts about the compass, — when suddenly I became aware that I was no longer on level ground; I was descending a slope; I was actually in a ravine. In a moment more I was in a brook newly formed by the rain. "Thank Heaven!" I cried: "this I shall follow, whatever conscience or the compass says."

In this region, all streams go, sooner or later, into the valley. This ravine, this stream, no doubt, led to the river. I splashed and tumbled along down it in mud and water. Down hill we went together, the fall showing that I must have wandered to high ground. When I guessed that I must be close to the river, I suddenly stepped into mud up to my ankles. It was the road — running, of course, the wrong way, but still the blessed road. It was a mere canal of liquid mud; but man had made it, and it would take me home. I was at least three miles from the point I supposed I was near at sunset, and I had before me a toilsome walk of six or seven miles, most of the way in a ditch; but it is truth to say that I enjoyed every step of it. I was safe; I knew where I was; and I could have walked till morning. The mind had again got the upper hand of the body, and began to plume itself on its superiority; it was even disposed to doubt whether it had been "lost" at all.

WHY MAGGIE DID NOT JOIN THE GYPSIES

By George Eliot

MAGGIE'S intentions, as usual, were on a larger scale than Tom had imagined. The resolution that gathered in her mind, after Tom and Lucy had walked away, was not so simple as that of going home. No! she would run away and go to the gypsies, and Tom should never see her any more. That was by no means a new idea to Maggie; she had been so often told she was like a gypsy, and "half-wild," that when she was miserable it seemed to her the only way of escaping opprobrium and being entirely in harmony with circumstances would be to live in a little brown tent on the commons; the gypsies, she considered, would gladly receive her, and pay her much respect on account of her superior knowledge. She had once mentioned her views on this point to Tom, and suggested that he should stain his face brown, and they should run away together; but Tom rejected the scheme with contempt, observing that gypsies were thieves, and hardly got anything to eat, and had nothing to drive but a donkey. To-day, however, Maggie thought her misery had reached a pitch at which gypsydom was her only refuge, and she rose from her seat on the roots of the tree with the sense that this was a great crisis in her life; she would

run straight away till she came to Dunlow Common, where there would certainly be gypsies; and cruel Tom, and the rest of her relations who found fault with her, should never see her any more. She thought of her father as she ran along, but she reconciled herself to the idea of parting with him, by determining that she would secretly send him a letter by a small gypsy, who would run away without telling where she was, and just let him know that she was well and happy, and always loved him very much.

Maggie soon got out of breath with running, but by the time Tom got to the pond again, she was at the distance of three long fields, and was on the edge of the lane leading to the highroad. She stopped to pant a little, reflecting that running away was not a pleasant thing until one had got quite to the common where the gypsies were, but her resolution had not abated; she presently passed through the gate into the lane, not knowing where it would lead her, for it was not this way that they came from Dorlcote Mill to Garum Firs, and she felt all the safer for that, because there was no chance of her being overtaken. But she was soon aware, not without trembling, that there were two men coming along the lane in front of her; she had not thought of meeting strangers — she had been too much occupied with the idea of her friends coming after her. The formidable strangers were two shabby-looking men with flushed faces, one of them carrying a bundle on a stick over his shoulder; but to her surprise, while she was dreading their disapprobation as a runaway, the man with the bundle stopped, and in a half-whining,

half-coaxing tone asked her if she had a copper to give a poor man. Maggie had a sixpence in her pocket — her Uncle Glegg's present — which she immediately drew out and gave this poor man with a polite smile, hoping he would feel very kindly toward her as a generous person. "That 's the only money I 've got," she said apologetically. "Thank you, little miss," said the man in a less respectful and grateful tone than Maggie anticipated, and she even observed that he smiled and winked at his companion. She walked on hurriedly, but was aware that the two men were standing still, probably to look after her, and she presently heard them laughing loudly. Suddenly it occurred to her that they might think she was an idiot; Tom had said that her cropped hair made her look like an idiot, and it was too painful an idea to be readily forgotten. Besides, she had no sleeves on — only a cape and a bonnet. It was clear that she was not likely to make a favorable impression on passengers, and she thought she would turn into the fields again; but not on the same side of the lane as before, lest they should still be Uncle Pullet's fields. She turned through the first gate that was not locked, and felt a delightful sense of privacy in creeping along by the hedgerows, after her recent humiliating encounter. She was used to wandering about the fields by herself, and was less timid there than on the highroad. Sometimes she had to climb over high gates, but that was a small evil; she was getting out of reach very fast, and she should probably soon come within sight of Dunlow Common, or at least of some other common, for she had heard her father say that

you could n't go very far without coming to a common. She hoped so, for she was getting rather tired and hungry, and until she reached the gypsies there was no definite prospect of bread and butter. It was still broad daylight, for Aunt Pullet, retaining the early habits of the Dodson family, took tea at half-past four by the sun, and at five by the kitchen clock; so, though it was nearly an hour since Maggie started, there was no gathering gloom on the fields to remind her that the night would come. Still, it seemed to her that she had been walking a very great distance indeed, and it was really surprising that the common did not come within sight. Hitherto she had been in the rich parish of Garum, where there was a great deal of pasture land and she had only seen one laborer at a distance. That was fortunate in some respects, as laborers might be too ignorant to understand the propriety of her wanting to go to Dunlow Common; yet it would have been better if she could have met some one who would tell her the way without wanting to know anything about her private business. At last, however, the green fields came to an end, and Maggie found herself looking through the bars of a gate into a lane with a wide margin of grass on each side of it. She had never seen such a wide lane before, and, without her knowing why, it gave her the impression that the common could not be far off; perhaps it was because she saw a donkey with a log to his foot feeding on a grassy margin, for she had seen a donkey with that pitiable encumbrance on Dunlow Common when she had been across it in her father's gig. She crept through the bars of the gate and walked

on with new spirit, though not without haunting images of Apollyon, and a highwayman with a pistol, and a blinking dwarf in yellow, with a mouth from ear to ear, and other miscellaneous dangers. For poor little Maggie had at once the timidity of an active imagination and the daring that comes from overmastering impulse. She had rushed into the adventure of seeking her unknown kindred, the gypsies; and now she was in this strange lane, she hardly dared look on one side of her, lest she should see the diabolical blacksmith in his leathern apron grinning at her with arms akimbo. It was not without a leaping of the heart that she caught sight of a small pair of bare legs sticking up, feet uppermost, by the side of a hillock; they seemed something hideously preternatural — a diabolical kind of fungus; for she was too much agitated at the first glance to see the ragged clothes and the dark shaggy head attached to them. It was a boy asleep, and Maggie trotted along faster and more lightly, lest she should wake him; it did not occur to her that he was one of her friends the gypsies, who in all probability would have very genial manners. But the fact was so, for at the next bend in the lane, Maggie actually saw the little semicircular black tent with the blue smoke rising before it, which was to be her refuge from all the blighting obloquy that had pursued her in civilized life. She even saw a tall female figure by the column of smoke — doubtless the gypsy-mother, who provided the tea and other groceries; it was astonishing to herself that she did not feel more delighted. But it was startling to find the gypsies in a lane, after all, and not on a com-

mon; indeed, it was rather disappointing; for a mysterious illimitable common, where there were sand-pits to hide in, and one was out of everybody's reach, had always made part of Maggie's picture of gypsy life. She went on, however, and thought with some comfort that gypsies most likely knew nothing about idiots, so there was no danger of their falling into a mistake of setting her down at the first glance as an idiot. It was plain she had attracted attention; for the tall figure, who proved to be a young woman with a baby on her arm, walked slowly to meet her. Maggie looked up in the new face rather tremblingly as it approached, and was reassured by the thought that her aunt Pullet and the rest were right when they called her a gypsy, for this face, with the bright dark eyes and the long hair, was really something like what she used to see in the glass before she cut her hair off.

"My little lady, where are you going to?" the gypsy, said, in a tone of coaxing deference.

It was delightful, and just what Maggie expected: the gypsies saw at once that she was a little lady, and were prepared to treat her accordingly.

"Not any farther," said Maggie, feeling as if she were saying what she had rehearsed in a dream. "I 'm come to stay with *you*, please."

"That 's pretty; come, then. Why, what a nice little lady you are, to be sure," said the gypsy, taking her by the hand. Maggie thought her very agreeable, but wished she had not been so dirty.

There was quite a group round the fire when they reached it. An old gypsy woman was seated on the

ground nursing her knees, and occasionally poking a skewer into the round kettle that sent forth an odorous steam; two small shock-headed children were lying prone and resting on their elbows something like small sphinxes; and a placid donkey was bending his head over a tall girl, who, lying on her back, was scratching his nose and indulging him with a bite of excellent stolen hay. The slanting sunlight fell kindly upon them, and the scene was really very pretty and comfortable, Maggie thought, only she hoped they would soon set out the tea cups. Everything would be quite charming when she had taught the gypsies to use a washing basin, and to feel an interest in books. It was a little confusing, though, that the young woman began to speak to the old one in a language which Maggie did not understand, while the tall girl, who was feeding the donkey, sat up and stared at her without offering any salutation. At last the old woman said: —

"What! my pretty lady, are you come to stay with us? Sit ye down and tell us where you come from."

It was just like a story; Maggie liked to be called pretty lady and treated in this way. She sat down and said: —

"I 'm come from home because I 'm unhappy, and I mean to be a gypsy. I 'll live with you if you like, and I can teach you a great many things."

"Such a clever little lady," said the woman with the baby, sitting down by Maggie, and allowing baby to crawl; "and such a pretty bonnet and frock," she added, taking off Maggie's bonnet and looking at it while she made an observation to the old woman, in the unknown

language. The tall girl snatched the bonnet and put it on her own head hind foremost with a grin; but Maggie was determined not to show any weakness on this subject, as if she was susceptible about her bonnet.

"I don't want to wear a bonnet," she said, "I 'd rather wear a red handkerchief, like yours" (looking at her friend by her side); "my hair was quite long till yesterday, when I cut it off; but I dare say it will grow again very soon," she added apologetically, thinking it probable the gypsies had a strong prejudice in favor of long hair. And Maggie had forgotten even her hunger at that moment in the desire to conciliate gypsy opinion.

"Oh what a nice little lady! — and rich, I 'm sure," said the old woman. "Did n't you live in a beautiful house at home?"

"Yes, my home is pretty, and I 'm very fond of the river, where we go fishing — but I 'm often very unhappy. I should have liked to bring my books with me, but I came away in a hurry, you know. But I can tell you almost everything there is in my books, I 've read them so many times — and that will amuse you. And I can tell you something about geography too — that 's about the world we live in — very useful and interesting. Did you ever hear about Columbus?"

Maggie's eyes had begun to sparkle and her cheeks to flush — she was really beginning to instruct the gypsies, and gaining great influence over them. The gypsies themselves were not without amazement at this talk, though their attention was divided by the contents of Maggie's pocket, which the friend at her right hand had by this time emptied without attracting her notice.

"Is that where you live, my little lady?" said the old woman, at the mention of Columbus.

"Oh no!" said Maggie, with some pity; "Columbus was a very wonderful man who found out half the world, and they put chains on him and treated him very badly, you know — it 's in my Catechism of Geography — but perhaps it 's rather too long to tell before tea . . . *I want my tea so.*"

The last words burst from Maggie, in spite of herself, with a sudden drop from patronizing instruction to simple peevishness.

"Why, she 's hungry, poor little lady," said the younger woman. "Give her some o' the cold victual. You 've been walking a good way, I 'll be bound, my dear. Where 's your home?"

"It 's Dorlcote Mill, a good way off," said Maggie. "My father is Mr. Tulliver, but we must n't let him know where I am, else he 'll fetch me home again. Where does the queen of the gypsies live?"

"What! do you want to go to her, my little lady?" said the younger woman. The tall girl meanwhile was constantly staring at Maggie and grinning. Her manners were certainly not agreeable.

"No," said Maggie, "I 'm only thinking that if she is n't a very good queen you might be glad when she died, and you could choose another. If I was a queen I 'd be a very good queen, and kind to everybody."

"Here 's a bit o' nice victual, then," said the old woman, handing to Maggie a lump of dry bread, which she had taken from a bag of scraps, and a piece of cold bacon.

"Thank you," said Maggie, looking at the food without taking it; "but you will give me some bread and butter and tea instead? I don't like bacon."

"We 've got no tea nor butter," said the old woman with something like a scowl, as if she were getting tired of coaxing.

"Oh, a little bread and treacle would do," said Maggie.

"We han't got no treacle," said the old woman, crossly, whereupon there followed a sharp dialogue between the two women in their unknown tongue, and one of the small sphinxes snatched at the bread and bacon, and began to eat it. At this moment the tall girl, who had gone a few yards off, came back, and said something which produced a strong effect. The old woman, seeming to forget Maggie's hunger, poked the skewer into the pot with new vigor, and the younger crept under the tent, and reached out some platters and spoons. Maggie trembled a little, and was afraid the tears would come into her eyes. Meanwhile the tall girl gave a shrill cry, and presently came running up the boy whom Maggie had passed as he was sleeping — a rough urchin about the age of Tom. He stared at Maggie, and there ensued much incomprehensible chattering. She felt very lonely, and was quite sure she should begin to cry before long; the gypsies did n't seem to mind her at all, and she felt quite weak among them. But the springing tears were checked by new terror, when two men came up, whose approach had been the cause of the sudden excitement. The elder of the two carried a bag, which he flung down, addressing the

women in a loud and scolding tone, which they answered by a shower of treble sauciness; while a black cur ran barking up to Maggie, and threw her into a tremor that only found a new cause in the curses with which the younger man called the dog off, and gave him a rap with a great stick he held in his hand.

Maggie felt that it was impossible she should ever be queen of these people, or ever communicate to them amusing and useful knowledge.

Both the men now seemed to be inquiring about Maggie, for they looked at her, and the tone of the conversation became of that pacific kind which implies curiosity on one side and the power of satisfying it on the other. At last the younger woman said in her previous deferential, coaxing tone: —

"This nice little lady 's come to live with us; are n't you glad?"

"Aye, very glad," said the younger man, who was looking at Maggie's silver thimble and other small matters that had been taken from her pocket. He returned them all except the thimble to the younger woman, with some observation, and she immediately restored them to Maggie's pocket, while the men seated themselves, and began to attack the contents of the kettle — a stew of meat and potatoes — which had been taken off the fire and turned out into a yellow platter.

Maggie began to think that Tom must be right about the gypsies — they must certainly be thieves, unless the man meant to return her thimble by and by. She would willingly have given it to him, for she was not at all attached to her thimble; but the idea that she was among

thieves prevented her from feeling any comfort in the revival of deference and attention toward her — all thieves, except Robin Hood, were wicked people. The women saw she was frightened.

"We 've got nothing nice for a lady to eat," said the old woman, in her coaxing tone. "And she 's so hungry, sweet little lady."

"Here, my dear, try if you can eat a bit o' this," said the younger woman, handing some of the stew on a brown dish with an iron spoon to Maggie, who, remembering that the old woman had seemed angry with her for not liking the bread and bacon, dared not refuse the stew, though fear had chased away her appetite. If her father would but come by in the gig and take her up! Or even if Jack the Giantkiller, or Mr. Greatheart, or St. George who slew the dragon on the halfpennies would happen to pass that way! But Maggie thought with a sinking heart that these heroes were never seen in the neighborhood of St. Ogg's — nothing very wonderful ever came there.

Maggie Tulliver, you perceive, was by no means that well-trained, well-informed young person that a small female of eight or nine necessarily is in these days; she had only been to school a year at St. Ogg's, and had so few books that she sometimes read the dictionary; so that in traveling over her small mind you would have found the most unexpected ignorance as well as unexpected knowledge. She could have informed you that there was such a word as "polygamy," and being also acquainted with "polysyllable," she had deduced the conclusion that "poly" meant "many"; but she had

had no idea that gypsies were not well supplied with groceries, and her thoughts generally were the oddest mixture of clear-eyed acumen and blind dreams.

Her ideas about the gypsies had undergone a rapid modification in the last five minutes. From having considered them very respectful companions, amenable to instruction, she had begun to think that they meant perhaps to kill her as soon as it was dark, and cut up her body for gradual cooking; the suspicion crossed her that the fierce-eyed old man was in fact the Devil, who might drop that transparent disguise at any moment, and turn either into the grinning blacksmith or else a fiery-eyed monster with dragon's wings. It was no use trying to eat the stew, and yet the thing she most dreaded was to offend the gypsies, by betraying her extremely unfavorable opinion of them, and she wondered, with a keenness of interest that no theologian could have exceeded, whether, if the Devil were really present, he would know her thoughts.

"What! you don't like the smell of it, my dear," said the young woman, observing that Maggie did not even take a spoonful of the stew. "Try a bit — come."

"No, thank you," said Maggie, summoning all her force for a desperate effort, and trying to smile in a friendly way. "I have n't time I think — it seems getting darker. I think I must go home now, and come again another day, and then I can bring you a basket with some jam tarts and things."

Maggie rose from her seat as she threw out this illusory prospect, devoutly hoping that Apollyon was gullible; but her hope sank when the old gypsy woman

said, "Stop a bit, stop a bit, little lady — we 'll take you home, all safe, when we 've done supper; you shall ride home, like a lady."

Maggie sat down again, with little faith in this promise, though she presently saw the tall girl putting a bridle on the donkey, and throwing a couple of bags on his back.

"Now then, little missis," said the younger man, rising, and leading the donkey forward, "tell us where you live — what 's the name o' the place?"

"Dorlcote Mill is my home," said Maggie, eagerly. "My father is Mr. Tulliver — he lives there."

"What! a big mill a little way this side o' St. Ogg's?"

"Yes," said Maggie. "Is it far off? I think I should like to walk there if you please."

"No, no, it 'll be getting dark, we must make haste. And the donkey 'll carry you as nice as can be — you 'll see."

He lifted Maggie as he spoke, and set her on the donkey. She felt relieved that it was not the old man who seemed to be going with her, but she had only a trembling hope that she was really going home.

"Here 's your pretty bonnet," said the younger woman, putting that recently despised but now welcome article of costume on Maggie's head; "and you 'll say we 've been very good to you, won't you? and what a nice little lady we said you was."

"Oh yes, thank you," said Maggie, "I 'm very much obliged to you. But I wish you 'd go with me too." She thought anything was better than going with one

of the dreadful men alone; it would be more cheerful to be murdered by a larger party.

"Ah, you 're fondest o' *me*, are n't you?" said the woman. "But I can't go — you 'll go too fast for me."

It now appeared that the man also was to be seated on the donkey, holding Maggie before him, and she was as incapable of remonstrating against this arrangement as the donkey himself, though no nightmare had ever seemed to her more horrible. When the woman had patted her on the back, and said "Good-bye," the donkey, at a strong hint from the man's stick, set off at a rapid walk along the lane towards the point Maggie had come from an hour ago, while the tall girl and the rough urchin, also furnished with sticks, obligingly escorted them for the first hundred yards, with much screaming and thwacking.

Not Leonore, in that preternatural midnight excursion with her phantom lover, was more terrified than poor Maggie in this entirely natural ride on a short-paced donkey, with a gypsy behind her, who considered that he was earning half a crown. The red light of the setting seemed to have a portentous meaning, with which the alarming bray of the second donkey with the log on its foot must surely have some connection. Two low thatched cottages — the only houses they passed in this lane — seemed to add to its dreariness; they had no windows to speak of, and the doors were closed; it was probable that they were inhabited by witches, and it was a relief to find that the donkey did not stop there.

At last — oh, sight of joy! — this lane, the longest in the world, was coming to an end, was opening on a

broad highroad, where there was actually a coach passing! And there was a finger post at the corner; she had surely seen that finger post before — "To St. Ogg's, 2 miles." The gypsy really meant to take her home, then; he was probably a good man, after all, and might have been rather hurt at the thought that she did n't like coming with him alone. This idea became stronger as she felt more and more certain that she knew the road quite well, and she was considering how she might open a conversation with the injured gypsy, and not only gratify his feelings but efface the impression of her cowardice, when, as they reached a cross road, Maggie caught sight of some one coming on a white-faced horse.

"Oh, stop, stop!" she cried out. "There 's my father! Oh, father, father!"

The sudden joy was almost painful, and before her father reached her, she was sobbing. Great was Mr. Tulliver's wonder, for he had made a round from Basset, and had not yet been home.

"Why, what 's the meaning o' this?" he said, checking his horse, while Maggie slipped from the donkey and ran to her father's stirrup.

"The little miss lost herself, I reckon," said the gypsy. "She 'd come to our tent at the far end o' Dunlow Lane, and I was bringing her where she said her home was. It 's a good way to come arter being on the tramp all day."

"Oh yes, father, he 's been very good to bring me home," said Maggie. "A very kind, good man!"

"Here, then, my man," said Mr. Tulliver, taking out five shillings. "It 's the best day's work *you* ever

did. I could n't afford to lose the little wench; here, lift her up before me."

"Why, Maggie, how's this, how's this?" he said, as they rode along, while she laid her head against her father, and sobbed. "How came you to be rambling about and lose yourself?"

"Oh, father," sobbed Maggie, "I ran away because I was so unhappy — Tom was so angry with me. I could n't bear it."

"Pooh, pooh," said Mr. Tulliver, soothingly, "you must n't think o' running away from father. What 'ud father do without his little wench?"

"Oh no, I never will again, father — never."

Mr. Tulliver spoke his mind very strongly when he reached home that evening, and the effect was seen in the remarkable fact, that Maggie never heard one reproach from her mother or one taunt from Tom, about this foolish business of her running away to the gypsies. Maggie was rather awe-stricken by this unusual treatment, and sometimes thought that her conduct had been too wicked to be alluded to.

A GYPSY DANCE NEAR GRANADA

By F. Hopkinson Smith

MATEO, the aguador, and I became great friends. His cheery, bright face, and his welcome "Buenos dias, señor," were very grateful to me so many miles away from home. He and the donkeys stumbled in upon me at all hours, and in all parts of the Alhambra grounds; and if he did not quickly catch sight of my white umbrella, he would leave his little beasts in the road and go in search of me.

This afternoon I heard his voice far down the hill, and in a few moments more he came singing through the small entrance gate, and, bursting into a laugh, began to tell me the latest news in the city below.

He was especially delighted over the padre who sold the chairs out of the sacristy to the Englishman, and who did not give all the money to the bishop. This I knew to be true, for I had a hand in a similar transaction myself — the chair I write in being part of the villainy.

He had a sad story to tell about Santiago, who lived at the Great Gate, and whose brother, the matador, had been hurt in the bull fight.

Then he told me about the actor from Madrid, who lived in one of the old red towers of the Alhambra, and

who came every summer with a new wife; about the mass on Sunday last, the procession of Holy Week; and the great Spaniard who lived in Paris, and who visited his olive farm only once in five years, and who arrived yesterday. Then, finally, about Pepita. I began to notice that all these talks ended in Pepita. To-day he was in fine spirits. He had already earned three pesetas, and it was not yet sundown.

It was a "Fiesta day," and the churches and streets were full and the people very thirsty. To-night he and Pepita would go to the dance.

Up to this time I listened to his talk without ever looking up from my work. I was struggling with the Moorish arch over the entrance of the Hall of the Ambassadors, and had my hands full, but here I laid down my palette.

"What dance, Mateo?"

"The dance of the gypsies, señor, at the Posada del Albaycin. La Tonta would dance, and the king of the gypsies would bring his great guitar. Would the illustrious painter accompany them?"

That being the one particular thing the illustrious painter most desired to see in all Granada, I at once accepted, hurried up my work, and arranged to meet them at the Great Gate of Charles V. Accordingly about an hour after sundown I gave my watch and wallet to the landlord, took my umbrella staff, and strolled down the hill.

Mateo awaited me in the shadow of the arch of the gate, carrying a lantern. Pepita joined us farther down in the city; she had stopped on her way up to restring

her guitar. In a few moments more we all halted at the door of a wine shop in the rear of the church. This was the Posada del Albaycin. A dim lamp fastened against the wall revealed a crowd of aguadores, fruit sellers, and garlic venders, together with a motley crew of Spaniards and gypsies of both sexes crowding about the entrance.

As I passed in, I heard overhead the click of the castanets and the low thrumming of the guitars. Ascending the steps, I found myself in a long room on the second floor, simply furnished with a row of chairs on either side, and lighted by a number of lamps suspended on brackets fastened to the wall. At one end was a raised platform covered with a carpet. Seated upon this platform was a man of middle age, very tall and broadly built, with the features and expression of an American Indian. Compared in size to the gypsies about him, he was a giant. He was tuning an enormous guitar — a very grandfather of guitars — having all the strings which ordinary instruments of its class possess, and an extra string fastened on an outrigger. The back of this curious instrument was covered with sheet brass.

As we entered he left his chair, placed the guitar against the wall, greeted Mateo and Pepita, and, having spoken in an undertone to the aguador, raised his wide Spanish hat and saluted me gracefully.

Pepita occupied one of the vacant seats on the platform, and rested her instrument gently against her knee, while her lover and I watched the groups as they crowded up the narrow stairway and filled the floor space.

He pointed out all the celebrities. The tall man with the overgrown guitar was known as the king of the

gypsies. The dance to-night was for his benefit. La Tonta was his daughter, and the best dancer in Spain. She did not dance often. He was sure I would not be disappointed. But the dance was about to begin, and we must keep silence.

The king bowed to the audience, struck his guitar with the flat of his hand, swept all the strings simultaneously, twirled it in the air, kissed it, took his seat with a great flourish, and began the melody. Immediately, at the far end of the room, a young gypsy arose, tightened his belt, clapped his hands, and began a slow movement with his feet, the dancers and audience keeping time with their castanets and the palms of their hands.

Then a gypsy girl took the floor and danced a "Bolero." Then came more gypsies in tight trousers and loose jackets, until the hour arrived for the sensation of the evening.

A great clapping announced La Tonta as she entered quickly from a side door, and stood facing the mirror. To my surprise she was a tall, thin, ungraceful, badly-formed, and slattern-looking gypsy woman, by no means young. She was attired in a long yellow calico gown hanging loosely about her, much the worse for wear and not overclean. She wore black kid slippers and white cotton stockings. Her skin was dark like all women of her race, and her eyes large and luminous. Her mass of jet-black hair was caught in a twist behind, the whole decorated with blossoms of the tuberose. Taken as a whole, she was the last woman in all Spain you would have picked out as a star danseuse.

I looked at Mateo in surprise, but his expression was too earnest and his admiration too sincere. He evidently did not agree with me in my estimate of La Tonta. He laid his hand upon my knee, and said, "Wait!"

At this instant a stout gypsy in his shirt sleeves, who had been beating time with his cane, and who appeared to be master of ceremonies, cleared the floor, pressing everybody back against the wall.

La Tonta stood surveying herself in the mirror which hung over the mantel. She nodded to Mateo, and began rolling up her soiled calico sleeves quite to her shoulders, revealing a thin, although well-proportioned and not altogether unattractive pair of arms. She then stripped the cheap tinsel bracelets from her wrists, and hid them in her bosom.

As the music increased in volume, she shut her eyes and stretched out her long arms as a panther sometimes does; then lifted them above her head, and instantly they fell into the rhythm of the music. Her feet now began to move, and a peculiar swaying motion started as if from her heels, ran up through her limbs, back, and neck, undulated through her long arms, and lost itself in her finger-tips.

This was repeated again and again, each movement increasing in intensity; her eyes flashing with a light rare even in a Spanish gypsy. She stamped her feet, swayed her body backward and forward, almost touched the floor with her hair, and then suddenly rushed forward, appealing to you with her outstretched arms.

The music seemed to possess her like a spell. She

became grace itself, her movements sylphlike — and, if you will believe it, positively beautiful. As the music quickened, her gestures became more violent; as it died away, you could hardly believe she moved — and she did not, except the slight shuffling of her feet, which kept up the spell within her.

The effect on the audience was startling. Men rose to their feet, bending forward and watching her every motion. The women clapped their hands, encouraging her with cries of "Ollé! ollé! Bravo, La Tonta!"

Suddenly the music ceased, and La Tonta stood perfectly still. Her eyes opened, her arms fell limp beside her, her back straightened, and she awoke as if from a trance. Giving a quick glance around, she gathered her skirts in her hand, and limped rather than walked through the hall and out into the side room, if anything more awkward than when she had entered.

The applause was long-continued and genuine. I certainly did my share of it. The look of supreme satisfaction which came over the face of my aguador as he watched my admiration was not the least part of my enjoyment. But the dance was over, and we all crowded to the street.

A RUSSIAN SLEIGH RIDE

By Théophile Gautier

IT was decided that I should go to Troïtza, and the Russian friend who had graciously undertaken to be my guide busied himself in preparations for our departure. He engaged a kibitka, and sent forward a relay of horses to await us on the road; for, by starting early, the distance can be accomplished in a half day, and one arrives early enough to get a general idea of the buildings and the location. It was enjoined upon me to rise at three o'clock in the morning.

A habit of traveling gives the faculty of waking at the precise minute, without need of a persistently tintinnabulating alarm-clock. So I was on foot and ready, having fortified myself with a slice of meat and a glass of very hot tea (in Moscow, a most excellent beverage), when the kibitka drew up before the hotel door.

In trying to see through the double windows what sort of weather it was, I made the observation that the thermometer within doors registered 66° above zero, and the thermometer without, 37° below. A little wind, which had cooled itself upon the ice fields of the pole, had been blowing through the night, and had brought on this glacial relapse.

Thirty-seven degrees below zero is certainly enough to give a shiver to the least sensitive natures; happily I had already undergone all the rigors of a Russian winter and had grown accustomed to these temperatures, made for white bears and the reindeer. Still, as I was to remain nearly all day in the open air, I attired myself accordingly; two shirts, two waistcoats, two pairs of trousers, enough to clothe from head to foot a second mortal; upon my feet, woolen socks, and boots of white felt enclosed in other furred boots coming above the knee; on my head, a cap of beaver's back, warmly padded; for gloves, Samoyed mittens, the thumb alone articulated; and outside of all an enormous fur pelisse, the collar raised in the back as high as the top of the head, in order to defend the nape of the neck, and fastening in front with hooks, in order to defend the face. In addition, a long strip of knitted wool, wound five or six times around my torso, like a string tied with many knots around a bundle, to prevent any hiatus in the pelisse through which the air might effect an entrance. Thus arrayed, I resembled an ambulatory sentry box, and, in the warm air of my room, these superimposed garments seemed immensely heavy, and quite overwhelmed me with their weight; no sooner did I find myself in the outside air than they appeared as light as a suit of Chinese grass cloth.

The kibitka was waiting, and the impatient horses were holding down their heads, shaking their long manes, and biting at the snow. A few words of description concerning my vehicle: the kibitka is a sort of box, which resembles a cabin quite as much as a carriage

placed upon the frame of a sledge. It has a door and a window, which you must not think of closing, for the vapor of the breath condensed upon the glass would change to ice, and you would find yourself thus deprived of air, and plunged into a kind of white darkness.

We arranged ourselves as best we could within the kibitka, packed like sardines in a box, for, though there were only three of us, the quantity of garments with which we were loaded made us take up the room of six; as an additional precaution, they threw over our knees traveling rugs and a bear skin, and we set off.

It was perhaps four in the morning. In the blue-black sky the stars throbbed with vivid scintillation and that keen light which indicates intensity of cold; and snow, under the steel runners of the kibitka, emitted a sound like that made by a diamond scratching on glass. Furthermore, there was not a breath of air stirring; you would have said that the very wind was congealed. It would have been possible to walk with a lighted candle in the hand, without the flame's flickering! It is extraordinary how wind adds to the severity of the temperature; it changes inert cold to active cold, and converts particles of ice into the steel points of arrows! It was, in a word, what at Moscow, towards the end of January, would be called "fine weather."

The Russian coachman delights in going fast, and it is a taste which his horses share with him. It is needful to moderate rather than excite them. They always start off at full speed, and a person who is not accustomed to this vertiginous rapidity would be sure to think that the team was running away. Ours did not

prove derelict in this respect, and galloped madly through the silent and solitary streets of Moscow, faintly lighted by reflections from the snow, in default of the dying light of frozen street lamps. Houses, churches, public buildings went by rapidly on the right and left, with their somber outlines oddly broken or relieved by white touches, for no darkness can quite extinguish the silvery shining of the snow. Sometimes, cupolas of chapels, seen for an instant in passing, had the effect of helmets of giants, rising over the rampart of a fancied fortress; the silence was broken only by the night watch, who walked with regular step, letting their iron-shod staves drag behind them on the pavement, in testimony to their fidelity.

At the pace we were going, extensive as is the city of Moscow, we were soon outside its limits, and to the street succeeded the road. The houses disappeared, and on either side the country stretched away, vague and white under the nocturnal sky. There is a strange and odd sensation in thus traversing at full speed this colorless, limitless landscape, wrapped in its monotonous whiteness, resembling a lunar plain, men and beasts asleep around you, and not another sound to be heard besides the tramp of horses and the cut of the runners upon the snow. You might believe yourself on an uninhabited globe.

As we thus galloped along, our conversation happened — by one of those secret transitions which Edgar Poe's August Dupin so well knew how to explain, and which sometimes elicit remarks that seem abrupt even to rudeness to the auditor who has not the secret of them —

upon whom? upon what? You would guess in vain a thousand times — upon Robinson Crusoe! What circumstance could possibly have called up in my brain the idea of Robinson on the road from Moscow to Troïtza, between five and six in the morning, with the thermometer at 35° below zero, not at all suggestive of the climate of that island of Juan Fernandez, in which Defoe's hero passed so many long and solitary years! A peasant's isba, built of logs, outlined for an instant at the roadside, awakened in me a confused recollection of the house made of trunks of trees which Robinson Crusoe constructed at the entrance of his grotto; this fugitive idea, however, was just disappearing without becoming attached in any perceptible way to the present situation, when the *snow*, at which I was unconsciously looking, imperiously recalled the image of Robinson, at that moment vanishing away in the cloud of idle reveries. Toward the end of the book, after his deliverance and return to civilized life, Robinson Crusoe made long journeys, and, traversing with his little caravan the *snow*-covered plains of Siberia, is attacked by a troop of wolves, who put his flesh in as much danger as did formerly the anthropophagi who landed upon his island.

Thus the idea of Robinson Crusoe came to me, in accordance with a logical sequence, secret but easily deduced by an attentive mind. Thence to pass to a possible apparition of wolves upon the road was inevitable. So the conversation turned of itself toward this subject, somewhat exciting in the midst of a vast snowy solitude, spotted here and there with russet patches indicating forests of pine and birch. Most shocking

stories of travelers assailed and devoured by wolves were related; and at last, by way of climax, I repeated a legend which Balzac once told me with that enormous gravity with which he always uttered a joke. It was the story of a Lithuanian seigneur and his wife, going from their château to another, where a ball was to be given. Lying in ambush at the edge of the road, a pack of wolves awaited the carriage. The horses, pushed to the utmost by the coachman, and by the terror which these fearful beasts inspired, broke into a mad gallop, followed by all the pack, whose eyes gleamed like burning coals in the moving shadow of the carriage. The seigneur and the lady, more dead than alive, crouched each in a corner, motionless with terror, fancied that they heard confusedly behind them groans and panting breath and snapping jaws; at last the château is reached, and the gate, closing after them, cuts a few wolves in two! The coachman stopped under the marquise, and as no one got down to open the carriage door, they went to look, and there were the skeletons of the two lackeys, picked perfectly clean, still standing and holding on to the carriage in the correct position. "Voilà des domestiques bien dressés," Balzac added, "et comme on n'en trouve plus en France!" (Such perfectly trained servants! There are none to be found in France nowadays.)

We had our laugh, but for all that, nobody could be sure but that one wolf, or many — famished as they are at this time in the winter — might take a fancy to give us a chase. We had no weapons, and our only safety would have been the speed of our horses or the

neighborhood of some farmhouse. This would have been no joke; but, as I said, we had our laugh, and laughing drives anxiety away; besides daylight was beginning to appear — daylight, which scatters chimeras and sends wild beasts to their lair. It is needless to add that we did not see the tail of even the smallest wolf.

The night had been radiant with stars, but, toward morning, fogs had arisen from the horizon, and the Muscovite Aurora came forth, pallid and black about the eyes, in the wan light. Perhaps she had a red nose, but Homer's epithet, "the rosy-fingered," applied to the Greek Aurora, would not have been suited to her at all. However, her light sufficed to show, in all its extent, the landscape — melancholy, yet not without grandeur — which spread out around us.

It may be suggested that my descriptions resemble one another; but monotony is a characteristic of the Russian landscape, at least so far as I am familiar with it. It consists of immense plains, slightly undulating, where you find no other mountains than the hillocks on which are built the Kremlins of Moscow and of Nijni-Novgorod, not higher than Montmartre. The snow covering this ill-defined landscape for four or five months of the year adds yet more to the uniformity of its aspect, by filling up hollows in the ground and beds of water courses, together with the valleys which they excavate. All that you see for hundreds of leagues is an endless white covering, slightly raised here and there by inequalities in the concealed soil, and according to the obliquity of the sun's rays, streaked at times with rosy lights and bluish shadows. When, however,

the sky has its ordinary tint — that is to say, a leaden gray — the general color is a lusterless white, or, more correctly, a dead white. At distances more or less remote from each other, lines of reddish brushwood, half emerging from the snow, cut the broad, white expanse. Scattered birches and pines fleck the landscape with dark spots here and there; and posts, like those for telegraph wires, mark out the road, often buried by driving snowstorms. Along the wayside, log houses, the chinks stuffed with moss, the rafters of the roof crossing each other and making on top a kind of X, bring their sharp peaks into line, and on the edge of the horizon is sketched the low outline of some distant village, overtopped by a church with its bulbous cupolas. Not a living thing, save flocks of crows and rooks, and sometimes a mujik on his sledge drawn by shaggy little horses, hauling wood or some other necessary supplies, to a dwelling far in the country. Such is the picture reproduced to satiety, and which renews itself around you as you advance, like the horizon at sea, ever renewed yet the same, as the vessel moves forward. Any picturesque effect is rare, and yet one never tires of looking out into this vast expanse, which inspires a vague melancholy, like all things that are great, silent, and solitary. Sometimes, in spite of the velocity of the horses, you feel as if you must be standing still.

We reached the relay, whose Russian name I forget. It was a wooden house with a courtyard full of telegas and sledges, poor-looking vehicles. In the low hall, mujiks in greasy touloupes, the beard blonde, the face

red, and lighted by eyes of a polar blue, were grouped around a copper urn, drinking tea, while others lay asleep upon benches near the stove. A few, still more susceptible to cold, were lying on the stove itself.

They conducted us into quite a high room, the walls and ceiling all of plank, like a pine box seen from within. It was lighted by a small double window, and had no other ornament than a picture of the Virgin, whose aureole and garments of stamped metal gleamed in the light of the lamp which was burning before it. These mysteriously embrowned faces, seen through apertures in their gold or silver shell, have much character, and command veneration more than paintings preferable from an artistic point of view could do. There is no hovel so poor that it does not possess one of these sacred pictures, before which no one passes without uncovering the head, and before which they often kneel in adoration.

A soft, hothouse temperature reigned in this room and rendered it comfortable, poorly furnished though it was. We laid aside our pelisses and heavy wrappings, and, with provisions which we had brought with us from Moscow, together with "caravan tea" steeped in the samovar of the tavern, we made our breakfast. After which, resuming our heavy armor against the arrows of winter, we installed ourselves once more in our kibitka, ready to brave gayly the severities of the cold.

CHRISTMAS ON THE NILE

By Charles Dudley Warner

CHRISTMAS Day opens warm and with an air of festivity. Great palm-branches are planted along the bank and form an arbor over the gangplank. The cabin is set with them, in gothic arches over windows and doors, with yellow oranges at the apex. The forward and saloon decks are completely embowered in palms, which also run up the masts and spars. The crew have entered with zeal into the decoration, and in the early morning transformed the boat into a floating bower of greenery; the effect is Oriental, but it is difficult to believe that this is really Christmas day. The weather is not right, for one thing. It is singularly pleasant, in fact like summer. We miss the usual snow and ice and the hurtling of savage winds that bring suffering to the poor and make charity meritorious. Besides the Moslems are celebrating the day for us and, I fear, regarding it simply as an occasion of backsheesh. The sailors are very quick to understand so much of our religion as is profitable to themselves.

In such weather as this it would be possible for "shepherds to watch their flocks by night."

Early in the day we have a visit from Wasef el Khyat, the American consul here for many years, a Copt and a native of Asioot, who speaks only Arabic; he is accom-

panied by one of his sons, who was educated at the American college in Beyrout. So far does that excellent institution send its light; scattered rays to be sure; but it is from it and such schools that the East is getting the real impetus of civilization. I do not know what the consul at Asioot does for America, but our flag is of great service to him, protecting his property from the exactions of his own government. Wasef is consequently very polite to all Americans, and while he sipped coffee and puffed cigars in our cabin he smiled unutterable things. This is the pleasantest kind of intercourse in a warm climate, where a puff and an occasional smile will pass for profuse expressions of social enjoyment.

His excellency Shakirr Pasha, the governor of this large and rich province, has sent word that he is about to put carriages and donkeys at our disposal, but this probably meant that the consul would do it; and the consul has done it. The carriage awaits us on the bank. It is a high, paneled, venerable ark, that moves with trembling dignity; and we choose the donkeys as less pretentious and less liable to come to pieces. This is no doubt the only carriage between Cairo and Khartoum, and its appearance is regarded as an event.

Our first visit is paid to the Pasha, who has been only a few days in his province, and has not yet transferred his harem from Cairo. We are received with distinguished ceremony, to the lively satisfaction of Abd-el-Atti, whose face beams like the morning, in bringing together such "distinguish" people as his friend the Pasha and travelers in his charge. The Pasha is a

courtly Turk, of most elegant manners, and the simplicity of high breeding, a man of the world and one of the ablest governors in Egypt. The room into which we are ushered, through a dirty alley and a mud-wall court, is hardly in keeping with the social stilts on which we are all walking. In our own less favored land, it would answer very well for a shed or an outhouse to store beans in, or for a "reception room" for sheep; a narrow oblong apartment, covered with a flat roof of palm logs, with a couple of dirty little windows high up, the once whitewashed walls stained variously, the cheap divans soiled.

The hospitality of this gorgeous *salon* was offered us with effusion, and we sat down and exchanged compliments as if we had been in a palace. I am convinced that there is nothing like the Oriental imagination. An attendant (and the servants were in keeping with the premises) brought in *fingans* of coffee. The servant presents the cup in his right hand, holding the bottom of the silver receptacle in his thumb and finger; he takes it away empty with both hands, placing the left under and the right on top of it. These formalities are universal and all-important. Before taking it you ought to make the salutation, by touching breast, lips, and forehead, with the right hand — an acknowledgment not to the servant but to the master. Cigars are then handed around, for it is getting to be considered on the Nile that cigars are more "swell" than pipes; more 's the pity.

The exchange of compliments meantime went on, and on the part of the Pasha with a fineness, adroitness,

and readiness that showed the practice of a lifetime in social fence. He surpassed our most daring invention with a smiling ease, and topped all our extravagances with an art that made our poor efforts appear clumsy. And what the effect would have been if we could have understood the flowery Arabic I can only guess; nor can we ever know how many flowers of his own the dragoman cast in.

"His excellency say that he feel the honor of your visit."

"Say to his excellency that although we are only spending one day in his beautiful capital, we could not forego the pleasure of paying our respects to his excellency." This sentence is built by the critic, and strikes us all favorably.

"His excellency himself not been here many days, and sorry he not know you coming, to make some preparations to receive you."

"Thank his excellency for the palms that decorate our boat."

"They are nothing, nothing, he say not mention it; the dahabeah look very different now if the Nile last summer had not wash away all his flower garden. His excellency say, how you enjoyed your voyage?"

"It has been very pleasant; only for a day or two we have wanted wind."

"Your misfortune, his excellency say, his pleasure; it give him the opportunity of your society. But he say if you want wind he sorry no wind; it cause him to suffer that you not come here sooner."

"Will his excellency dine with us to-day?"

"He say he think it too much honor."

"Assure his excellency that we feel that the honor is conferred by him."

And he consents to come. After we have taken our leave, the invitation is extended to the consul, who is riding with us.

The way to the town is along a winding, shabby embankment, raised above high water, and shaded with sycamore trees. It is lively with people on foot and on donkeys, in more colored and richer dress than that worn by country people; the fields are green, the clover is springing luxuriantly, and spite of the wrecks of unburned-brick houses, left gaping by the last flood, and spite of the general untidiness of everything, the ride is enjoyable. I don't know why it is that an irrigated country never is pleasing on close inspection, neither is an irrigated garden. Both need to be seen from a little distance, which conceals the rawness of the alternately dry and soaked soil, the frequent thinness of vegetation, the unkempt swampy appearance of the lowest levels, and the painful whiteness of paths never wet and the dustiness of trees unwashed by rain. There is no Egyptian landscape or village that is neat, on near inspection.

Asioot has a better entrance than most towns, through an old gateway into the square (which is the court of the palace); and the town has extensive bazars and some large dwellings. But as we ride through it, we are always hemmed in by mud walls, twisting through narrow alleys, encountering dirt and poverty at every step. We pass through the quarter of the

Ghawāzees, who, since their banishment from Cairo, form little colonies in all the large Nile towns. There are the dancing women whom travelers are so desirous of seeing; the finest-looking women and the most abandoned courtesans, says Mr. Lane, in Egypt. In showy dresses of bright yellow and red, adorned with a profusion of silver-gilt necklaces, earrings, and bracelets, they sit at the doors of their hovels in idle expectation. If these happen to be the finest-looking women in Egypt, the others are wise in keeping their veils on.

Outside the town we find a very pretty cemetery of the Egyptian style, staring white tombs, each dead person resting under his own private little stucco oven. Near it is encamped a caravan just in from Darfoor, bringing cinnamon, gum arabic, tusks, and ostrich feathers. The camels are worn with the journey; their drivers have a fierce and free air in striking contrast with the bearing of the fellaheen. Their noses are straight, their black hair is long and shaggy, their garment is a single piece of coarse brown cloth; they have the wildness of the desert.

The soft limestone ledge back of the town is honeycombed with grottoes and tombs rising in tiers from the bottom to the top. Some of them have merely square-cut entrances into a chamber of moderate size, in some part of which, or in a passage beyond, is a pit cut ten or twenty feet deep in the rock, like a grave, for the mummy. One of them has a magnificent entrance through a doorway over thirty feet high and fifteen deep; upon the jambs are gigantic figures cut in the rock. Some of the chambers are vast and were once

pillared, and may have served for dwellings. These excavations are very old. The hieroglyphics and figures on the walls are not in relief on the stone, but cut in at the outer edge and left in a gradual swell in the center — an *intaglio relievato*. The drawing is generally spirited, and the figures show knowledge of form and artistic skill. It is wonderful that such purely conventional figures, the head almost always in profile and the shoulders square to the front, can be so expressive. On one wall is a body of infantry marching, with the long pointed shields mentioned by Xenophon in describing Egyptian troops. Everywhere are birds, gracefully drawn and true to species, and upon some of them the blue color is fresh. A ceiling of one grotto is wrought in ornamental squares — a "Greek pattern," executed long before the time of the Greeks. Here we find two figures with the full face turned towards us, instead of the usual profile.

These tombs have served for a variety of purposes. As long as the original occupants rested here, no doubt their friends came and feasted and were mournfully merry in these sightly chambers overlooking the Nile. Long after they were turned out, Christian hermits nested in them, during that extraordinary period of superstition when men thought they could best secure their salvation by living like wild beasts in the deserts of Africa. Here one John of Lycopolis had his den, in which he stayed fifty years, without ever opening the door or seeing the face of a woman. At least, he enjoyed that reputation. Later, persecuted Christians dwelt in these tombs, and after them have come wan-

derers, and jackals, and houseless Arabs. I think I should rather live here than in Asioot; the tombs are cleaner and better built than the houses of the town, and there is good air here and no danger of floods.

When we are on top of the bluff, the desert in broken ridges is behind us. The view is one of the best of the usual views from hills near the Nile, the elements of which are similar; the spectator has Egypt in all its variety at his feet. The valley here is broad, and we look a long distance up and down the river. The Nile twists and turns in its bed like one of the chimerical serpents sculptured in the chambers of the dead; canals wander from it through the plain; and groves of palms and lines of sycamores contrast their green with that of the fields. All this level expanse is now covered with wheat, barley, and thick clover, and the green has a vividness that we have never seen in vegetation before. This owes somewhat to the brown contrast near at hand and something maybe to the atmosphere, but I think the growing grain has a luster unknown to other lands. This smiling picture is inclosed by the savage frame of the desert, gaunt ridges of rocky hills, drifts of stones, and yellow sand that sends its hot tongues in long darts into the plain. At the foot of the mountain lies Asioot, brown as the mud of the Nile, a city built of sun-dried bricks, but presenting a singular and not unpleasing appearance on account of the dozen white stone minarets, some of them worked like lace, which spring out of it.

The consul's home is one of the best in the city, but outside it shows only a mud wall like the meanest.

Within is a paved court, and offices about it; the rooms above are large, many-windowed, darkened with blinds, and not unlike those of a plain house in America. The furniture is European mainly, and ugly, and of course out of place in Africa. We see only the male members of the family. Confectionery and coffee are served and some champagne that must have been made by the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company; their champagne is well known in the Levant, and there is no known decoction that is like it. In my judgment, if it is proposed to introduce Christianity and that kind of wine into Egypt, the country would better be left as it is.

During our call the consul presents us fly whisks with ivory handles, and gives the ladies beautiful fans of ostrich feathers mounted in ivory. These presents may have been due to a broad hint from the Pasha, who said to the consul at our interview in the morning: —

"I should not like to have these distinguished strangers go away without some remembrance of Asioot. I have not been here long; what is there to get for them?"

"O, your excellency, I will attend to that," said the consul.

In the evening, with the dahabeah beautifully decorated and hung with colored lanterns, upon the deck, which, shut in with canvas and spread with Turkish rugs, was a fine reception room, we awaited our guests, as if we had been accustomed to this sort of thing in America from our infancy, and as if we usually celebrated Christmas outdoors, fans in hand, with fireworks. A stand for the exhibition of fireworks had

been erected on shore. The Pasha was received, as he stepped on board, with three rockets, (that being, I suppose, the number of his official "tails,") which flew up into the sky and scattered their bursting bombs of color amid the stars, announcing to the English dahabeahs, the two steamboats, and the town of Asioot, that the governor of the richest province in Egypt was about to eat his dinner.

The dinner was one of those perfections that one likes to speak of only in confidential moments to dear friends. It wanted nothing either in number of courses or in variety, in meats, in confections, in pyramids of gorgeous construction, in fruits and flowers. There was something touching about the lamb roasted whole, reclining his head on his own shoulder. There was something tender about the turkey. There was a terrible moment when the plum pudding was borne in on fire, as if it had been a present from the devil himself. The Pasha regarded it with distrust, and declined, like a wise man, to eat flame. I fear that the English have fairly introduced this dreadful dish into the Orient, and that the natives have come to think that all foreigners are Molochs who can best be pleased by offering up to them its indigestible ball set on fire of H. It is a fearful spectacle to see this heathen people offering this incense to a foreign idol, in the subserviency which will sacrifice even religion to backsheesh.

The conversation during dinner is mostly an exchange of compliments, in the art of which the Pasha is a master, displaying in it a wit, a variety of resource, and a courtliness that make the game a very entertaining

one. The Arabic language gives full play to this sort of social *espiéglerie*, and lends a delicacy to encounters of compliment which the English language does not admit.

Coffee and pipes are served on deck, and the fireworks begin to tear and astonish the night. The Khedive certainly employs very good pyrotechnists, and the display by Abd-el-Atti and his equally excited helpers, although simple, is brilliant. The intense delight that the soaring and bursting of a rocket give to Abd-el-Atti is expressed in unconscious and unrestrained demonstration. He might be himself in flames, but he would watch the flight of the rushing stream of fire jumping up and down in his anxiety for it to burst: —

"There! there! that 's-a he, hooray!"

Every time one bursts, scattering its colored stars, the crew, led by the dragoman, cheer.

"Heep, heep, hooray! heep, heep, hooray!"

A whirligig spins upon the river, spouting balls of fire, and the crew come in with a "Heep, heep, hooray! heep, heep, hooray!"

The steamer, which has a Belgian prince on board, illuminates, and salutes with shotguns. In the midst of a fusillade of rockets and Roman candles, the crew develop a new accomplishment. Drilled by the indomitable master of ceremonies, they attempt the first line of that distinctively American melody,

"We won't go home till morning."

They really catch the air, and make a bubble, bubble of sounds, like automata, that somewhat resembles

the words. Probably they think that it is our national anthem, or perhaps a Christmas hymn. No doubt "won't-go-home-till-morning" sort of Americans have been up the river before us.

The show is not over when the Pasha pleads an engagement to take a cup of tea with the Belgian prince, and asks permission to retire. He expresses his anguish at leaving us, and he will not depart if we say "no." Of course, our anguish in letting the Pasha go exceeds his suffering in going, but we sacrifice ourselves to the demand of his station, and permit him to depart. At the foot of the cabin stairs he begs us to go no farther, insisting that we do him too much honor to come so far.

The soft night grows more brilliant. Abd-el-Atti and his minions are still blazing away. The consul declares that Asioot in all his life has never experienced a night like this. We express ourselves as humbly thankful in being the instruments of giving Asioot (which is asleep there two miles off) such an "eye-opener." (This remark has a finer sound when translated into Arabic.)

The spectacle closes by a voyage out upon the swift river in the sandal. We take roman candles, blue, red, and green lights and floaters which Abd-el-Atti lets off, while the crew hoarsely roar, "We won't go home till morning," and mingle "Heep, heep, hooray," with "Hā Yālēsah, hā Yālēsah."

The long range of lights on the steamers, the flashing lines and pyramids of colors on our own dahabeah, the soft June-like night, the moon coming up in fleecy clouds, the broad Nile sparkling under so many fires,

kindled on earth and in the sky, made a scene unique, and as beautiful as any that the Arabian Nights suggest.

To end all, there was a hubbub on shore among the crew, caused by one of them who was crazy with hashish, and threatened to murder the reïs and dragoman, if he was not permitted to go on board. It could be demonstrated that he was less likely to slay them if he did not come on board, and he was therefore sent to the governor's lock-up with a fair prospect of going into the Khedive's army. We left him behind, and about one o'clock in the morning stole away up the river with a gentle and growing breeze.

Net result of pleasure: — one man in jail, and Abd-el-Atti's wrist so seriously burned by the fireworks that he has no use of his arm for weeks. But, "'t was a glorious victory." For a Christmas, however, it was a little too much like the Fourth of July.

CAMPING OUT IN INDIA

By Samuel J. Barrows and Isabel C. Barrows

OWL'S HEAD, so often referred to in these pages, looked down on the cradle of the present writer, and Memphremagog was the first lake to mirror the skies before her. But circumstances in after years bade her exchange the Green Mountains for the Ghauts, and the frosty air of New England for the tropical climate of India. The new home was on the table-land of the Deccan where it sweeps gradually down to the fertile valley of the Godavery. It stood on the banks of a small river, tributary to that noble stream, amid acacia and tamarind trees and half hidden with roses and luxuriant vines. Here the days came and went swift as a weaver's shuttle, with little to break the monotony of study. At last it was proposed, one charming day in December, that we should go out touring; for that was the name given to the annual custom of going about from village to village, spending a few days in each, to visit schools and oversee the work of the native teachers.

As no provision for white visitors is made in Hindoo villages it is always necessary to go, like the snail, provided with a house. To the young enthusiastic girl of nineteen this seemed, as it proved, a delightfully romantic way of becoming intimately acquainted with

Eastern manners and customs, and the love of tent life then enkindled has never grown less.

It was approaching Christmas time, but the air was clear and dry. On the coldest nights the mercury never dropped below 56° Fahrenheit, and at noon it soared away among the nineties. There was no fear of rain or showers, for the wet season was over and the whole country was clad in the matchless verdure that the rains had left behind. The sugar-cane fields looked like miniature forests; the green wheat swayed in the soft air; the cotton was bursting its bolls and the peanut and sweet-potato vines wove a close fabric over the brown earth. The trees were in their most beautiful array and the gardens were smiling with plenty. What wonder that "touring" amid such tropical beauty looked fascinating in advance?

The tinkling of bells on the bullocks' necks in the "compound," or dooryard, announced that the preparations were almost complete. Good Mulkoo, the Hindoo cook, had packed everything necessary for the culinary department in a chest with strong handles and a good lock. This chest was to be his kitchen, chain-closet, storeroom, and sideboard for a month. Nothing was forgotten that could possibly be needed. There was first the folding tripod which was to serve as a cooking range; a nest of copper sauce pans freshly tinned by the traveling tinman; a "kujah," or porous water jar, dainty china for four persons; glass, silver, napkins, and tablecloths; a bottle of curry powder, small packages of sundry spices and condiments not easily obtained in the villages, and a supply of rice and

sugar. For fruit and vegetables we were to depend on the villagers' gardens; for milk on their buffaloes, from which sweet butter would every morning be made by churning in a leathern bottle; for flour on the village women, who grind it daily in their rude stone mills; for meat on the poultry yards of the natives, or on the unerring rifle of the head of the little camping party.

The cook's chest was lifted into the low two-wheeled cart. Beside it were placed a folding table, four folding chairs, two folding bamboo cots, a folding washstand, a wall tent, a marquee, and a bundle of matting and rugs. Another small chest contained linen, blankets, and thin hair pillows. This cart was intrusted to a coal-black driver, whose scarlet turban and snowy dress gave him a brilliant air.

The next cart to drive up was covered and upholstered, with the cushions arranged in such a way that at night, by a little shifting, the vehicle could be converted into a snug sleeping apartment, which two of the party were to occupy. Pockets and drawers and various hiding places furnished receptacles for books, stationery, toilet articles, and extra wraps. Both carts were drawn by small bullocks with a hump between their shoulders, well known in pictures as the "sacred cattle of India." They are trained to trot, and they jog along from four to six, rarely eight, miles an hour. They are driven by ropes and a ring through the nose, as the natives decline to pollute themselves by using leather reins on account of religious scruples. Little "Brownie," a gentle pony, ambled alongside, to be ridden in turn by the four as a change from the monot-

onous jar of the bullock cart, the full Turkish trousers of the neat taffeta gymnastic suits worn by the ladies enabling them to use the man's saddle not only with ease but enjoyment. It is less conspicuous for a woman to ride astride in India, after the fashion of the Hindoo and Mohammedan women. A woman on a side saddle would have been a seven days' wonder to them.

The native roads are mere paths among the fields, but the highways between the main villages are macadamized and kept in good repair. As far as the eyes can see, the country is covered with gardens and plantations, unbroken by fences or walls. Rarely a hedge interposes its green barrier, but the usual dividing lines are ridges of earth with small stones set up at intervals to mark the boundaries. On bits of grass land here and there shepherds are watching their flocks, and occasionally we come to a bit of wild land, as yet untamed by the hand of man, where we scare up a herd of tiny deer or a covey of birds. In the gardens, boys, standing on high scaffolds, are guarding the growing crops or frightening away marauding birds with stones from a sling. It is too early for the wheat harvest, but the farmers are beating out the earthen threshing floors and preparing the great jars — large enough for Ali Baba's Forty Thieves — which serve as granaries for the barley, millet, and wheat which will soon be ready for the sickle. Only when it is ready the people will pull the grain all up by the roots instead of using a knife or sickle.

The first obstacle in the road is a small river, which we are to cross in a government ferryboat, an unwieldy craft of such proportions that it can come only within

ten feet of either shore. We must drive down the bank and into the river, and then up inclined planks to the deck, and down into the river on the other side before we can effect a landing. Many streams flow through this part of the country on their way to the beautiful Godavery, and twice more we are compelled to cross them. On both occasions the rivers are so high that the carts must be sent round to shallower fords while we, to save the extra drive, are put directly across. The first time we make the passage on the shoulders of two men, who lay their arms about each other's necks thus making a seat for us, while with the disengaged hands they hold our feet high out of the surging, roaring torrent which sweeps up to their naked breasts and seems ready to engulf us as we attempt to cross. Vainly we try to clutch their smooth-shaven, well-oiled heads; their ears are the only projection to which we can cling. The next time we cross with less anxiety but without dry feet. The native ferryboats at this ford are of two kinds; one, a sort of coracle, or tub, made of leather stretched over a bamboo frame, and which rides the water in a very ticklish fashion; the other, a skeleton of wood buoyed at the four corners by large empty water jars tightly bound to it by strips of bark, and by a lot of dry gourds, wrapped in a net and lashed to the lower part of the frame. Two of us at a time take the rude seat on this ruder raft and are propelled across the wide river by several men with gourds tied about their necks, and who half swim and half walk the water, steering with awkward paddles as they push us safely across.

We are not sorry when, before the day closes, we pause in a beautiful mango grove where our tents are to be pitched. The marquee is pitched under the sheltering arm of a banyan tree, which stretches out seventy feet horizontally, supported at various points by the aërial roots that it has sent down to the earth and which, taking firm hold, have grown to be tiny trunks. The tree has scores of these little trunks, so that it is a grove in itself.

It is the work of but a few minutes to select the exact site of the sleeping tent, roll away the small stones, beat the ground to kill or drive away snakes, scorpions, or centipedes, burn it over to kill smaller pests, sprinkle it to lay dust and smoke, and spread over it the matting and rugs on which we are to tread, if the white ants do not devour the matting before morning.

The tent is 12 x 12, with high walls, a fly, a door, and two windows. It is double throughout, white without and crimson within. Our furniture is unfolded and set in place, and in less time than it takes to describe it a charming room is ready for our occupancy. The monkeys in the grove, the parrots overhead, and the innumerable black crows above, below, and everywhere scold us for breaking in upon their domain, but what care we? We sit in our tent door, like the patriarchs of old, and watch our faithful Mulkoo as he boils water over his tripod, sets up three stones against a tree and kindles a fire, over which as in Scripture time he "seethes a kid" and bakes unleavened cakes. From the neighboring village he brings delicious buffalo's milk, fresh eggs, mangoes, figs, grapes, and bananas, and in due

time we have a supper fit for the gods, — too good for the gods of wood and stone all about us.

The moon rises and shines down through the glossy mango and banyan leaves and lights up the little group of servants at their simple repast of bread and fruit, and here and there wakes a bird to a single note. The air is intoxicating with the tropical breath of night, but above all the union of sweets we perceive the refreshing perfume of orange flowers from the garden at our right. But we tear ourselves away from this enchantment, and drawing the mosquito bars over our door and windows retire for our first night under canvas, counting ourselves fortunate that the tent, rather than the cart, fell to our lot. The latter affords a more luxurious bed and is safer from serpents and smaller pests, but it shakes disagreeably in a wind, and one is often startled out of a sound sleep by a stray donkey or buffalo impertinently rubbing up against it.

Morning dawns as it never dawns anywhere but in tents, fresh and pure and radiant. We shake a scorpion out of a slipper where it has tented over night, barely escape treading on a six-inch centipede that is scurrying over the mat, and think no more of them than of a mouse or a squirrel in a New England camp. From the mud-walled village we can hear "the sound of the grinding" as the women turn the weary mills to grind meal for the daily bread, singing a low weird song as they work. The creak of the well is also in the air, where oxen are drawing up, by means of groaning pulleys, great skin buckets of water to irrigate the gardens and supply the houses in the village. We hurry out for a glimpse of

the morning and meet women in blue and scarlet and white returning from the well with water-pots upon their heads. Their faces are half-hidden by their veils, but we can see the gleam of dark eyes and the flash of ear and nose rings, and hear the tinkle of bangles on wrists and ankles.

In a tamarind grove not far away is a gray stone temple, beautifully carved, and with the stones so perfectly laid that one could not insert a penknife blade between them. Within we can see a hideous idol and a stone bull on which he is supposed to ride. Several early devotees are making offerings of rice and oil and garlands of jessamine flowers.

We wander on through a meadow where bright-hued balsams and day lilies grow wild. Along its edge lantanas, ten feet high, make natural hedges, and countless other flowers are scattered about, filling the air with sweetness. In the bed of an almost empty brook we find tall oleanders in great profusion, for they love to grow where hidden waters feed their roots. We pick great handfuls of the fragrant and exquisite blossoms and return to camp to add them as the finishing touch to Mulkoo's breakfast of curried chicken and sweet potatoes.

At ten o'clock our pundit, a high caste Brahmin, comes to give us our daily lesson. He is a handsome man, with light-brown skin, piercing black eyes, and well-cut features. He is dressed in spotless white flowing robes, a snowy turban on his shapely head. He is a delightful teacher and friend, this courtly Hindoo gentleman, Vishwanath. After wrestling for

some hours with the mysteries of this Eastern tongue we accept his invitation to visit with him the ruined palace of a former Hindoo prince.

The old palace is not far from our mango grove. It was built hundreds of years ago of polished stone. The door is deep set in a stone archway. Above it is a projecting front of woodwork, so thoroughly carved as to present an unknown mass of ornament. Leaves, flowers, fruit, chains, and many fantastic forms are wrought out of the wood in the greatest confusion and clustered together in an endless variety of combination. Like all of the best Hindoo houses it is built about an open court with a fountain in the center. Around this are galleries, the pillars supporting which are carved in the same elaborate style as the entrance. The palace is fast falling to decay. Common people dwell in the elegant galleries and stable their cattle in the spacious marble-paved area.

As we walk along the narrow streets of the village we notice that the people are all in gala dress. Even the horns of the cattle and goats are painted red and have tassels tied to them. This is in honor of a visit that a god from a neighboring village is to make to our idol under the tamarind tree. The visit is made at night. The ugly image comes wrapped in cloth of gold and priceless Cashmere shawls, carried in a gilded palanquin and followed by an immense procession of worshipers. The air quivers with the musical noise — it can hardly be called music — of scores of native instruments. Fireworks more beautiful than we ever dreamed of are burned in honor of the occasion, and

though we cannot share the people's enthusiasm at the advent of the god, we vie with them in enjoyment of the display.

Our afternoons are given up to visiting the schools. The schoolhouse is a low building open on one side to the weather, with a hard beaten earth floor on which the little urchins sit, and on which they are often caught playing jackstones when they ought to be learning their lessons. There are no girls among the scholars. The boys, entirely naked, or with a shirtlike frock, or only a waistcloth, but with plenty of ornaments and streaks of paint on their person, study aloud in a droning tone. But they recite with animation and show bright, quick intellects. The teachers are native, but they do not attempt to carry their pupils beyond the three R's.

So our camp life moves on without excitement and without adventure. Every few days we change our site, visit new villages, become better acquainted with the simple, kindly people and their strange mythology, and more interested in their language and their education.

We always strike our tents early in the morning and often walk from village to village, six or eight miles, leaving the carts to follow. At one of the largest villages by which we tented we were invited to visit the house of the headman, or Parteel, and we were nothing loath to see the inside of a high-caste Hindoo home, as foreigners are usually jealously excluded.

The house stood close on the street with no more imposing front than a high, smooth wall daubed with yellow wash, and with vermilion figures traced on the

threshold. The doorway of wood was handsomely carved, but otherwise there was no ornamentation.

On entering we found ourselves in a square courtyard, in the center of which a small fountain was playing into a dark stone basin, on whose borders a few plants were growing. Sundry goats and chickens wandering about the yard detracted from the neatness and beauty of the place. Around the court stood the dwelling. There were eight rooms, four in the first and four in the second story. This was a house where one who wished to throw stones could live in safety, for there was no glass about it, not even a single window pane. The rooms had each three walls, the fourth side being open toward the court. The upper story was guarded by a light lattice work running across the lower part of the room, with curtains above. The lower rooms could also be curtained off from the court. They were raised a step or two above the ground and the floors were of beaten earth.

We were ushered into the largest apartment, a reception room for the Parteel's guests. He received us cordially, though looking hard at our feet to see if we really intended to come in with our shoes on. We also looked admiringly at his well-shaped, bare, brown feet, but we were all silent on this subject. Here and there lay bright-colored Turkish and Indian rugs, which lighted up the room wonderfully. In vain did we cast our eyes about for anything else. The Parteel motioned us to a seat on a rug on a divan that followed the wall on two sides of the room, setting the example by deftly folding up his legs and making use of them as a chair.

In the twinkling of an eye we had each dropped in like manner upon a mat. What a forlorn home! No furniture, no pictures, no art treasures, no books, worse than all no womanly presence making itself felt as a benediction.

But the quick fire of Hindoo questions, unsurpassed by any Yankee's, left no time for reflection. What might our names be, how old were we, were we married, had we children and how many (always excepting the girls, who do not count to a Hindoo mind), and did we come in a ship, and what was a ship like, and what kept it from sinking, and was it true that we could walk on water in our land (ice), etc., etc., almost without end, with occasionally an exclamation at the description of new wonders and especially at learning that we do not *always* do as our grandfathers did before us.

We modestly expressed a desire to see his wife and children. The Parteel acquiesced and withdrew, not to appear again, for it would be against all custom for husband and wife to appear together. Soon the hanging was drawn timidly aside and in slipped several women wearing their graceful drapery as only Hindoo women can, and two or three little children, the youngest riding astride her mother's hip, after the usual way of carrying babies. At first as we looked at these timid women we saw only the draped form and one eye, shining at an unknown depth of snow-white folds. By and by the veil fell lower and the whole face was visible. They belonged to the Parteel's household — two or three were his wives, the others relatives. After them came a group of women,

neighbors drawn thither by the reported visit. All seated themselves on the rugs. Many were dressed entirely in white, except the brilliant border of colored silk which is woven into the fabric. The manner of dress is alike for all. It consists of two pieces of apparel — a small, close-fitting jacket next the skin, low in the neck, short-sleeved and open in front; then a strip of cloth from eight to ten yards long and about a yard wide, which is wound about the body several times, a little looseness being given by laying a plait on one side, and the end brought around the shoulders and head so that the wearer is completely concealed, if she please, this one article serving as skirt, bodice, mantle, and veil, without the use of hook, button, or pin. It may be of any color, but indigo blue is the prevailing tint. The wealthy wear white. Beneath this dress the tiny feet steal out loaded with silver toe rings, anklets, and jingling chains. The arms are covered with bangles, the fingers with rings, the neck with necklaces innumerable, from the tiny circlet about the throat to the heavy chain that rests on the swelling bosom. The ears are sometimes pierced in eight or ten places, each with an ornament thrust through; the nostrils are also pierced and disfigured with ornaments; the long, shining braids have coins tied here and there among them; upon the forehead rests a semicircle of flat ornaments, held in place by a chain, and in the center of the brow a bright spot of paint indicates that they are idol worshipers. If married — as they probably were while little more than infants — a string of tiny black beads is tied closely about the throat. This

corresponds to the European's wedding ring, and is never voluntarily removed till widowhood. The eyebrows are stained with India ink; the nails are dyed scarlet and the teeth frequently painted black.

Such was the dress of the women before us, with the exception of one, who, in a dark garment with no visible ornament, sat apart in a corner. We asked if she were in sorrow, and were told that she was in deep grief because she was childless. "And that," added one naïvely, "is not only a sorrow, but a great disgrace."

Like simple children they studied our dress, shoes, stockings, gloves, hats, and handkerchiefs with great curiosity, — a curiosity equal to our own, which however, was better repressed. At times they exchanged among themselves glances of surprise and sometimes of contempt. Of course none of them could read. The Parteel himself laid claim to no such accomplishment. There is always a village scribe who can be called on to attend to matters of the pen.

Again with a slight rustle the curtain swung aside and a servant appeared, bearing a polished waiter covered with shining green leaves, a little lime, cardamom seeds, cloves, mace, and broken betel nuts. Refreshments for the eye and nose, we thought. We were doomed to be undeceived. While we wondered and watched one of the women took a leaf in her hand, placed on it a trifle of mace, a little lime, a dozen cardamom seeds and a bit of betel nut; folded it up to about the size of a hazel nut, pinned it with several cloves, and placed it in my fingers.

"What is it?" I very innocently asked.

"Pan supari," she replied.

I looked very wise but continued to hold it, noticing at the same time that my companion had been also treated to one.

"Eat it," urged my Hindoo hostess.

Now I have a horror of cloves acquired when a child from an old woman giving me a sugar-coated one in church to keep me still; and the thought of three cloves at once was enough to appall me, to say nothing of the hitherto untasted lime and other ingredients. But knowing something of Eastern ideas of hospitality, I feigned to obey by nibbling carefully around one of the cloves.

"Not so, eat it all and it will be sweet to your taste," cried the little lady, and speaking in real earnest, for this is their most highly prized "goody."

I began to mutter something about its size when a chorus of voices around me cried, "Eat, eat, or you are not our friend."

With a heroic effort I thrust the unwelcome bite into my mouth and closed my lips. At first the taste was not disagreeable. In another moment mouth and throat were converted into a burning furnace, it was so pungent and hot. The Hindoos from courtesy, and from fear of breaking caste by eating with foreigners, refrained from eating themselves. Turning to my friend, whom they had been "hospitably entreating" after the same fashion, I was startled to see her lips look as though bathed in blood.

"Do I look so too?" I exclaimed in horror. Yes,

lips, tongue, and teeth were all of the brightest scarlet, and likely to remain so for a day or two.

The women were delighted. They clapped their hands, pointed to our lips, and said, "Now you are our friends indeed."

That closed the reception, and as we said adieu we were each presented with a cocoanut fresh picked from the trees in the garden. We were glad to shake the dust of the village off from our feet and cool our mouths with the delicious fruit.

Then we wandered on between grain fields and gardens, resting now and then by a well, till we could see our tent under the lovely tamarind trees that seemed to be nodding their well-shaped boughs in welcome. The feathery leaves were fairly dancing in the light of the setting sun, save those that the shadows had already touched, which were folded face to face and would soon be sleeping like the birds among them.

A NOVICE IN THE WOODS OF CEYLON

By Sir Samuel W. Baker

THERE are oysters in Ceylon; but here, alas! is a sad falling off in the comparison with our well-remembered "native." Instead of the neat little shell of the English oyster, the Ceylon species is a shapeless, twisted, knotty, rocky-looking creature, such as a legitimate oyster would be in a fit of the cramp or convulsions. In fact, there is no vestige of the true breed about it, and the want of flavor equals its miserable exterior.

There are few positions more tantalizing to a hungry man than being surrounded by oysters, without a knife. An oyster is an obstinate and perverse wretch that will not accommodate itself to man's appetite, and it requires a forcible attack to vanquish it; so that every one eaten is an individual murder in which the cold steel has been plunged into its vitals, and the animal finds itself swallowed before it has quite made up its mind that it has been opened. But take away the knife, and see how vain is the attempt to force the stronghold. How utterly useless is the oyster; you may turn it over and over and look for a weak place, but there is no admittance; you may knock it with a stone, but the knock will be un-

answered. How would you open such a creature without a knife?

This was one of the many things that had never occurred to me, until one day, when I found myself with some three or four friends and a few boatmen on a little island, or rather a rock, about a mile from the shore. This rock was rich in the spasmodic kind of oyster, large detached masses of which lay just beneath the water, in lumps of some hundredweight each, which had been formed by the oysters clustering and adhering together. It so happened that our party were unanimous in the love of these creatures, and we accordingly exerted ourselves to roll out of the water a large mass; which, having accomplished, we discovered, to our dismay, that nothing but one penknife was possessed among us. This we knew was a useless weapon against such armor; however, in our endeavors to perform impossibilities, we tickled the oyster and broke the knife. After gazing for some time in blank despair at our useless prize, a bright thought struck one of the party, and drawing his ramrod, he began to screw it into the weakest part of an oyster; this, however, was proof, and the ramrod broke.

Stupid enough it may appear, but it was full a quarter of an hour before any of us thought of a successful plan of attack. I noticed a lot of drift timber scattered upon the island, and then the right idea was hit. We gathered the wood which was bleached and dry, and we piled it a few feet to windward of the mass of oysters. Striking a light with a cap and some powder, we lit the pile. It blazed, and the wind blew the

heat strong upon the oysters, which accordingly began to squeak and hiss, until one by one they gave up the ghost, and, opening their shells, exposed their delightfully roasted bodies, which were eaten forthwith.

How very absurd and uninteresting this is! but nevertheless it is one of those trifling incidents which sharpen the imagination when you depend upon your own resources.

It is astonishing how perfectly helpless some people are, if taken from the artificial existence of everyday life and thrown entirely upon themselves. One man would be in superlative misery, while another would enjoy the responsibility, and delight in the fertility of his own invention in accommodating himself to circumstances. A person can scarcely credit the unfortunate number of articles necessary for his daily and nightly comfort, until he is deprived of them. To realize this, lose yourself, wander off a great distance from everywhere, and be benighted in a wild country, with nothing but your rifle and hunting knife. You will then find yourself dinnerless, supperless, houseless, comfortless, sleepless, cold, and miserable, if you do not know how to manage for yourself. You will miss your dinner sadly, if you are not accustomed to fast for twenty-four hours. You will also miss your bed decidedly, and your toothbrush in the morning; but if, on the other hand, you are of the right stamp, it is astonishing how lightly these little troubles will sit on you, and how comfortable you will make yourself under the circumstances.

The first thing you will consider is the house. The

architectural style will of course depend upon the locality. If the ground is rocky and hilly, be sure to make a steep pitch in the bank or the side of a rock form a wall, to leeward of which you will lie when your mansion is completed by a few sticks simply inclined from the rock and covered with grass. If the country is flat, you must cut four forked sticks, and erect a Pergola, which you then cover with grass.

You will next strew the floor with grass or small boughs, in lieu of a feather bed, and tie up a bundle of the same material into a sheaf, which will form a capital pillow. If grass and sticks are at hand, this will be completed thus far in an hour.

Then comes the operation of fire making, which is by no means easy; and as warmth comes next to food, and a blaze both scares wild animals and looks cheerful, I advise some attention to be paid to the fire. There must be a good collection of old fallen logs, if possible, together with some green wood to prevent too rapid a consumption of fuel. But the fire is not yet made.

First tear off a bit of your shirt and rub it with moistened gunpowder. Wind this in a thick roll round your ramrod just below the point of the screw, with the rough torn edge uppermost. Into these numerous folds sprinkle a pinch of gunpowder; then put a cap on the point of the screw, and a slight tap with your hunting-knife explodes it and ignites the linen.

Now, fire in its birth requires nursing like a young baby, or it will leave you in the lurch. A single spark will perhaps burn your haystacks, but when you want a fire, it seldom will burn, out of sheer obstinacy; there-

fore take a wisp of dry grass, into which push the burning linen, and give it a rapid circular motion through the air; this will generally set it in a blaze. Then pile gently upon it the smallest and driest sticks, increasing their size as the fire grows, till it is all right; and you will sit down proudly before your own fire, thoroughly confident that you are the first person that ever made one properly.

There is some comfort in that; and having manufactured your own house and bed, you will lie down snugly and think of dinner, till you fall asleep, and the crowing of the jungle cocks will wake you in the morning.

The happiest hours of my life have been passed in this rural solitude. I have started from home with nothing but a couple of blankets and the hounds, and with one blanket wrapped around me, I have slept beneath a capital tent formed of the other, with two forked sticks and a horizontal pole; — the ends of the blanket being secured by heavy stones. This is a more comfortable berth than it may appear at first sight, especially if one end is stopped up with boughs. The ridge pole being only two feet and a half high, renders it necessary to crawl in on all-fours; but this lowness of ceiling has its advantages in not catching the wind, and likewise in its warmth. A blanket roof, well secured and tightly strained, will resist rain for a much longer period than a common tent; but in thoroughly wet weather any woven roof is more or less uncomfortable.

I recollect a certain bivouac in the Augora patinas, for a few days' hunting, when I was suddenly seized

with a botanical fit, in a culinary point of view, and I was determined to make the jungle subscribe something toward the dinner. To my delight I discovered some plants which, from the appearance of their leaves, I knew were a species of wild yam; they grew in a ravine on the swampy soil of a sluggish spring, and the ground being loose, I soon grubbed them up and found a most satisfactory quantity of yams about the size of large potatoes; — not bad things for dinner. Accordingly, they were soon transferred to the pot. Elk steaks, and an Irish stew, the latter to be made of elk chops, onions, and the prized yams; this was the bill of fare expected. But, *misericordia!* what a change came over the yams when boiled; they turned a horrible slate color, and looked like imitations of their former selves in lead.

Their appearance was uncommonly bad, certainly. There were three of us to feed upon them, viz., Palliser, my huntsman Benton, and myself. No one wishing to be first, it was then, I confess, that the thought just crossed my mind that Benton should make the experiment, but, repenting at the same moment, I punished myself by eating a very little one on the spot. Benton, who was blessed with a huge appetite, picked out a big one. Greedy fellow to choose the largest! but, *n'importe*, it brought its punishment.

Palliser and I, having eaten carefully, were just beginning to feel uncomfortable, when up jumped Benton, holding his throat with both hands, crying, "My throat 's full of pins. I 'm choked."

"We are poisoned, no doubt of it," said Palliser, in his turn. "I am choking likewise." "So am I." There

we were all three, with our throats in an extraordinary state of sudden constriction and inflammation, with a burning and pricking sensation, in addition to a feeling of swelling and stoppage of the windpipe. Having nothing but brandy at hand, we dosed largely instanter, and in the course of ten minutes we found relief; but Benton, having eaten his large yam, was the last to recover.

There must have been highly poisonous qualities in this root, as the quantity eaten was nothing in proportion to the effects produced. It is well known that many roots are poisonous when raw (especially the manioc), which becomes harmless when cooked, as the noxious properties consist of a very volatile oil which is thrown off during the process of boiling. These wild yams must necessarily be still worse in their raw state; and it struck me, after their effects became known, that I had never seen them grubbed up by the wild hogs; this neglect being a sure proof of their unfitness for food.

THE FEAST OF DOLLS

By Alice M. Bacon

OUR vacation began on Wednesday, and in the morning Miné and I went out to see Yuki at her country house, where she was spending a day or two. She and her husband with servants and children moved back and forth between city and country houses in the most surprising and independent manner. The house is entirely finished now, though as yet only partly furnished, and its master takes great delight in it, and spends all his holidays there with his wife and children. He roams about the place, overseeing the workmen who are laying out the grounds, and Yuki takes walks with the children, and enjoys the freedom from the restraint that her social position entails upon her in the city. When we reached the gate, we found her at the head of a train of children and nurses, just starting for a walk. A very picturesque sight they were, Yuki so bright and pretty in her soft-colored Japanese garments, and the five little ones, in their many-hued, quaint, wide-sleeved robes, dancing back and forth and around her like so many butterflies. They were tumbling over each other and their mother like five unruly puppies, and were enjoying themselves in the most uproarious manner. We found that they were on their way down into the fields to gather a plant that is used here to

mix into a kind of cake, so Miné and I joined the company and wandered about, talking with Yuki and watching the children, who were very busy grubbing up all sorts of plants and bringing them to their mother to pronounce judgment upon. Bot'chan had the services of a policeman (his father's bodyguard), who carried him over the ditches and helped him to find the plants, while the little girls were attended by their nurses, so we had nothing to do but enjoy ourselves, and a very pleasant time we had.

Miné stayed to lunch, but as I was on horseback, I was obliged to go home and change my dress and come out again in my kuruma, for we were going that afternoon to see the feast of dolls at the house of one of the Tokugawa daimios. Miné has an aunt who is one of the ladies in waiting in the house, and through her Miné secured permission to bring me to see the ancestral dolls when the feast came around to that house.

Most of Japan celebrated the feast a month ago, but at this Tokugawa Yashiki they are so conservative that they do not keep the national feasts by the new calendar, but begin their year just when the rest of Japan would be beginning it now, if Commodore Perry had never put them into communication with the outside world; and their feasts come trailing along a month or two after the same celebration in more modernized houses. In this house, more than in almost any other in Tokyo, one finds the old-time etiquette kept up, and so little have the recent changes affected the lives of the dwellers within this quiet place, that many of the ladies in the house had probably never seen a

foreigner in their lives until the day when I called upon them. Miné gave me a little instruction in the art of getting down on my knees and putting my forehead on the floor, but the present style of American dress makes it very hard to do the thing gracefully, and my joints are a good deal too stiff to allow me to be comfortable during the process. However, I did it after a fashion, and felt very much like a fool in doing it, but it seemed necessary for me to show my appreciation of the kindness that had been shown me by being polite in some manner that my entertainers could recognize. Our good manners are so undemonstrative that only a very much foreignized Japanese can discover that we have any at all, and the usual result of an effort here in Japan to copy foreign manners is a complete disregard of all rules of politeness, whether Japanese or foreign.

Well, to go back to our feast of dolls — after much groveling and doubling up to the many waiting women who came to the door to receive us, we were ushered into the room where the dolls were set out. There were five or six red-covered shelves, arranged like a flight of steps, running the whole length of the long room — about twenty feet I should think — and these were completely filled with the dolls and their belongings, some of them hundreds of years old. The dolls were, for the most part, effigies of the Emperor and Empress, and the five court musicians, though there were some of lower rank, but they were not as interesting to me as the delightful little dishes and utensils illustrating perfectly all the furnishings of Japanese homes. Many of

the things were of solid silver, most delicately wrought; others were of beautiful lacquer, with the Tokugawa crest upon them. There was a lacquered norimono, such as great people always used until the overthrow of the shogunate and the introduction of the foreign style of coach, and a lacquered bullock cart, the Emperor's private conveyance in early times. Such a collection of toys would be a delightful thing to take to America, for it is historical, and has been making for hundreds of years, and illustrates ancient as well as recent Japanese life.

Before each Emperor and Empress was set a fine Japanese dinner on tiny lacquered trays, with cups, bowls, chopsticks, and plates, all complete, and each dish containing its proper food. There was the little saké pot, filled with the sweet, white saké that is brewed especially for this feast; there was the big rice bowl with its spoon beside it, and everything ready for their majesties to step down and eat. The food is renewed three times a day for three days, and then the feast of dolls is over, and the dolls and their belongings are carefully packed and put away in the fireproof storehouses where all valuables are kept.

When we had finished looking at the dolls, and had partaken first of coffee and then of tea, because we were afraid that it would not be polite to refuse either beverage, word was sent that the master and mistress of the house would like to see us. We were conducted to a waiting room, where fortunately there were chairs, so I felt more at home than I had when sitting on the floor, and there we waited for some time. By Miné's advice

I had brought with me a present for the master of the house, of American photographs, some of them views of the city of Washington, and others of Colorado scenery, and these we had sent in upon our arrival. While we were waiting for my lord and my lady to appear, domestics served us with tea and sushi or rice sandwiches, and the year-old baby was brought in and exhibited. At last there was a rustle of silken garments in the long corridor, and the daimio, a young man of about twenty, in Japanese costume, appeared, with his wife, an extremely pretty little girl, not quite sixteen years old, who looked altogether too much like a child to be the mother of the bouncing, red-cheeked baby that we had just seen. She is, by the way, the younger daughter of the last of the Shoguns. The young man spoke a little English, and made an effort at conversation. I do not try my Japanese yet with great people, as I am afraid that I shall not be polite enough, though I can get along pretty well now with servants and shop keepers.

At last the daimio wished to know whether I had brought my dog, and when I said that he was without the honorable gate, or rather when Miné had said it for me, the party adjourned to the porch to watch him while I threw sticks for him and made him beg for sponge cake. The little wife was so pleased that she seized the astonished Bruce about the neck and embraced him, entirely regardless of her elegant crape dress, and then we went off, Bruce trotting behind my kuruma, fairly covered with glory. Miné's aunt had been much pleased with Bruce when she saw him go

through his tricks in my parlor, and I think I owe my invitation to visit at that house to her glowing accounts of my wonderful dog.

I was given, in return for my photographs, a baby doll creeping on all fours, dressed in crape; a black and white puppy with raw-silk hair; a silk-covered box; and a chopstick case of silk. The doll is an uncommonly nice one, of Kyoto workmanship, and quite old. All the sushi that I had been unable to eat were sent out to my kuruma, neatly done up in white paper.

SKIING IN THE GUADARRAMA

By Katharine Coman

THIRTY miles to the north of Madrid, looming five thousand feet above the arid plateau on which Philip II built his capital city, rises the Guadarrama Sierra, a bleak and rugged mountain mass resembling our Wasatch Range. The Seven Peaks, white with snow in winter, and opalescent under the varying moods of a summer sky, are plainly visible from the house tops of Madrid, yet the picturesque defiles and wind-swept summits have remained *terra incognita* to the Madrileños for three hundred years. The Spaniards are not an athletic people by inheritance or training, and to the dandies of this would-be Paris a saunter through the Prado or a canter along the Paseo de la Castellana is recreation enough. But the twentieth century has brought a new spirit to Spain. Freedom and vitality are the watchwords of the rising generation. The bull ring with its debasing associations and exhausting excitement, where thousands of secure spectators gamble on the perils of a few matadors, is generally denounced by the "modernists," and out-of-door sports which demand courage and endurance of the participants are coming into favor. Nothing in the equipment of the International Institute, the American School for Girls

founded by Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, proves so attractive to Spanish fathers as the opportunity afforded for gymnastics and open-air games.

The first adventurers on the Guadarrama were a few university students who, under the lead of two inspiring and inspired professors, Cossio and Giner de los Rios, undertook to explore the passes familiar hitherto to none but the mountain shepherds. Beginning in 1883, these enthusiastic disciples of Nature made annual excursions to the mountains, camping in the open, living on such food as might be had of the peasants, and climbing peak after peak with the zest of pioneers. A "Society for the Study and Better Knowledge of the Sierra del Guadarrama" was organized, and the most illustrious naturalists, geologists, and archæologists of Spain were enlisted in the endeavor to make known the beauty of the range, its fauna and flora and geological interest. The architectural glories of two well-nigh forgotten monasteries, El Paular and Guadalupe, were brought to light, and these remote valleys were once more visited by the pilgrims of the new gospel of health.

Such expeditions involved hardships that tested the caliber of each participant and of necessity limited the number of mountaineers to a score of stalwart young men. The railway to Segovia was not then built, and the thirty miles across the moors had to be covered on foot or in a *tartana*, one of the two-wheeled and springless carts in which the peasants bring vegetables to market. The paths were merely blazed trails, and there was no shelter against the intense cold of the upper levels. The explorers thought themselves lucky to come

upon a peasant hut or a primitive *venta*, where they might sleep on the floor, taking turns in keeping alive the turf fire. The civil guards who patrolled the passes were likely to arrest strangers as suspects — probably escaped criminals — and passports and safe conducts were as necessary as if they were going into a hostile country. Yet these self-appointed scientists made accurate topographical maps of the region and published a series of valuable reports, supplemented by excellent collections, on the insects, birds, and flowers of the mountains. The Government has now come to their aid, and a meteorological station has been established in the Guadarrama.

Only five years ago, a group of friends, several of them sons of the original explorers and trained from boyhood to mountain climbing, founded the Twenty Club for the purpose of affording more convenient access to this enjoyment. With the aid of their resourceful president, de Amezuá, they succeeded in building a little chalet at Puerta de Navacerrata, a point sufficiently accessible and which promised well for winter sports, especially for skiing. The enterprise was ridiculed by Madrid society as a foreign fad; but the president was not only a man of energy and initiative, he was fortunately possessed of social prestige, and his example was contagious. He journeyed to Switzerland and Norway and even to Iceland to secure the best devices for snow climbing and to perfect himself in the use of skis. De Amezuá soon became an adept, and was the first man to reach Peñalara, the highest peak of the range. The students of the university eagerly responded

to this opportunity for recreation, and the applications for admission to the Club were so many that a second and a third "Twenty" was organized and two additional chalets were built. By 1910, the number of members had reached four hundred, and a central clubhouse, with dining room, assembly room and dressing rooms became an urgent necessity. The project was financed by the ever-resourceful de Amezuá, who succeeded in selling bonds to the amount of two thousand dollars against the future revenues from the club membership. Since the entrance fee is but five dollars and the annual dues only four, the promotion of this building scheme called for financial ingenuity of a high order!

The *Club Alpino Español* now boasts six hundred members, one third of them women, by no means the least loyal devotees of winter sports. The railway to Segovia, now completed, carries passengers to Cerçedilla, a station within an hour's walk of the clubhouse, and during the winter season there is a regular automobile service to Puerta de Navacerrata. When the embryo Alpine Club requested the superintendent of the railroad to put on a special week-end train for their benefit, he thought the suggestion preposterous. He was induced to make the experiment, however, and soon discovered this to be his most profitable constituency. The trains going out Saturday afternoon and returning Sunday evening are crowded with *Alpinistas* and their many friends. Naturally the ski races attract the largest attendance. Every Sunday during the snow season a contest is held, usually for men, but twice in the course of the winter the participants are women,

and once, at least, the course is reserved for children. King Alfonso, who is Honorary President of the Club, offers a cup for the winner of one contest, as well as gold, silver and bronze medals for the runners who come in second, third and fourth best. The royal prize may be disputed by *skiadores* from any recognized club in the Peninsula, and the winner is proclaimed the champion of Spain. Prizes are also offered by de Amezuá, Prast, and other wealthy and public-spirited gentlemen of Madrid.

Cervantes himself could not have imagined the scene presented by a skiing contest. Beginning at a pass more than five thousand feet above the sea, the contestants, distinguished by red, yellow, blue and purple trappings, set out at five-minute intervals, often through snow or fog, to climb the Collado del Viento, or "windy summit," cross the icy Seven Peaks at an altitude of more than sixty-five hundred feet, descend the wooded glens filled with treacherous drifts, and so on past the clubhouse to the judges' stand. The winner of the Quirego cup made this run in one hour and ten minutes, an obstacle race that would have required three hours to accomplish on foot in summer weather. The gay trappings of the contestants, the bugle calls of the guides, the encouraging shouts of the spectators, combine to produce a pitch of excitement sufficient to tempt the fashionable ladies of Madrid to brave the rigors of a winter day in the Sierra. For the new woman of Spain, vigorous exercise is pure joy. A *señorita*, in heavy sweater, short skirt and high gaiters, sweeping in at the head of a race affords an astonishing contrast

to the mantilla-shrouded ladies whom Goya loved to paint, a contrast that measures the advance toward wholesome and happy living made by the educated woman of the present generation.

In October, 1912, the *Club Alpino Español* organized an exposition of mountain climbing and winter sports in connection with the tourist convention then in session at Madrid. There were displayed camp equipments, climbing outfits, skis, mountain costumes appropriate to men and women, specimens of the fauna and flora of the Guadarrama, and photographs of the picturesque peaks and cañons so long ignored by the denizens of Madrid. This exposition kindled enthusiasm in new quarters and served to raise skiing to the status of a national sport.

The enthusiasm for mountain exploration has spread to other parts of the Peninsula. In Barcelona, in Oviedo, in Gijón, in Santander, clubs have been organized to develop *Alpinismo* in the Pyrenees and the Picos de Europa, while the lovely Sierra Nevada is being exploited by a club of young men from the University of Granada. Spanish artists, notably Sorolla and Morera, have lent their aid in bringing the beauty of these sierras, no less picturesque than the Dolomites, to the knowledge of mountain lovers at home and abroad. Altogether, the pioneer explorers may rejoice that their courageous enterprise has engendered a new spirit in the youth of contemporary Spain.

A LITTLE GIRL ON LONG'S PEAK

By Enos A. Mills

AMONG the best days that I have had outdoors are the two hundred and fifty-seven that were spent as a guide on Long's Peak. One day was required from the starting place near my cabin for each round trip to the summit of the peak. Something of interest occurred to enliven each one of these climbs; a storm, an accident, the wit of some one or the enthusiasm of all the climbers. But the climb I remember with greatest satisfaction is the one on which I guided Harriet Peters, an eight-year-old girl, to the top.

It was a cold morning when we started for the top, but it was this day or wait until next season, for Harriet was to start for her Southern home in a day or two and could not wait for a more favorable morning. Harriet had spent the two preceding summers near my cabin, and around it had played with the chipmunks and ridden the burros, and she had made a few climbs with me up through the woods. We often talked of going to the top of Long's Peak when she should become strong enough to do so. This time came just after her eighth birthday. As I was as eager to have her make the climb as she was to make it, we started up the next morning after her aunt had given permission for her to

LONG'S PEAK FROM THE EAST

go. She was happy when I lifted her at last into the saddle, away up on old "Top's" back. She was so small that I still wonder how she managed to stay on, but she did so easily.

Long's Peak is not only one of the most scenic of the peaks in the Rocky Mountains, but it is probably the most rugged. From our starting place it was seven miles to the top; five of these miles may be ridden, but the last two are so steep and craggy that one must go on foot and climb.

After riding a little more than a mile, we came to a clear, cold brook that is ever coming down in a great hurry over a steep mountain side, splashing, jumping, and falling over the bowlders of one of nature's stony stairways and forming white cascades which throw their spray among the tall, dark pines. I had told Harriet that ouzels lived by this brook; she was eager to see one, and we stopped at a promising place by the brook to watch. In less than a minute one came flying down the cascades, and so near to the surface of the water that he seemed to be tumbling and sliding down with it. He alighted on a bowlder near us, made two or three pleasant curtsies, and started to sing one of his low, sweet songs. He was doing the very thing of which I had so often told Harriet. We watched and listened with breathless interest. In the midst of the song he dived into the brook; in a moment he came up with a water bug in his bill, settled on the bowlder again, gave his nods, and resumed his song, seemingly at the point where he left off. After a few low, sweet notes he broke off again and plunged into the water. This time

he came up quickly and alighted on the spot he had just left, and went on with his song without any preliminaries and as if there had been no interruption.

The water ouzel is found by the alpine lakes and brooks on the mountains of the West. It is a modest-appearing bird, about the size of a thrush, and wears a plain dress of slaty blue. This dress is finished with a tail piece somewhat like that of the wren, though it is not upturned so much. The bird seems to love cascades, and often nests by one. It also shows its fondness for water by often flying along the brook, following every bend and break made by the stream, keeping close to the water all the time and frequently touching it. Over the quiet reaches it goes skimming; it plunges over the waterfalls, alights on rocks in the rapids, goes dashing through the spray, its every movement showing the ecstasies of eager life and joy in the hurrying water. Our ouzel was quietly feeding on the edge of the brook, when Harriet said good-bye as our ponies started up the trail.

Harriet had never been in school, but she could read, write, and sing. She had good health, and a brighter, cheerier little girl I have never seen. As we rode up the trail through the woods, the gray Douglas squirrels were busy with the harvest. They were cutting off and storing cones for winter food. In the tree tops these squirrels seemed to be bouncing and darting in all directions. One would cut off a cone, then dart to the next, and so swiftly that cones were constantly dropping. Frequently the cones struck limbs and bounded as they fell, often coming to the ground to bounce and

roll some distance over the forest floor. An occasional one went rolling and bouncing down the steep mountain side with two or three happy chipmunks in jolly pursuit.

We watched one squirrel stow cones under trash and in holes in the thick beds of needles. These cones were buried near a tree, in a dead limb of which the squirrel had a hole and a home. Harriet asked many questions concerning the cones — why they were buried, how the squirrel found them when they were buried in the snow, and what became of those which were left buried. I told her that during the winter the squirrel came down and dug through the snow to the cones and then fed upon the nuts. I also told her that squirrels usually buried more cones than were eaten. The uneaten cones, being left in the ground, were in a way planted, and the nuts in them in time sprouted, and young trees came peeping up among the fallen leaves. The squirrel's way of observing Arbor Day makes him a useful forester. Harriet said she would tell all her boy and girl friends what she knew of this squirrel's tree-planting ways, and would ask her uncle not to shoot the little tree planter.

As we followed the trail up through the woods, I told Harriet many things concerning the trees, and the forces which influenced their distribution and growth. While we were traveling westward in the bottom of a gulch, I pointed out to her that the trees on the mountain that rose on the right and sloped toward the south were of a different kind from those on the mountain side which rose on our left and sloped toward the north.

After traveling four miles and climbing up two thousand feet above our starting place, and, after from time to time coming to and passing kinds of trees which did not grow lower down the slopes, we at last came to timber line, above which trees did not grow at all.

In North America between timber line on the Rockies, at an altitude of about eleven thousand feet, and sea level on the Florida coast, there are about six hundred and twenty kinds of trees and shrubs growing. Each kind usually grows in the soil and clime that is best suited to its requirements; in other words, most trees are growing where they can do the best, or where they can do better than any other kind. Some trees do the best at the moist seashore; some thrive in swamps; others live only on the desert's edge; some live on the edge of a river; and still others manage to endure the storms of bleak heights.

At timber line the trees have a hard time of it. All of them at this place are dwarfed, many distorted, some crushed to the earth, flattened out upon the ground like pressed flowers, by the snowdrifts that have so long lain upon them. The winter winds at this place blow almost constantly from the same quarter for days at a time, and often attain a high velocity. The effect of these winds is strikingly shown by the trees. None of the trees are tall, and most of them are leaning, pushed partly over by the wind. Some are sprawled on the ground like uncouth vines or spread out from the stump like a fan with the onsweeping direction of the storms. Most of the standing, unsheltered trees have limbs only on the leeward quarter, all the other limbs

having been blown off by the wind or cut off by the wind-blown gravel. Most of the exposed trees are destitute of bark on the portion of the trunk that faces these winter winds. Some of the dead standing trees are carved into strange totem poles by the sand blasts of many fierce storms. With all the trees warped or distorted, the effect of timber line is weird and strange.

Harriet and I got off the ponies the better to examine some of the storm-beaten trees. Harriet was attracted to a few dwarf spruces that were standing in a drift of recently fallen snow. Although these dwarfed little trees were more than a hundred years old, they were so short that the little mountain climber who stood by them was taller than they. After stroking one of the trees with her hand, Harriet stood for a time in silence, then out of her warm childish nature she said, "What brave little trees to live up here where they have to stand all the time in the snow!" Timber line, with its strange tree statuary and treeless snowy peaks and crags rising above it, together with its many kinds of bird and animal life and its flower-fringed snowdrifts, is one of nature's most expressive exhibits, and I wish every one might visit it. At an altitude of about eleven thousand seven hundred feet we came to the last tree. It was ragged, and so small that you could have hidden it beneath a hat. It nestled up to a bowlder, and appeared so cold and pitiful that Harriet wanted to know if it was lost. It certainly appeared as if it had been lost for a long, long time.

Among the crags Harriet and I kept sharp watch for mountain sheep, but we did not see any. We were for-

tunate enough, however to see a flock of ptarmigan. These birds were huddled in a hole which narrowly escaped being trampled on by Top. They walked quietly away, and we had a good look at them. They were almost white; in winter they are pure white, while in summer they are of a grayish brown. At all times their dress matches the surroundings fairly well, so that they have a protective coloring which makes it difficult for their enemies to see them.

At an altitude of twelve thousand five hundred feet the horses were tied to bowlders and left behind. From this place to the top of the peak the way is too rough or precipitous for horses. For a mile Harriet and I went forward over the bowlders of an old moraine. The last half mile was the most difficult of all; the way was steep and broken, and was entirely over rocks, which were covered with a few inches of snow that had fallen during the night.

We climbed slowly; all good climbers go slowly. Harriet also faithfully followed another good mountain rule — "Look before you step." She did not fall, slip, or stumble while making the climb. Of course we occasionally rested, and whenever we stopped near a flat rock or a level place, we made use of it by lying down on our backs, straightening out arms and legs, relaxing every muscle, and for a time resting as loosely as possible. Just before reaching the top, we made a long climb through the deepest snow that we had encountered. Though the sun was warm, the air, rocks, and snow were cold. Not only was the snow cold to the feet, but climbing through it was tiresome, and at the first

convenient place we stopped to rest. Finding a large, smooth rock, we lay down on our backs side by side. We talked for a time and watched an eagle soaring around up in the blue sky. I think Harriet must have recalled a suggestion which I made at timber line, for without moving she suddenly remarked, "Mr. Mills, my feet are so cold that I can't tell whether my toes are wiggling or not."

Five hours after starting, Harriet stepped upon the top, the youngest climber to scale Long's Peak. The top is fourteen thousand two hundred and fifty-nine feet above the sea, is almost level, and, though rough, is roomy enough for a baseball game. Of course if the ball went over the edge, it would tumble a mile or so before stopping. With the top so large, you will realize that the base measures miles across. The upper three thousand feet of the peak is but a gigantic mass, almost destitute of soil or vegetation. Some of the rocks are flecked and spotted with lichens, and a few patches of moss and straggling, beautiful alpine flowers can be found during August. There is but little chance for snow to lodge, and for nearly three thousand feet the peak rises a bald, broken, impressive stone tower.

While Harriet and I were eating luncheon, a ground hog that I had fed on other visits came out to see if there was anything for him. Some sparrows also lighted near; they looked hungry, so we left some bread for them and then climbed upon the "tip-top," where our picture was taken.

From the tip-top we could see more than a hundred miles toward any point of the compass. West of

us we saw several streams that were flowing away toward the Pacific; east of us the streams flowed to the Atlantic. I told Harriet that the many small streams we saw all grew larger as they neared the sea. Harriet lived at the "big" end of the Arkansas River. She suddenly wanted to know if I could show her the "little end of the Arkansas River."

After an hour on top we started downward and homeward, the little mountain climber feeling happy and lively. But she was careful, and only once during the day did she slip, and this slip was hardly her fault; we were coming off an enormous smooth bowlder that was wet from the new snow that was melting, when both Harriet's feet shot from under her and she fell, laughing, into my arms.

"Hello, Top, I am glad to see you," said Harriet when we came to the horses. While riding homeward I told Harriet that I had often climbed the peak by moonlight. On the way down she said good-bye to the little trees at timber line, the squirrels, and the ouzel. When I at last lifted Harriet off old Top at the cabin, many people came out to greet her. To all she said, "Yes, I 'm tired, but some time I want to go up by moonlight."

RACING AN AVALANCHE

By Enos A. Mills

I HAD gone into the San Juan Mountains during the first week in March to learn something of the laws which govern snowslides, to get a fuller idea of their power and destructiveness, and also with the hope of seeing them in wild, magnificent action. Everywhere, except on wind-swept points, the winter's snows lay deep. Conditions for slide movement were so favorable it seemed probable that, during the next few days at least, one would "run" or chute down every gulch that led from the summit. I climbed on skis well to the top of the range. By waiting on spurs and ridges I saw several thrilling exhibitions.

It was an exciting experience, but at the close of one great day the clear weather that had prevailed came to an end. From the table-like summit I watched hundreds of splendid clouds slowly advance, take their places, mass, and form fluffy seas in valley and cañons just below my level. They submerged the low places in the plateau, and torn, silver-gray masses of mists surrounded crags and headlands. The sunset promised to be wonderful, but suddenly the mists came surging past my feet and threatened to shut out the view. Hurriedly climbing a promontory, I watched from it a many-colored sunset change and fade over mist-

wreathed spires, and swelling, peak-torn seas. But the cloud masses were rising, and suddenly points and peaks began to settle out of sight; then a dash of frosty mists, and my promontory sank into the sea. The light vanished from the heights, and I was caught in dense, frosty clouds and winter snows without a star.

I had left my skis at the foot of the promontory, and had climbed up by fingers and toes over the rocks without great difficulty. But on starting to return I could see only a few inches into the frosty, sheep's-wool clouds, and quickly found that trying to get down would be a perilous pastime. The side of the promontory stood over the steep walls of the plateau, and, not caring to be tumbled overboard by a slip, I concluded that sunrise from this point would probably be worth while.

It was not bitter cold, and I was comfortably dressed; however, it was necessary to do much dancing and arm swinging to keep warm. Snow began to fall just after the clouds closed in, and it fell rapidly without a pause until near morning. Early in the evening I began a mental review of a number of subjects, mingling with these, from time to time, vigorous practice of gymnastics or calisthenics to help pass the night and to aid in keeping warm. The first subject I thought through was Arctic exploration; then I recalled all that my mind had retained of countless stories of mountain climbing experiences; the contents of Tyndall's "Hours of Exercise in the Alps" was most clearly recalled. I was enjoying the poetry of Burns, when broken clouds and a

A SNOWSLIDE REGION, NEAR TELLURIDE, COLORADO

glowing eastern sky claimed all attention until it was light enough to get off the promontory.

Planning to go down the west side, I crossed the table-like top, found, after many trials, a break in the enormous snow cornice, and started down the steep slope. It was a dangerous descent, for the rock was steep and smooth as a wall, and was overladen with snow which might slip at any moment. I descended slowly and with great caution, so as not to start the snow, as well as to guard against slipping and losing control of myself. It was like descending a mile of steep, snow-covered barn roof — nothing to lay hold of and omnipresent opportunity for slipping. A short distance below the summit the clouds again were around me and I could see only a short distance. I went sideways, with my long skis, which I had now regained, at right angles to the slope; slowly, a few inches at a time, I eased myself down, planting one ski firmly before I moved the other.

At last I reached a point where the wall was sufficiently tilted to be called a slope, though it was still too steep for safe coasting. The clouds lifted and were floating away, while the sun made the mountains of snow still whiter. I paused to look back and up, to where the wall ended in the blue sky, and could not understand how I had come safely down, even with the long tacks I had made, which showed clearly up to the snow-corniced, mist-shrouded crags at the summit. I had come down the side of a precipitous amphitheater which rose a thousand feet or more above me. A short distance down the mountain, the slopes of this amphi-

theater concentrated in a narrow gulch that extended two miles or more. Altogether it was like being in an enormous frying pan lying face up. I was in the pan just above the place where the gulch handle joined.

It was a bad place to get out of, and thousands of tons of snow clinging to the steeps and sagging from corniced crests ready to slip, plunge down, and sweep the very spot on which I stood, showed most impressively that it was a perilous place to be in.

As I stood gazing upward and wondering how the snow ever could have held while I came down over it, there suddenly appeared on the upper steeps an upburst as from an explosion. Along several hundred feet of cornice, sprays and clouds of snow dashed and filled the air. An upward breeze curled and swept the top of this cloud over the crest in an inverted cascade.

All this showed for a few seconds until the snowy spray began to separate and vanish in the air. The snow cloud settled downward and began to roll forward. Then monsters of massed snow appeared beneath the front of the cloud and plunged down the slopes. Wildly, grandly they dragged the entire snow cloud in their wake. At the same instant the remainder of the snow cornice was suddenly enveloped in another explosive snow-cloud effect.

A general slide had started. I whirled to escape, pointed my skis down the slope — and went. In less than half a minute a tremendous snow avalanche, one hundred or perhaps two hundred feet deep and five or six hundred feet long, thundered over the spot where I had stood.

There was no chance to dodge, no time to climb out of the way. The only hope of escape lay in outrunning the magnificent monster. It came crashing and thundering after me as swift as a gale and more all-sweeping and destructive than an earthquake tidal wave.

I made a desperate start. Friction almost ceases to be a factor with skis on a snowy steep, and in less than a hundred yards I was going like the wind. The first quarter of a mile, to the upper end of the gulch, was smooth coasting, and down this I shot, with the avalanche, comet-tailed with snow dust, in close pursuit. A race for life was on.

The gulch down which I must go began with a rocky gorge and continued downward, an enormous U-shaped depression between high mountain ridges. Here and there it expanded and then contracted, and it was broken with granite crags and ribs. It was piled and bristled with ten thousand fire-killed trees. To coast through all these snow-clad obstructions at breakneck speed would be taking the maximum number of life-and-death chances in the minimum amount of time. The worst of it all was that I had never been through the place. And bad enough, too, was the fact that a ridge thrust in from the left and completely hid the beginning of the gulch.

As I shot across the lower point of the ridge, about to plunge blindly into the gorge, I thought of the possibility of becoming entangled in the hedge-like thickets of dwarfed, gnarled timber-line trees. I also realized that I might dash against a cliff or plunge into

a deep cañon. Of course I might strike an open way, but certain it was that I could not stop, nor see the beginning of the gorge, nor tell what I should strike when I shot over the ridge.

It was a second of most intense concern as I cleared the ridge blindly to go into what lay below and beyond. It was like leaping into the dark, and with the leap turning on the all-revealing light. As I cleared the ridge, there was just time to pull myself together for a forty-odd-foot leap across one arm of the horseshoe-shaped end of the gorge. In all my wild mountain-side coasts on skis, never have I sped as swiftly as when I made this mad flight. As I shot through the air, I had a glimpse down into the pointed, snow-laden tops of a few tall fir trees that were firmly rooted among the rocks in the bottom of the gorge. Luckily I cleared the gorge and landed in a good place; but so narrowly did I miss the corner of a cliff that my shadow collided with it.

There was no time to bid farewell to fears when the slide started, nor to entertain them while running away from it. Instinct put me to flight; the situation set my wits working at their best, and, once started, I could neither stop nor look back; and so thick and fast did obstructions and dangers rise before me that only dimly and incidentally did I think of the oncoming danger behind.

I came down on the farther side of the gorge, to glance forward like an arrow. There was only an instant to shape my course and direct my flight across the second arm of the gorge, over which I leaped from a

high place, sailing far above the snow-mantled trees and bowlders in the bottom. My senses were keenly alert, and I remember noticing the shadows of the fir trees on the white snow and hearing while still in the air the brave, cheery notes of a chickadee; then the snowslide on my trail, less than an eighth of a mile behind, plunged into the gorge with a thundering crash. I came back to the snow on the lower side, and went skimming down the slope with the slide only a few seconds behind.

Fortunately most of the fallen masses of trees were buried, though a few broken limbs peeped through the snow to snag or trip me. How I ever dodged my way through the thickly standing tree growths is one feature of the experience that was too swift for recollection. Numerous factors presented themselves which should have done much to dispel mental procrastination and develop decision. There were scores of progressive propositions to decide within a few seconds; should I dodge that tree on the left side and duck under low limbs just beyond, or dodge to the right and scrape that pike of rocks? These, with my speed, required instant decision and action.

With almost uncontrollable rapidity I shot out into a small, nearly level glacier meadow, and had a brief rest from swift decisions and oncoming dangers. How relieved my weary brain felt, with nothing to decide about dodging! As though starved for thought material, I wondered if there were willows buried beneath the snow. Sharp pains in my left hand compelled attention, and showed my left arm drawn tightly against

my breast, with fingers and thumb spread to the fullest, and all their muscles tense.

The lower edge of the meadow was almost blockaded with a dense growth of fire-killed trees. Fortunately the easy slope here had so checked my speed that I was able to dodge safely through, but the heavy slide swept across the meadow after me with undiminished speed, and came crashing into the dead trees so close to me that broken limbs were flung flying past as I shot down off a steep moraine less than one hundred feet ahead.

All the way down I had hoped to find a side cañon into which I might dodge. I was going too rapidly to enter the one I had seen. As I coasted the moraine it flashed through my mind that I had once heard a prospector say it was only a quarter of a mile from Aspen Gulch up to the meadows. Aspen Gulch came in on the right, as the now slightly widening track seemed to indicate.

At the bottom of the moraine I was forced between two trees that stood close together, and a broken limb of one pierced my open coat just beneath the left armhole, and slit the coat to the bottom. My momentum and the resistance of the strong material gave me such a shock that I was flung off my balance, and my left ski smashed against a tree. Two feet of the heel was broken off and the remainder split. I managed to avoid falling, but had to check my speed with my staff for fear of a worse accident.

Battling breakers with a broken oar or racing with a broken ski are struggles of short duration. The slide

did not slow down, and so closely did it crowd me that, through the crashing of trees as it struck them down, I could hear the rocks and splintered timbers in its mass grinding together and thudding against obstructions over which it swept. These sounds, and flying, broken limbs cried to me "Faster!" and as I started to descend another steep moraine, I threw away my staff and "let go." I simply flashed down the slope, dodged and rounded a cliff, turned awkwardly into Aspen Gulch, and tumbled heels over head — into safety.

Then I picked myself up, to see the slide go by within twenty feet, with great broken trees sticking out of its side, and a snow cloud dragging above.

RIDING ON AN AVALANCHE

By John Tyndall

AFTER an hour's halt upon the summit the descent began. Jenni is the most daring man and powerful character among the guides of Pontresina. The manner in which he bears down all the others in conversation, and imposes his own will upon them, shows that he is the dictator of the place. He is a large and rather an ugly man, and his progress up hill, though resistless, is slow. He had repeatedly expressed a wish to make an excursion with me, and on this occasion he may have desired to show us what he could do upon the mountains. He accomplished two daring things — the one successfully, while the other was within a hair's breadth of a very shocking issue.

In descending we went straight down upon a bergschrund, which had compelled us to make a circuit in coming up. This particular kind of fissure is formed by the lower portion of a snow slope falling away from the upper, a crevasse being thus formed between them, which often surrounds the mountain as a fosse of terrible depth. Walter was the first of our party, and Jenni was the last. It was quite evident that the leader hesitated to cross the chasm; but Jenni came forward, and half by expostulation, half by command, caused him to sit down on the snow at some height above the

fissure. I think, moreover, he helped him with a shove. At all events, the slope was so steep that the guide shot down it with an impetus sufficient to carry him clear over the schrund. We all afterwards shot the chasm in this pleasant way. Jenni was behind. Deviating from our track, he deliberately chose the widest part of the chasm, and shot over it, lumbering like behemoth down the snow slope at the other side. It was an illustration of that practical knowledge which long residence among the mountains can alone impart, and in the possession of which our best English climbers fall far behind their guides.

The remaining steep slopes were also descended by glissade, and we afterwards marched cheerily over the gentler inclines. We had ascended by the Rosegg glacier, and now we wished to descend upon the Morteratsch glacier and make it our highway home.

We reached the point at which it was necessary to quit our morning's track, and immediately afterwards got upon some steep rocks, rendered slippery here and there by the water which trickled over them. To our right was a broad couloir, filled with snow, which had been melted and refrozen, so as to expose a steeply sloping wall of ice. We were tied together in the following order: Jenni led, I came next, then Mr. Hutchinson, a practiced mountaineer, then Mr. Lee-Warner, and last of all the guide Walter. Lee-Warner had had but little experience of the higher Alps, and he was placed in front of Walter, so that any false step on his part might be instantly checked.

After descending the rocks for a time Jenni turned and

asked me whether I thought them or the ice slope the better track. I pronounced without hesitation in favor of the rocks, but he seemed to misunderstand me, and turned toward the couloir. I stopped him at the edge of it, and said, "Jenni, you know where you are going; the slope is pure ice." He replied, "I know it; but the ice is quite bare for a few yards only. Across this exposed portion I will cut steps, and then the snow which covers the ice will give us a footing." He cut the steps, reached the snow, and descended carefully along it, all following him, apparently in good order. After some time he stopped, turned, and looked upward at the last three men. "Keep carefully in the steps, gentlemen," he said; "a false step here might detach an avalanche." The word was scarcely uttered when I heard the sound of a fall behind me, then a rush, and in a moment my two friends and their guide, all apparently entangled together, whirred past me. I suddenly planted myself to resist their shock, but in an instant I was in their wake, for their impetus was irresistible. A moment afterwards Jenni was whirled away, and thus, in the twinkling of an eye, all five of us found ourselves riding downwards with uncontrollable speed on the back of an avalanche which a single slip had originated.

Previous to stepping on the slope, I had, according to habit, made clear to my mind what was to be done in case of mishap; and accordingly, when overthrown, I turned promptly on my face and drove my baton through the moving snow, and into the ice underneath. No time, however, was allowed for the brake's action;

for I had held it firmly thus for a few seconds only, when I came into collision with some obstacle and was rudely tossed through the air, Jenni at the same time being shot down upon me. Both of us here lost our batons.

We had been carried over a crevasse, had hit its lower edge, and, instead of dropping into it, were pitched by our great velocity far beyond it. I was quite bewildered for a moment, but immediately righted myself, and could see the men in front of me half buried in the snow, and jolted from side to side by the ruts among which we were passing. Suddenly I saw them tumbled over by a lurch of the avalanche, and immediately afterwards found myself imitating their motion. This was caused by a second crevasse. Jenni knew of its existence and plunged, he told me, right into it — a brave act, but for the time unavailing. By jumping into the chasm he thought a strain might be put upon the rope sufficient to check the motion. But, though over thirteen stone in weight, he was violently jerked out of the fissure and almost squeezed to death by the pressure of the rope.

A long slope was before us, which led directly downwards to a brow where the glacier fell precipitously. At the base of the declivity the ice was cut by a series of profound chasms, toward which we were rapidly borne. The three foremost men rode upon the forehead of the avalanche, and were at times almost wholly immersed in the snow; but the moving layer was thinner behind, and Jenni rose incessantly and with desperate energy drove his feet into the firmer substance underneath. His voice, shouting "Halt! Herr Jesus! Halt!"

was the only one heard during the descent. A kind of condensed memory, such as that described by people who have narrowly escaped drowning, took possession of me, and my power of reasoning remained intact. I thought of Bennen on the Haut de Cry, and muttered, "It is now my turn." Then I coolly scanned the men in front of me, and reflected that, if their *vis viva* was the only thing to be neutralized, Jenni and myself could stop them; but to arrest both them and the mass of snow in which they were caught was hopeless. I experienced no intolerable dread. In fact, the start was too sudden and the excitement of the rush too great to permit of the development of terror.

Looking in advance, I noticed that the slope, for a short distance, became less steep, and then fell as before. "Now or never we must be brought to rest." The speed visibly slackened, and I thought we were saved. But the momentum had been too great; the avalanche crossed the brow and in part regained its motion. Here Hutchinson threw his arm round his friend, all hope being extinguished, while I grasped my belt and struggled to free myself. Finding this difficult, from the tossing, I sullenly resumed the strain upon the rope. Destiny had so related the downward impetus to Jenni's pull as to give the ladder a slight advantage, and the whole question was whether the opposing force would have sufficient time to act. This was also arranged in our favor, for we came to rest so near the brow that two or three seconds of our average motion of descent must have carried us over. Had this occurred, we should have fallen into the chasms,

and been covered up by the tail of the avalanche. Hutchinson emerged from the snow with his forehead bleeding, but the wound was superficial; Jenni had a bit of flesh removed from his hand by collision against a stone; the pressure of the rope had left black welts on my arms; and we all experienced a tingling sensation over the hands, like that produced by incipient frost-bite, which continued for several days. This was all. I found a portion of my watch chain hanging round my neck, another portion in my pocket; the watch was gone.

This happened on the 30th of July. Two days afterwards I went to Italy, and remained there for ten or twelve days. On the 16th of August, being again at Pontresina, I made on that day an expedition in search of the lost watch. Both the guides and myself thought the sun's heat might melt the snow above it, and I inferred that if its back should happen to be uppermost the slight absorbent power of gold for the solar rays would prevent the watch from sinking as a stone sinks under like circumstances. The watch would thus be brought quite to the surface; and, although a small object, it might possibly be seen from some distance. Five friends accompanied me up the Morteratsch glacier.

Two only of the party, both competent mountaineers, accompanied me to the track of our glissade, but none of us ventured on the ice where it had originated. Just before stepping upon the snow, a stone some tons in weight, detached by the sun from the heights above us, came rushing down the line of our descent. Its leaps became more and more impetuous, and on reaching the

brow near which we had been brought to rest, it bounded through the air, and with a single spring reached the lower glacier, raising a cloud of ice dust. Some fragments of rope found upon the snow assured us that we were upon the exact track of the avalanche, and then the search commenced. It had not continued twenty minutes when a cheer from one of the guides — Christian Michel of Grindelwald — announced the discovery of the watch. It had been brought to the surface in the manner surmised, and on examination seemed to be dry and uninjured. I noticed, moreover, that the position of the hands indicated that it had only run down beneath the snow. I wound it up, hardly hoping, however, to find it capable of responding. But it showed instant signs of animation. It had remained eighteen days in the avalanche, but the application of its key at once restored it to action, and it has gone with unvarying regularity ever since.

WHAT THE FARMER BOY LEARNED AT SCHOOL

By Charles Dudley Warner

THE winter season is not all sliding down hill for the farmer boy by any means; yet he contrives to get as much fun out of it as from any part of the year. There is a difference in boys; some are always jolly, and some go scowling always through life as if they had a stone bruise on each heel. I like a jolly boy.

I used to know one who came round every morning to sell molasses candy, offering two sticks for a cent apiece; it was worth fifty cents a day to see his cheery face. That boy rose in the world. He is now the owner of a large town at the West. To be sure, there are no houses in it except his own; but there is a map of it and roads and streets are laid out on it, with dwellings and churches and academies and a college and an opera-house, and you could scarcely tell it from Springfield or Hartford, on paper. He and all his family have the fever and ague, and shake worse than the people at Lebanon; but they do not mind it; it makes them lively, in fact. Ed May is just as jolly as he used to be. He calls his town Mayopolis, and expects to be mayor of it; his wife, however, calls the town Maybe.

The farmer boy likes to have winter come, for one thing, because it freezes up the ground so that he can't

dig in it; and it is covered with snow, so that there is no picking up stones, nor driving the cows to pasture. He would have a very easy time if it were not for the getting up before daylight to build the fires and do the "chores." Nature intended the long winter nights for the farmer boy to sleep; but in my day he was expected to open his sleepy eyes when the cock crew, get out of the warm bed and light a candle, struggle into his cold pantaloons, and pull on boots in which the thermometer would have gone down to zero, rake open the coals on the hearth and start the morning fire, and then go to the barn to "fodder." The frost was thick on the kitchen windows; the snow was drifted against the door; and the journey to the barn, in the pale light of dawn, over the creaking snow, was like an exile's trip to Siberia. The boy was not half awake when he stumbled into the cold barn, and was greeted by the lowing and bleating and neighing of cattle waiting for their breakfast. How their breath steamed up from the mangers, and hung in frosty spears from their noses! Through the great lofts above the hay, where the swallows nested, the winter wind whistled and the snow sifted. Those old barns were well ventilated.

I used to spend much valuable time in planning a barn that should be tight and warm, with a fire in it if necessary in order to keep the temperature somewhere near the freezing point. I could n't see how the cattle could live in a place where a lively boy, full of young blood, would freeze to death in a short time if he did not swing his arms and slap his hands, and jump about like a goat. I thought I would have a sort of perpetual

manger that should shake down the hay when it was wanted, and a self-acting machine that should cut up the turnips and pass them into the mangers, and water always flowing for the cattle and horses to drink. With these simple arrangements I could lie in bed, and know that the "chores" were doing themselves. It would also be necessary, in order that I should not be disturbed, that the crow should be taken out of the roosters, but I could think of no process to do it. It seems to me that the hen breeders, if they know as much as they say they do, might raise a breed of crowless roosters, for the benefit of boys, quiet neighborhoods, and sleepy families.

There was another notion that I had, about kindling the kitchen fire, that I never carried out. It was, to have a spring at the head of my bed, connecting with a wire, which should run to a torpedo which I would plant overnight in the ashes of the fireplace. By touching the spring I could explode the torpedo, which would scatter the ashes and uncover the live coals, and at the same time shake down the sticks of wood which were standing by the side of the ashes in the chimney, and the fire would kindle itself. This ingenious plan was frowned on by the whole family, who said they did not want to be waked up every morning by an explosion. And yet they expected me to wake up without an explosion. A boy's plans for making life agreeable are hardly ever heeded.

I never knew a boy farmer who was not eager to go to the district school in the winter. There is such a chance for learning, that he must be a dull boy who

does not come out in the spring a fair skater, an accurate snowballer, and an accomplished slider downhill, with or without a board, on his seat, on his stomach, or on his feet. Take a moderate hill, with a foot-slide down it worn to icy smoothness, and a "go-round" of boys on it, and there is nothing like it for whittling away boot-leather. The boy is the shoemaker's friend. An active lad can wear down a pair of cowhide soles in a week so that the ice will scrape his toes. Sledding or coasting is also slow fun compared to the "bareback" sliding down a steep hill over a hard, glistening crust. It is not only dangerous, but it is destructive to jacket and pantaloons to a degree to make a tailor laugh. If any other animal wore out his skin as fast as a schoolboy wears out his clothes in winter, it would need a new one once a month. In a country district school, patches were not by any means a sign of poverty, but of the boy's courage and adventurous disposition. Our elders used to threaten to dress us in leather and put sheet-iron seats in our trousers. The boy *said* that he wore out his trousers on the hard seats in the schoolhouse ciphering hard sums. For that extraordinary statement he received two castigations — one at home, that was mild, and one from the schoolmaster, who was careful to lay the rod upon the boy's sliding place, punishing him, as he jocosely called it, on a sliding scale, according to the thinness of his pantaloons.

What I liked best at school, however, was the study of history, early history, the Indian wars. We studied it mostly at noontime, and we had it illustrated as the children nowadays have "object-lessons" — though

our object was not so much to have lessons as it was to revive real history.

Back of the schoolhouse rose a round hill, upon which tradition said had stood in colonial times a blockhouse, built by the settlers for defense against the Indians. For the Indians had the idea that the whites were not settled enough, and used to come nights to settle them with a tomahawk. It was called Fort Hill. It was very steep on each side, and the river ran close by. It was a charming place in summer, where one could find laurel, and checkerberries, and sassafras roots, and sit in the cool breeze, looking at the mountains across the river, and listening to the murmur of the Deerfield. The Methodists built a meetinghouse there afterwards, but the hill was so slippery in winter that the aged could not climb it, and the wind raged so fiercely that it blew nearly all the young Methodists away (many of whom were afterwards heard of in the West), and finally the meetinghouse itself came down into the valley and grew a steeple, and enjoyed itself ever afterwards. It used to be a notion in New England that a meetinghouse ought to stand as near heaven as possible.

The boys at our school divided themselves into two parties; one was the Early Settlers and the other the Pequots, the latter the most numerous. The Early Settlers built a snow fort on the hill, and a strong fortress it was, constructed of snowballs rolled up to a vast size (larger than the Cyclopean blocks of stone which form the ancient Etruscan walls in Italy), piled one upon another, and the whole cemented by pouring

on water which froze and made the walls solid. The Pequots helped the whites build it. It had a covered way under the snow, through which only could it be entered, and it had bastions and towers and openings to fire from, and a great many other things for which there are no names in military books. And it had a glacis and a ditch outside.

When it was completed, the Early Settlers, leaving the women in the schoolhouse, a prey to the Indians, used to retire into it, and await the attack of the Pequots. There was only a handful of the garrison, while the Indians were many, and also barbarous. It was agreed that they should be barbarous. And it was in this light that the great question was settled whether a boy might snowball with balls that he had soaked over night in water and let freeze. They were as hard as cobblestones, and if a boy should be hit in the head by one of them he could not tell whether he was a Pequot or an Early Settler. It was considered as unfair to use these iceballs in an open fight as it is to use poisoned ammunition in real war. But as the whites were protected by the fort, and the Indians were treacherous by nature, it was decided that the latter might use the hard missiles.

The Pequots used to come swarming up the hill, with hideous war whoops, attacking the fort on all sides with great noise and a shower of balls. The garrison replied with yells of defiance and well-directed shots, hurling back the invaders when they attempted to scale the walls. The Settlers had the advantage of position, but they were sometimes overpow-

ered by numbers, and would often have had to surrender but for the ringing of the school bell. The Pequots were in great fear of the school bell.

I do not remember that the whites ever hauled down their flag and surrendered voluntarily; but once or twice the fort was carried by storm and the garrison were massacred to a boy, and thrown out of the fortress, having been first scalped. To take a boy's cap was to scalp him, and after that he was dead, if he played fair. There were a great many hard hits given and taken, but always cheerfully, for it was in the cause of our early history. The history of Greece and Rome was stuff compared to this. And we had many boys in our school who could imitate the Indian war whoop enough better than they could scan *arma virumque cano*.

POLLY'S PLAYHOUSE

By Mabel Hill

JAMES is an architect, Mary was an interior decorator, who loved James enough to enter into partnership with him for better or for worse, as well as for business relationships. I am an old-maid schoolmarm, who has gathered by the way many theories as well as taught many branches of so-called education.

When James and Mary told me of their grand surprise for Polly, their one and only child, I did not reply. On her fifth birthday she was to have a perfectly wonderful doll house, with perfectly wonderful furnishings within. No, I did not reply; I was cogitating. Having a pretty thorough knowledge of other people's children of five, I somehow felt that the architect and the interior decorator were all wrong. But being only an adopted member of this family, this little trinity of a home, I kept silence, and in their enthusiasm they did not miss my comments.

James spent hours on designs and elevations; then a carpenter built the house. It was six feet tall, it was three stories high, there were stairs and doorways, swinging doors on real hinges, glass windows that opened, green blinds, a veranda, a side porch, and even a pergola that came off when the season demanded

that the house be placed in the nursery, and went on again when the garden was Polly's daily playroom.

Polly's mother spent hours in the choice of furnishings. The furniture was made by hand; a lame boy with a fret saw turned it out and polished it. There were chandeliers, and sconces, curtains, shades, hangings, china; everything that could possibly go into a beautiful home went into Polly's palace. It was really a *chef d'œuvre* in architectural lines in the doll's world. James's architectural friends dropped in to see his masterpiece. The pupils from Miss Saxon's school came for afternoon tea and made a study of the hangings.

Little Polly, in the meantime, all innocence, all ignorance, all happiness in her world of imagery, played with fairies, puppies, two new kittens, a sand pile, an old kitchen spoon, ten big and little wooden spools, her garden, into which she had transplanted dockweeds, fencing it in with eight discarded bricks; and always and everywhere with little Polly was her doll Dinah, almost as large as herself, but emaciated from four years of travel around the nursery. Yes, Polly was supremely content, and without guile as far as the doll house was concerned. She knew that on May 20 she was to be five years old, and that on this afternoon there were to be five candles on the cake, and that four little girls were to share a tea party with her. Both James and Mary told her that she was to have a surprise, and that she must not tease or ask questions about it. In her intimate moments with me she whispered, "I think I 'm to have a baby

sister." But this seemed to change to "a pony cart, and a pony, with a long whip"; which showed that her mind had not reached great concentrated powers upon the future.

When the morning came for James and Mary, for after all it was James and Mary who cared most, Polly walked between her architectural papa and her decorative mamma into the garden, where the wonderful edifice had been placed on the edge of the rose bushes. The child gave one look, and then flew toward the doll house, clapped her hands, sat down in front of the doorway, and without one word of gratitude to her amazed parents, began pulling out the furniture, one thing after another as fast as she could, examining each article with lightning inquisitiveness. "What 's that for?" she asked, as she came across a coal scuttle. "Oh! here 's a sofa!" "Here 's a cradle!" "Here 's a candlestick!" "Here 's a stove!"

I had followed quietly in the background, and stood behind Mary. I looked at James. I could see the disappointment, and I said, "Don't be disappointed. Of course, she can't play, really play, with the doll's house until she has become acquainted with everything in it. Just now she 's an appraiser, instead of a little mother."

Mary whispered, "Hope she won't break anything," and added, "Be careful, dear, the handle of that little pitcher might break very easily." Polly's little cheeks grew hotter with excitement; she crowded up against the building and peered into every one of the six rooms. Every identical thing came out as fast as her ten tiny

fingers could work. "Do you like it, Polly?" at last ventured her father. "Of course," she replied, with her usual philosophy. "I wish it were bigger, though, so that Dinah could live in it. Dinah is my only real doll, papa; all the other dolls are her dolls. This house will just have to be another plaything for Dinah, but I guess she'll like it."

Next, Mary's sense of interior decorating met with its first tragedy. Restless to get to his coffee, James said, "Put everything back into your new house, little woman, and come with mamma and me to breakfast."

"All right, papa, but I shan't have the kitchen on that side of the house. I shall put the stove in here," and she placed it in the library, where the tiny bookcases had been lined against the wall. "I want to cook, myself, and I shall want to watch Dinah in the pergola, as that 's the only place I can put her when I play I 'm in this very small house."

The interior-decorator mother had to see the whole paraphernalia altered because of the exigencies of Dinah's interests. Parlor rugs that had matched parlor wall papers were relegated to bedrooms; chairs that were only fitted for bedrooms appeared on the veranda — always with a good, perfectly good reason, but absolutely defying "art for art's sake." James and Mary discussed the barbaric instinct of their *enfant terrible*, and decided that to cure such bad taste, the only treatment to follow would be silent suggestion. Martha, Polly's nursery maid, should every evening reorganize the doll's house, and time might develop an ideality from example.

How I did enjoy watching the suit labeled "Baby *vs.* Parents."

Who won? This is the way Polly worked out her salvation — the very way I felt in my educational bones that she would. One day I found her with the chauffeur behind the garage, putting together two great boxes, one on top of the other.

"What are you doing, Polly mine?" I asked.

"I 'm going to build a house for Dinah that 's big enough for her to sit in; it 's too hot in the pergola for her. Besides, I 'd rather build a house myself, than play all the time in a house that some one else built, and that Martha has to fix up just the way she does the parlor. Don't you know, Aunt Mabel, that little girls like to make houses just the way boys make huts in the woods?"

"Yes, of course," I responded. "Do you want me to help?"

"No, no, I want to make my house all myself."

"What will you do for furniture?" I asked.

"I can cut it out of pictures in newspapers and magazines."

"So you can, but it won't stand up, the way the furniture does in the other house."

"I don't care; mother and father's house" (Polly always spoke of the House Beautiful as "mother and father's house") "has to have things that way, because they are grown-ups and made 'em, but Dinah and I can *imagine*, and it 's nicer!"

Just then James, who had been listening behind the corner of the garage, stepped forth; he had taken in

the whole situation. He leaned over my shoulder and whispered, "You 're right — you and Pestalozzi and Froebel and Seguin and Montessori. Every generation has to work it out itself. Well, Mary and I had a good time building the House Beautiful!" and he leaned upon the big shoe box and looked thoughtful.

THE SUMMER HOLIDAY THAT MEANS GROWTH

By Mabel Hill

"IT has never seemed right to me," she reiterated; for we had begun the discussion earlier in the afternoon, but had been interrupted by the heir apparent of the home who had been in quest of "what to do next!" Having found something for Tommy in the shape of momentary amusement my hostess returned to our subject. "No, it has always seemed to me as if we were not justified in coming up here into this heavenly country with glorious scenery and intimate friends, yet just letting the children run wild. John says that it is the best thing in the world for them, but he does not understand the hours and hours when the children are bored unmercifully with nothing definite in their day's programme."

We were sitting on the veranda under the awnings; but I could see out and across the clean-shaven lawn to the old-fashioned garden with its pergola of grapevines and trellises. Beyond was an orchard of orderly young apple trees, and skirting its eastern exposure was a grove of oaks and pines — a place of delight to look upon, I thought, with my childish dreams still haunting my heart. Oh, what a place for children to

play in; and to work in, too, if some one only could show them how. I have a curious idea that work in summer is what all nature enjoys doing! All, except human nature, so-called society! And even society people do work like beavers at tennis and golf and boating, though they have educated themselves into calling the work by another name.

My hostess was really in earnest over her problem. It had been but two weeks since the summer home had been opened and already time was dragging on the children's hands.

"I would have a governess if John approved of it. But, as it is, he has antipathies for the routine work at school and he would never hear of summer studies. Why, he grumbles all winter about the long sessions and the late hours of the afternoons for play."

"That is exactly what I believe, too! Afternoon sessions in winter, for little folk, are all wrong. But so, too, are three long months of idleness in summer, with no systematic reading or thinking. Moreover, I have no doubt but that some day next year, when the snow is piled high or a blizzard is in progress, these children will be told in classrooms about the things that are here under their very unseeing eyes all this long happy summer time!"

The mother laughed a hopeless little laugh and said grudgingly, "I suppose so!"

Just then my sister Marjorie joined us on the veranda, and as she had caught the drift of our conversation through the open windows, she came out of the door repeating the old verse I care for —

"'A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot,
The veriest school for peace' —

and the veriest school for boys and girls in the long summer tide! Mrs. Hallowell, why not send for Jack Greenwood? He would make a wonderful 'grown-up playmate' for your children, and think of what they would learn without realizing that they were at school."

"Why, how would that young man fit into our life here? He 's a college student getting ready to be a biologist, I know; but would he not be miles over their heads with his information? And besides — the two girls — what of Mary and Baby Elizabeth?"

"Jack has had experience. When he was teaching in Maine the first summer attending college, before he made his scholarship, he had all kinds of experience. He probably knows little girls as well as boys, and he would be a delight to Elizabeth, for he could pick her up and toss her up on his shoulder whenever her stout little legs could go no farther with the older children."

Mrs. Hallowell sat thinking, and my sister Marjorie, who is a social service worker and understands forcing a situation, continued to marshal facts in order to uphold her arguments.

"It is curious, Mrs. Hallowell, how often the children of the poorer classes and the uneducated have larger opportunities given to them than the children of the rich and the intelligent. Now in connection with the playgrounds and parks we are actually doing for the

great mass of children more than is being done in summer for children whose parents can afford to take them to the sea and the country. I often mourn over the boys and girls I meet at summer boarding places, or those I see in cottage colonies and at such far-away homes on fine estates as this, for I know that the whole summer is being lost or at least misspent."

"'Lost?' 'Misspent?' Why, we come up here into the heart of these mountains more for the children than for ourselves!" ejaculated the mother.

"Ah, but the children at home in the cities are having supervision on the playgrounds. There are teachers who tell them stories, and teachers to sing with them the folk songs and to lead them in folk dancing and marching. And, moreover, there is some one to see that there is fair play in games and with the outdoor athletic apparatus. By and by the fathers and mothers of the 'poor-rich children' will recognize the benefits of such supervision. In the end they will follow our example. It was so with manual and vocational work. After colored students proved what a remarkable institution had been developed by General Armstrong at Hampton, then white students were allowed to use tools and to construct things in schools. But it took a long time for the white parents to understand."

"Oh, what a pity that my husband is a successful banker! We might now be enjoying the benefits of the taxes he pays in New York for these same playgrounds and industrial schools!" And a despairing expression quickly supplanted the smile on Mrs.

Hallowell's face as she saw the irony of the situation.

"Send for Jack! As I have said, call him a 'grown-up playmate' and not a tutor and see what comes of it!"

So Jack Greenwood came.

But before he arrived our days as guests at the beautiful estate of Fairview had come to an end. My sister and I had left the spacious home and gone down into the little village below the hill and the lake, where the villagers were glad to take a few paying guests and where we were only too happy to remain in the neighborhood of our life-long friend, Mrs. Hallowell. Often we climbed the hill to sit with them on the veranda and keep in touch with the gala times at the villa. The Hallowells kept open house all summer. There were golf links and tennis courts, there was the regular afternoon tea hour, and often in the evenings there were musicales and impromptu theatricals. It was a remarkable establishment from hearthstone to garage. And the hospitality flowed with a charm and graciousness that made all who enjoyed it feel at home. There seemed to be no problems on the hillside except those of Tom, thirteen, Caroline, eleven, Charlie, nine, Mary, six, and Baby Elizabeth, precocious at four.

Yes, Jack Greenwood came. At first I could not see why my sister had been so sure of his success. But I soon appreciated his powers of adaptability. He was inventive, but no dreamer. He was enthusiastic, yet patient. He varied his interests, yet he came back to them in order to clinch them in the memory. Often my sister and I would meet him with

the children starting out for a tramp in the morning or afternoon; and there was always a new quest, a fresh interest for the day's investigation.

Then, too, there were daily stories. I discovered that Mr. Greenwood had no exact hour for story-telling. On the contrary, he let the story govern the time. He would not tell a fairy story at high noon, nor a story of the stars in the morning; in choosing examples of literature, he took care that the subject was in tune with Nature. "A poem that describes summer gladness would never do on a steaming dog-day, with grayish clouds and a lurid sunset," he said when I asked him why a certain poem had been post-poned. He added, "I remember once in the high school our teacher introduced us to Whittier in September, by reading 'Snowbound.' Think of the beautiful autumnal verses she might have chosen!"

The walks, too, did not occur always at the same time. If there was to be a luncheon at the house, with guests, and with "goodies" sent from the caterer's, Jack Greenwood planned a picnic in the forest, far up on the side of the mountain, and even little Baby Elizabeth was counted in as one of the party. Jack always managed that some of the wonderful things from the caterer's went into the baskets for their "piney-woods dinner," as the little pet of the house-hold called their luncheon.

Tea baskets were filled and carried out into the orchard almost every afternoon, because the regular "teas" at the veranda were n't "half as thrilling as those out of baskets," when Jack Greenwood told

stories or explained to the children the wonders of Nature close about them.

So little by little the children grew to know the names of the summer wild flowers, and of the trees and shrubs, and even to understand the habits of the animals of the woods. Mary showed me her herbarium. She had gathered and pressed forty-eight blossoms. Tom had learned that in the autumn he could redeem an old orchard by grafting the apple trees, and he had gained the promise from his father that he might come back from school to carry out the work himself. In fact, the orchard was to be deeded to Tom if he proved himself a success in making the ancient trees yield a harvest.

Charlie became an expert with his kodak. He had even taken a good picture of an old fox on its trail through the wood. When he proudly showed it to me, he explained, "I had expected to be a sportsman like Uncle Billy. But I think all the hunting I shall ever do will be with my kodak. It seems nicer to be scientific than to be just a sportsman." And Mr. Greenwood had added, "I believe Charlie knows now as much about birds as I do. He has been infinitely patient in watching them and noting their habits."

A knowledge of flowers and trees and animals, with stories and poetry and picnics and tramps across country; surely these in themselves were enough to count the coming of the "grown-up playmate" a great success. But that was not all. Jack Greenwood searched out the local history of the town. He found delightful tales of Indian days on the mountain. He

discovered that a house had once stood just where the garage was built, and that Committees of Safety and Committees of Correspondence had sat in the house and conspired against the mother country.

This local history research was incidental, of course. The egg woman had something to tell which afterwards was corroborated by the town clerk at the church door. And the "old gentleman who comes for the linen," as Elizabeth the baby called the aged man, had much information to give after he was once captured by Tom, with his father's tobacco pouch.

Coming in touch with these country folk, moreover, led to new relationships which seemed full of personal gain to the children as they wandered from farm to farm, or met their new friends in the village at the post office.

But it was the pageant which was Jack Greenwood's masterpiece.

That made him famous up and down the hillside and throughout the township. The children were gathered from the farms as well as from the estates where other city people had found homes for the summer. There were forty of them when they finally came together for the grand rehearsal. It was a "Pageant of Childhood in America."

One group of boys and girls had been making their costumes for the Indian scene, another for colonial children. The third episode illustrated the children of the Revolution, and the principal costumes had to be imported from the city, though the minutemen had clothes borrowed from closets in many a barn

chamber, and from old chests. The "Little Red School-House Children" were particularly charming in the pageant as they came over the orchard with their schoolbooks strapped together with slates and sponges, barefooted, whistling, and perpetrating jokes. The boys who took part in the last episode, "Children of '61," were themselves thrilled into acting their parts as well as did their grandfathers more than fifty years ago.

Tom had superintended the log house needed in the first and second episodes, and he and Charlie had taken Caroline's big doll house and painted it red to stand in the background to represent the proverbial red schoolhouse of the forties. It was a very, very big house for dolls! Caroline had been able to stand up in it until the previous spring.

The grove was the stage, and the orchard and pergola helped out for "green rooms" as the members of the pageant came and went. After the audience, sitting under the apple trees, had applauded again and again, the children formed into line and marched through the pergola to the house, where guests of the family and the townspeople, too, might follow to congratulate the happy actors.

It had really been a great success. Just getting the children together at different farms or summer homes to plan the work and to encourage the making of costumes was in itself something of large educational worth. The spirit, too, shown by each boy and girl in impersonating the characters would have a far-reaching influence.

Two weeks before the long summer holiday was over Jack Greenwood left the young people of Fairview to get ready for his work at college.

Had it been a success?

This is what my friend wrote to me after the summer "grown-up playmate" had left them: —

"I can never thank you and Marjorie enough for helping solve the problem of our children. I could not have dreamed that it would work out so well. And the strangest part and perhaps the happiest part consists in the reaction that has been brought about in the family life, especially with John. For the past three summers we have let ourselves talk of the tennis tournaments and the golf, the dinners and the teas. Now, at least at luncheon, when all the children are with us at the table, the conversation has become general and the interest of the boys and even of the girls has monopolized our thoughts. You know John does know a great deal about Nature and the life of the woods. It had slipped his memory in part, however, and it has been a real delight to him to rub it up again in discussions with Jack Greenwood. When the 'grown-up playmate' left us yesterday, all the children cried except Tom, who said, 'I should cry, too, Mr. Greenwood, but you 've promised to correspond!' Then John laughed, and said, 'I should cry myself, Jack, but I have the pleasure of anticipating next year. You 'll be with us another season, unless you refuse to come.'"

When my sister returned from the social service and shared with me the letter, she exclaimed, "Oh, let

us publish this part of the letter and tell the whole story. We may start a crusade by so doing, and bring greater happiness as well as broader intelligence into the homes of the children of the rich everywhere."

"Yes, but where will parents find another Jack Greenwood?" I asked.

"Of course, Jack is a remarkable fellow. That was why I thought of him so quickly at the outset. But there are other Jack Greenwoods and Mary Greenwoods, too. The colleges and normal schools are turning out hundreds every year, young men and women eager to be of service, well equipped with information and endowed with the kind of leadership which carries the younger children along with them. That is what education means to-day."

EDUCATIONAL RECREATION IN THE HOME

By Mabel Hill

OLD-FASHIONED home life seems almost to have passed away with other things which make memory sacred. We look back on the so-called "family circle" in the stories of Frederica Bremer and Elizabeth Wetherell and Adeline Whitney, to find that the home in many cases is no longer a "circle," but rather a "tangent"! It is a line that springs off into space toward women's clubs and men's clubs, toward motoring and golfing and tennis, until every member of the family is so spent when the late dinner hour is over that there is no children's hour. Alas, in many cases there are no children!

But of course there are family circles, charming family circles, only society has a new name for such intimate relations, and the new name is not yet proverbial, nor has it become a synonym for a particular hour of each day or evening when parents and children come together for common interest and common joys. We do know of such evenings even in our limited acquaintance; and up and down the streets of our cities and in the homes of our country environment surely, if we should peep behind drawn curtains, we should find the mother with her embroidery and the father

with his pipe, sitting cosily with their children for at least half an hour, listening to an account of the day's triumphs or the friendships of their playmates; or perhaps one of the parents might be busily engaged helping out with a lesson.

It is this children's hour in the home life which lends itself to cultural growth more than the work of the school, more than travel. For at the fireside the poetry and story telling, the reading aloud, the merry impromptu theatricals, and the little courtesies of comradeship which must develop in such conjunctive relation, all combine to change the bare facts of newly received mental content into a product which means imagination and reasoning and the larger vision. These readings and talks and little games and plays are in these recent days of humanized school work more or less practiced in the wide-awake classroom, but never can a teacher and a group of pupils bring about the same cultural results as are constantly and all unconsciously produced by home influence.

There are so many lovely things to do with children which are educational — without method or cant; so many enjoyable games that may be played while the mother sits with her sewing and the father puffs away at his solacing pipe. Take for instance the game of "Seeing Things." Ever since the children began to go to school they have had stories from the history of the United States and European countries and they have taken part in patriotic holiday celebrations. Then the Christmas gift books are almost always historical story books, where brave boys seem to have been as

important as the actual leaders. But children are not always able to converse about these matters because young vocabularies are limited. Their capacity, however, to recognize mental pictures is very large, and often very accurate.

Let us imagine a home where the members of the family have gathered together for recreation which is educational. The father looks up from his paper and remarks, "Tommy, I can see — "

Oh, what a delighted group of faces. Mary pulls her chair close to "daddy's." Tom, who is but twelve years old, does not know as much as Mary, who is fourteen, and has studied English history; nevertheless Tom is fitted to take a live interest in the game, for he stands as a banner pupil in a history class in a seventh grade. And even Bobby, who is but eight, "knows a good deal of history," as he has told the family a great many times.

The boys pull their chairs close to the table, and their faces light up with eagerness as the game begins, for the father continues "seeing" the mental picture: —

"I can see a man dressed in leather clothes not unlike an Indian's, though he has no feather trimmings and no feathers in his hat. He is making his way stealthily through dense woods, hurrying rapidly but stepping carefully; then waiting and listening, only to push forward faster than before. Catching sight of a stout vine he clutches it, swings far out on it, swings out again and again until it carries him a long way into the air, then jumping he turns quickly and

darts off into the forest in another direction from that in which he had been going."

The father is trying to keep the point of the story in the background, to make the picture as simple and straightforward as possible, that little Bobby may follow. But Mary knows what is in her father's mind and squeezes his hand very hard that he may realize she "saw it first." He continues, "A few moments after, up come three or four Indians gazing anxiously at the footprints in the grass and underbrush, and seemingly amazed as well as disappointed to find suddenly that the footprints have seemed to vanish like magic."

"Daniel Boone and the Indian!" Bobby shouts.

Tommy laughs and says, "Oh, father, I was sure about it way back when he caught the vine, but I like to hear you make pictures."

"It 's my turn!" Mary declares.

"Yes, Mary, you can make us see a picture."

Mary sees a very pretty lady sitting in a large room. She is sewing busily. She has an old blue army coat on the floor near her and red flannel strips in her lap cut out from red shirts. There is white cloth, too, on the table. A knock comes at the door. The lady looks somewhat excited yet proud as the little maid ushers in —

"George Washington, George Washington! It 's Betsey Ross making the first flag," shouts Tom, while Bobby announces that he "had that in kindergarten."

Mother's turn comes too, and she has to think about it for a whole minute to make it a hard one. She goes

over the seas and takes the children's mental eyes to Scrooby, picturing a home when the sheriff comes to take away a father who afterwards becomes a Pilgrim.

Bobby's turn is exciting because he is not always sure of his words, but every one catches his meaning as he describes Balboa taking possession of the Pacific, and as his picture is so "easy" he has another chance to see something else, but he again chooses a pioneer, the family witnessing the arrival of Ponce de Leon on the famous flowery Sunday.

If it should happen to be a stormy Sunday evening and nobody knows just what to do after a long day indoors, to play "SEEING THINGS" from the Old Testament gives a peculiar interest to sacred history. The stories are repeatedly referred to in classical readings, and should become a part of the mental equipment in children's minds. "SEEING THINGS" will help.

Or, again, Aunt Grace is visiting the family. She had been abroad for a year, and hour after hour since her return she has told the children of her delightful experiences. One evening she proposes the game of "GOING TO PLACES," a game that will help the children function their school geography with their general reading.

Tom declares that he likes the game even better than "SEEING THINGS," but Mary assures him that he will not when he is sure of his history. The mother looks up from her embroidery work, and helps Tom out. "The more history you know, Tom, the better you will like this geography game of 'GOING TO PLACES,' because wherever one travels, the more

historical knowledge one has, the more pleasure he will get from sight seeing."

The game begins with Bobby who has to think hard and finally says, "I am going to New Haven to visit —"

"Yale College, Yale College. Oh, Bob, you did that to tease father."

"I am going to Stratford-on —"

But Tom calls out "Shakespeare!" before his father is able to shape the word "Avon."

"I 'll go to Cairo —"

"To start for the desert," ejaculates Aunt Grace.

"To see the Pyramids," adds the mother, looking up from her work.

"To ride a camel," adds Bobby.

And so it goes until some one starts a new "Place."

"I 'll go to The Hague —"

"For the House in the Woods."

"For the Peace Conference."

"For Rembrandt's Famous Pictures."

"And I 'll go the Kimberly Mines for —"

"But we 'll go to Pittsburg for —"

"Ah, let me take you to Cologne."

So it goes faster than we can tell it, for some one is almost always sure to know, and the places fly by like moving pictures. Sometimes there will be a discussion as to whether the object chosen is the most important thing to choose, but in any case an idea is conveyed and a permanent result has been obtained.

If there are three or four children in the home, or at least in the neighborhood, now and then an evening of impromptu historical theatricals gives delight as

well as intellectual culture. Greenroom properties are always accessible from the coat closet or from the hall chest, where the mother of the house keeps nice little "wraps" to put over her own shoulders and those of her guests. There will surely be a Liberty scarf that is perhaps a bit frayed at the edge, but which makes most charming decorative lines for a classical figure; and the old knitted shawl will wrap around Tom for a toga as successfully as if he had worn it on the Acropolis.

Mother Goose and fairy stories lend themselves to dramatization, but of course it is history which gives fire and movement to an episode. John Smith and Pocahontas are great favorites; so too is Columbus kneeling before the royal pair, Ferdinand and Isabella. Bobby attempts Balboa by climbing from a low chair into a high one, and then upon the table, from which point of vantage he scans the imaginary vast distance, whereupon in solemn movement he descends, and marching into the center of the room, places the poker in the middle of the rug with superb and august dignity, claiming the same as the newly discovered Pacific — the ocean of his dreams!

Fathers and mothers need have no anxiety but that there will be plenty of mental materials to use for these impromptu theatricals. The children's mental vision is alive with such pictures. The important thing is to permit the children *expression* in one way or another.

Again another game, "Artists and Critics," offers pleasure to the children who prefer to draw pictures rather than to act scenes.

There are two ways to work out this entertaining game. If there are many little people in the Children's Hour group it may be undertaken with paper and pencil, each person drawing a picture illustrating an historical fact. George Washington crossing the Delaware; the bombardment at Fort Sumter; King Alfred and the cakes; Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylæ; Lincoln signing the Emancipation Proclamation; Cornelia and her jewels; — one can see that quick sketches of episodes or momentous events lend themselves at once to the most awkward artist.

After the quick sketches are drawn, the members of the party are requested to examine the sketches as critics and to make comments, attempting as far as possible to guess the correct intention of the one who has drawn the picture. It is most amusing to know how far afield one person can be from the imagination of another whose artistic talent has never been developed. Much laughter will follow the reading of the comments after each person has placed on record on the back of the sketch what he or she thought was the event or person intended.

The game is equally enjoyable when the players are few and the work is done at a portable blackboard. Each member takes a turn at illustrating some historical event and the criticisms are declared by the others immediately, without written statement.

The illustrations which are here given will show in a way what entertainment can be obtained from an evening of playing "Artists and Critics." (Of course the little verses to the illustrations are not

expected to be used in the games. One does not always have a poet in conjunction with an illustrator!)

There are times in the home when even the older children of the family need to be recreated by a Children's Hour. The freshman from college comes back to mother for his holiday; he likes attention; and he ought always to be a "mother's boy." The girl in the finishing school needs to be kept girlish with home games and home fellowship, else we shall lose the "daughter of the house" altogether.

The "Name Game" runs as follows, and is a delight to the young man or woman who has accumulated in secondary schools much biography and fiction. A leader is chosen who takes his watch, and at a given moment commands every one in the room to write for three minutes. They are to write the names of noted characters in fiction, history, science, politics, literature, current events, as it happens, any or all, whose names begin with a certain letter, which the leader does not announce until the instant of writing when he says "Time! All the words beginning with M" — or any letter of the alphabet.

Of course as each person is equipped along a line of reading or special interests, so will his mind instantly conjure up the names belonging to persons in relation to his subjects. We remember a young divinity student, fresh from Trinity, who broke all records with a list of one hundred and seven words beginning with "M." Almost every word was the name of a Bible character. That same evening an artist student had some fifty words on her list with the same "M," but

in her case the words referred to the great masters of painting and sculpture. The interest in this particular "NAME GAME" is therefore psychological. The quick-minded player averages from twenty words to thirty in the brief "three minutes." After playing the game, however, two or three times, the mind works at double quick speed and the well-read player will give a dozen more names in the time given on the second trial than when he was first put on his mettle.

Then there are the nice old games — for no purpose whatever. Just games for games' sake. "Magic," "Magical Music," "French Blind Man's Bluff," "Fish, Flesh or Fowl," and a host of others; but as our article is entitled "Educational Recreation in the Home" we have no right to wander from our given field. And the field in itself is rich in harvests, harvests of delight and mental growth and, best of all, the development of the Children's Hour!

RIGMAROLE[1]

By Louisa M. Alcott

"WHAT shall we do when we can't eat any more?" asked Laurie, feeling that his trump card had been played when lunch was over.

"Have games till it 's cooler. I brought 'Authors,' and I dare say Miss Kate knows something new and nice. Go and ask her; she 's company, and you ought to stay with her more."

"Are n't you company, too? I thought she 'd suit Brooke; but he keeps talking to Meg, and Kate just stares at them through that ridiculous glass of hers. I 'm going, so you need n't try to preach propriety, for you can't do it, Jo."

Miss Kate did know several new games; and as the girls would not, and the boys could not, eat any more, they all adjourned to the drawing room to play "Rigmarole."

"One person begins a story, any nonsense you like, and tells as long as he pleases, only taking care to stop short at some exciting point, when the next takes it up and does the same. It 's very funny when well done, and makes a perfect jumble of tragical comical stuff to laugh over. Please start it, Mr. Brooke," said Kate.

[1] From *Little Women*, published by Little, Brown & Company. Copyright, 1868, by Louisa M. Alcott.

Lying on the grass at the feet of the two young ladies, Mr. Brooke obediently began the story, with the handsome brown eyes steadily fixed upon the sunshiny river.

"Once on a time, a knight went out into the world to seek his fortune, for he had nothing but his sword and his shield. He traveled a long while, nearly eight-and-twenty years, and had a hard time of it, till he came to the palace of a good old king, who had offered a reward to any one who would tame and train a fine but unbroken colt, of which he was very fond. The knight agreed to try, and got on slowly but surely; for the colt was a gallant fellow, and soon learned to love his new master, though he was freakish and wild. Every day, when he gave his lessons to this pet of the king's, the knight rode him through the city; and, as he rode, he looked everywhere for a certain beautiful face, which he had seen many times in his dreams, but never found. One day, as he went prancing down a quiet street, he saw at the window of a ruinous castle the lovely face. He was delighted, inquired who lived in this old castle, and was told that several captive princesses were kept there by a spell, and spun all day to lay up money to buy their liberty. The knight wished intensely that he could free them; but he was poor, and he could only go by each day, watching for the sweet face, and longing to see it out in the sunshine. At last he resolved to get into the castle and ask how he could help them. He went and knocked; the great door flew open, and he beheld —"

"A ravishingly lovely lady, who exclaimed, with a

cry of rapture, 'At last! at last!' " continued Kate, who had read French novels, and admired the style. "' 'T is she!' cried Count Gustave, and fell at her feet in an ecstasy of joy. 'Oh, rise!' she said, extending a hand of marble fairness. 'Never! till you tell me how I may rescue you,' swore the knight, still kneeling. 'Alas, my cruel fate condemns me to remain here till my tyrant is destroyed.' 'Where is the villain?' 'In the mauve salon. Go, brave heart, and save me from despair.' 'I obey, and return victorious or dead!' With these thrilling words he rushed away, and flinging open the door of the mauve salon, was about to enter, when he received —"

"A stunning blow from the big Greek lexicon, which an old fellow in a black gown fired at him," said Ned. "Instantly Sir What's-his-name recovered himself, pitched the tyrant out of the window, and turned to join the lady, victorious, but with a bump on his brow; found the door locked, tore up the curtains, made a rope ladder, got half-way down when the ladder broke, and he went head first into the moat, sixty feet below. Could swim like a duck, paddled round the castle till he came to a little door guarded by two stout fellows; knocked their heads together till they cracked like a couple of nuts, then, by a trifling exertion of his prodigious strength, he smashed in the door, went up a pair of stone steps covered with dust a foot thick, toads as big as your fist, and spiders that would frighten you into hysterics, Miss March. At the top of these steps he came plump upon a sight that took his breath away and chilled his blood — "

"A tall figure, all in white with a veil over its face and a lamp in its wasted hand," went on Meg. "It beckoned, gliding noiselessly before him down a corridor as dark and cold as any tomb. Shadowy effigies in armor stood on either side, a dead silence reigned, the lamp burned blue, and the ghostly figure ever and anon turned its face toward him, showing the glitter of awful eyes through its white veil. They reached a curtained door, behind which sounded lovely music; he sprang forward to enter, but the spectre plucked him back, and waved threateningly before him a — "

"Snuffbox," said Jo in a sepulchral tone which convulsed the audience. "'Thankee,' said the knight politely, as he took a pinch, and sneezed seven times so violently that his head fell off. 'Ha! ha!' laughed the ghost; and having peeped through the keyhole at the princesses spinning away for dear life, the evil spirit picked up her victim and put him in a large tin box, where there were eleven other knights packed together without their heads, like sardines, who all rose and began to —"

"Dance a hornpipe," cut in Fred, as Jo paused for breath; "and, as they danced, the rubbishy old castle turned to a man-of-war in full sail. 'Up with the jib, reef the tops'l halliards, helm hard a lee, and man the guns!' roared the captain, as a Portuguese pirate hove in sight, with a flag black as ink flying from her foremast. 'Go in and win, my hearties!' says the captain; and a tremendous fight began. Of course the British beat; they always do."

"No, they don't!" cried Jo, aside.

"Having taken the pirate captain prisoner, they sailed slap over the schooner, whose decks were piled with dead, and whose lee scuppers ran blood, for the order had been 'Cutlasses, and die hard!' 'Bosen's mate, take a bight of the flying-jib sheet, and start this villain if he don't confess his sins double quick,' said the British captain. The Portuguese held his tongue like a brick, and walked the plank, while the jolly tars cheered like mad. But the sly dog dived, came up under the man-of-war, scuttled her, and down she went, with all sail set, 'To the bottom of the sea, where —' "

"Oh, gracious! what *shall* I say?" cried Sallie, as Fred ended his rigmarole, in which he had jumbled together, pell-mell, nautical phrases and facts, out of one of his favorite books. "Well, they went to the bottom, and a nice mermaid welcomed them, but was much grieved on finding the box of headless knights, and kindly pickled them in brine, hoping to discover the mystery about them; for, being a woman, she was curious. By and by a diver came down, and the mermaid said, 'I 'll give you this box of pearls if you can take it up;' for she wanted to restore the poor things to life, and could n't raise the heavy load herself. So the diver hoisted it up, and was much disappointed, on opening it, to find no pearls. He left it in a great lonely field, where it was found by a — "

"Little goose girl, who kept a hundred fat geese in the field," said Amy, when Sallie's invention gave out. "The little girl was sorry for them, and asked an old woman what she could do to help them. 'Your geese

will tell you, they know everything,' said the old woman. So she asked what she should use for new heads, since the old ones were lost, and all the geese opened their hundred mouths and screamed — "

"'Cabbages!'" continued Laurie promptly. "'Just the thing,' said the girl, and ran to get twelve fine ones from her garden. She put them on, the knights revived at once, thanked her, and went on their way rejoicing, never knowing the difference, for there were so many other heads like them in the world that no one thought anything of it. The knight in whom I 'm interested went back to find the pretty face, and learned that the princesses had spun themselves free, and all gone to be married, but one. He was in a great state of mind at that; and mounting the colt, who stood by him through thick and thin, rushed to the castle to see what was left. Peeping over the hedge, he saw the queen of his affections picking flowers in her garden. 'Will you give me a rose?' said he. 'You must come and get it. I can't come to you; it is n't proper,' said she, as sweet as honey. He tried to climb over the hedge, but it seemed to grow higher and higher; then he tried to push through, but it grew thicker and thicker, and he was in despair. So he patiently broke twig after twig, till he had made a little hole, through which he peeped, saying imploringly, 'Let me in! let me in!' But the pretty princess did not seem to understand, for she picked her roses quietly, and left him to fight his way in. Whether he did or not, Frank will tell you."

"I can't; I 'm not playing, I never do," said Frank,

dismayed at the sentimental predicament out of which he was to rescue the absurd couple. Beth had disappeared behind Jo, and Grace was asleep.

"So the poor knight is to be left sticking in the hedge, is he?" asked Mr. Brooke, still watching the river, and playing with the wild rose in his button hole.

"I guess the princess gave him a posy, and opened the gate, after a while," said Laurie, smiling to himself, as he threw acorns at his tutor.

"What a piece of nonsense we have made! With practice we might do something quite clever. Do you know 'Truth'?" asked Sallie, after they had laughed over their story.

"I hope so," said Meg, soberly.

"The game, I mean?"

"What is it?" said Fred.

"Why, you pile up your hands, choose a number, and draw out in turn, and the person who draws at the number has to answer truly any questions put by the rest. It 's great fun."

"Let 's try it," said Jo, who liked new experiments.

Miss Kate and Mr. Brooke, Meg, and Ned declined, but Fred, Sallie, Jo, and Laurie piled and drew; and the lot fell to Laurie.

"Who are your heroes?" asked Jo.

"Grandfather and Napoleon."

"Which lady here do you think prettiest?" said Sallie.

"Margaret."

"Which do you like best?" from Fred.

"Jo, of course."

"What silly questions you ask!" and Jo gave a disdainful shrug as the rest laughed at Laurie's matter-of-fact tone.

"Try again; Truth is n't a bad game," said Fred.

"It 's a very good one for you," retorted Jo, in a low voice.

Her turn came next.

"What is your greatest fault?" asked Fred, by way of testing in her the virtue he lacked himself.

"A quick temper."

"What do you most wish for?" said Laurie.

"A pair of boot lacings," returned Jo, guessing and defeating his purpose.

"Not a true answer; you must say what you really do want most."

"Genius; don't you wish you could give it to me, Laurie?" and she slyly smiled in his disappointed face.

"What virtues do you most admire in a man?" asked Sallie.

"Courage and honesty."

"Now my turn," said Fred, as his hand came at last.

"Let 's give it to him," whispered Laurie to Jo, who nodded, and asked at once, —

"Did n't you cheat at croquet?"

"Well, yes, a little bit."

"Good! Did n't you take your story out of 'The Sea-Lion'?" said Laurie.

"Rather."

"Don't you think the English nation perfect in every respect?" asked Sallie.

"I should be ashamed of myself if I did n't."

"He 's a true John Bull. Now, Miss Sallie, you shall have a chance without waiting to draw. I 'll harrow up your feelings first, by asking if you don't think you are something of a flirt," said Laurie, as Jo nodded to Fred, as a sign that peace was declared.

"You impertinent boy! of course I 'm not," exclaimed Sallie, with an air that proved the contrary.

"What do you hate most?" asked Fred.

"Spiders and rice pudding."

"What do you like best?" asked Jo.

"Dancing and French gloves."

"Well, *I* think Truth is a very silly play; let 's have a sensible game of Authors, to refresh our minds," proposed Jo.

THE NAUGHTY KITTY-MOUSE[1]

By Louisa M. Alcott

DAISY and Demi lived in a world of their own, peopled with lovely or grotesque creatures, to whom they gave the queerest names, and with whom they played the queerest games. One of these nursery inventions was an invisible sprite called "The Naughty Kitty-mouse," whom the children had believed in, feared, and served for a long time. They seldom spoke of it to any one else, kept their rites as private as possible; and, as they never tried to describe it, even to themselves, this being had a vague mysterious charm very agreeable to Demi, who delighted in elves and goblins. A most whimsical and tyrannical imp was the Naughty Kitty-mouse, and Daisy found a fearful pleasure in its service, blindly obeying its most absurd demands, which were usually proclaimed from the lips of Demi, whose powers of invention were great. Rob and Teddy sometimes joined in these ceremonies, and considered them excellent fun, although they did not understand half that went on.

One day after school Demi whispered to his sister, with an ominous wag of the head —

"The Kitty-mouse wants us this afternoon."

[1] From *Little Men*, published by Little, Brown & Company. Copyright, 1871, by Louisa M. Alcott.

"What for?" asked Daisy, anxiously.

"A *sackerryfice*," answered Demi, solemnly. "There must be a fire behind the big rock at two o'clock, and we must all bring the things we like best, and burn them!" he added, with an awful emphasis on the last words.

"Oh, dear! I love the new paper dollies Aunt Amy painted for me best of any thing; must I burn them up?" cried Daisy, who never thought of denying the unseen tyrant any thing it demanded.

"Every one. I shall burn my boat, my best scrap-book, and *all* my soldiers," said Demi, firmly.

"Well, I will; but it's too bad of Kitty-mouse to want our very nicest things," sighed Daisy.

"A *sackerryfice* means to give up what you are fond of, so we must," explained Demi, to whom the new idea had been suggested by hearing Uncle Fritz describe the customs of the Greeks to the big boys who were reading about them in school.

"Is Rob coming too?" asked Daisy.

"Yes, and he is going to bring his toy village; it is all made of wood, you know, and will burn nicely. We 'll have a grand bonfire, and see them blaze up, won't we?"

This brilliant prospect consoled Daisy, and she ate her dinner with a row of paper dolls before her, as a sort of farewell banquet.

At the appointed hour the sacrificial train set forth, each child bearing the treasures demanded by the insatiable Kitty-mouse. Teddy insisted on going also, and seeing that all the others had toys, he tucked a

squeaking lamb under one arm and old Annabella under the other, little dreaming what anguish the latter idol was to give him.

"Where are you going, my chickens?" asked Mrs. Jo, as they passed her door.

"To play by the big rock; can't we?"

"Yes, only don't go near the pond, and take good care of baby."

"I always do," said Daisy, leading forth her charge with a capable air.

"Now, you must all sit round, and not move till I tell you. This flat stone is an altar, and I am going to make a fire on it."

Demi then proceeded to kindle up a small blaze, as he had seen the boys do at picnics. When the flame burned well, he ordered the company to march round it three times and then stand in a circle.

"I shall begin, and as fast as my things are burnt, you must bring yours."

With that he solemnly laid on a little paper book full of pictures, pasted in by himself; this was followed by a dilapidated boat, and then one by one the unhappy leaden soldiers marched to death. Not one faltered or hung back, from the splendid red and yellow captain to the small drummer who had lost his legs; all vanished in the flames and mingled in one common pool of melted lead.

"Now, Daisy!" called the high priest of Kitty-mouse, when his rich offerings had been consumed, to the great satisfaction of the children.

"My dear dollies, how *can* I let them go?" moaned

Daisy, hugging the entire dozen with a face full of maternal woe.

"You must," commanded Demi; and with a farewell kiss to each, Daisy laid her blooming dolls upon the coals.

"Let me keep one, the dear blue thing, she is *so* sweet," besought the poor little mamma, clutching her last in despair.

"More! more!" growled an awful voice, and Demi cried, "That 's the Kitty-mouse! she must have every one, quick, or she will scratch us."

In went the precious blue belle, flounces, rosy hat, and all, and nothing but a few black flakes remained of that bright band.

"Stand the houses and trees round, and let them catch themselves; it will be like a real fire then," said Demi, who liked variety even in his "sackerryfices."

Charmed by this suggestion, the children arranged the doomed village, laid a line of coals along the main street, and then sat down to watch the conflagration. It was somewhat slow to kindle owing to the paint, but at last one ambitious little cottage blazed up, fired a tree of the palm species, which fell on to the roof of a large family mansion, and in a few minutes the entire town was burning merrily. The wooden population stood and stared at the destruction like blockheads, as they were, till they also caught and blazed away without a cry. It took some time to reduce the town to ashes, and the lookers-on enjoyed the spectacle immensely, cheering as each house fell, dancing like wild Indians when the steeple flamed aloft, and actually

casting one wretched little churn-shaped lady, who had escaped to the suburbs, into the very heart of the fire.

The superb success of this last offering excited Teddy to such a degree, that he first threw his lamb into the conflagration, and before it had time even to roast, he planted poor dear Annabella on the funeral pyre. Of course she did not like it, and expressed her anguish and resentment in a way that terrified her infant destroyer. Being covered with kid, she did not blaze, but did what was worse, she *squirmed.* First one leg curled up, then the other, in a very awful and lifelike manner; next she flung her arms over her head as if in great agony; her head itself turned on her shoulders, her glass eyes fell out, and with one final writhe of her whole body, she sank down a blackened mass on the ruins of the town. This unexpected demonstration startled every one and frightened Teddy half out of his little wits. He looked, then screamed and fled toward the house, roaring "Marmar" at the top of his voice.

Mrs. Bhaer heard the outcry and ran to the rescue, but Teddy could only cling to her and pour out in his broken way something about "poor Bella hurted," "a dreat fire," and "all the dollies dorn." Fearing some dire mishap, his mother caught him up and hurried to the scene of action, where she found the blind worshippers of Kitty-mouse mourning over the charred remains of the lost darling.

"What have you been at? Tell me all about it," said Mrs. Jo, composing herself to listen patiently, for the culprits looked so penitent, she forgave them beforehand.

With some reluctance Demi explained their play, and Aunt Jo laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks, the children were so solemn, and the play was so absurd.

"I thought you were too sensible to play such a silly game as this. If I had any Kitty-mouse, I 'd have a good one who liked you to play in safe pleasant ways, and not destroy and frighten. Just see what a ruin you have made; all Daisy's pretty dolls, Demi's soldiers, and Rob's new village, beside poor Teddy's pet lamb, and dear old Annabella. I shall have to write up in the nursery the verse that used to come in the boxes of toys, —

> 'The children of Holland take pleasure in making,
> What the children of Boston take pleasure in breaking.'

Only I shall put Plumfield instead of Boston."

"We never will again, truly, truly!" cried the repentant little sinners, much abashed at this reproof.

"Demi told us to," said Rob.

"Well, I heard Uncle tell about the Greek people, who had altars and things, and so I wanted to be like them, only I had n't any live creatures to sackerryfice, so we burnt up our toys."

"Dear me, that is something like the bean story," said Aunt Jo, laughing again.

"Tell about it," suggested Daisy, to change the subject.

"Once there was a poor woman who had three or four little children, and she used to lock them up in her room when she went out to work, to keep them safe. One day when she was going away she said, 'Now, my dears, don't let baby fall out of the window,

don't play with the matches, and don't put beans up your noses.' Now the children had never dreamed of doing that last thing, but she put it into their heads, and the minute she was gone, they ran and stuffed their naughty little noses full of beans, just to see how it felt, and she found them all crying when she came home."

"Did it hurt?" asked Rob, with such intense interest that his mother hastily added a warning sequel, lest a new edition of the bean story should appear in her own family.

"Very much, as I know, for when *my* mother told me this story, I was so silly that I went and tried it myself. I had no beans, so I took some little pebbles, and poked several into my nose. I did not like it at all, and wanted to take them out again very soon, but one would not come, and I was so ashamed to tell what a goose I had been that I went for hours with the stone hurting me very much. At last the pain got so bad I had to tell, and when my mother could not get it out, the doctor came. Then I was put in a chair and held tight, Rob, while he used his ugly little pincers till the stone hopped out. Dear me! how my wretched little nose did ache, and how people laughed at me!" and Mrs. Jo shook her head in a dismal way, as if the memory of her sufferings was too much for her.

Rob looked deeply impressed and I am glad to say took the warning to heart. Demi proposed that they should bury poor Annabella, and in the interest of the funeral Teddy forgot his fright. Daisy was soon consoled by another batch of dolls from Aunt Amy, and

the Naughty Kitty-mouse seemed to be appeased by the last offerings, for she tormented them no more.

"Brops" was the name of a new and absorbing play, invented by Bangs. As this interesting animal is not to be found in any Zoological Garden, unless Du Chaillu has recently brought one from the wilds of Africa, I will mention a few of its peculiar habits and traits, for the benefit of inquiring minds. The Brop is a winged quadruped, with a human face of a youthful and merry aspect. When it walks the earth it grunts, when it soars it gives a shrill hoot, occasionally it goes erect, and talks good English. Its body is usually covered with a substance much resembling a shawl, sometimes red, sometimes blue, often plaid, and, strange to say, they frequently change skins with one another. On their heads they have a horn very like a stiff brown paper lamp lighter. Wings of the same substance flap upon their shoulders when they fly; this is never very far from the ground, as they usually fall with violence if they attempt any lofty flights. They browse over the earth, but can sit up and eat like the squirrel. Their favorite nourishment is the seedcake; apples also are freely taken, and sometimes raw carrots are nibbled when food is scarce. They live in dens, where they have a sort of nest, much like a clothes basket, in which the little Brops play till their wings are grown. These singular animals quarrel at times, and it is on these occasions that they burst into human speech, call each other names, cry, scold, and sometimes tear off horns and skin, declaring

fiercely that they "won't play." The few privileged persons who have studied them are inclined to think them a remarkable mixture of the monkey, the sphinx, the roc, and the queer creatures seen by the famous Peter Wilkins.

This game was a great favorite, and the younger children beguiled many a rainy afternoon flapping or creeping about the nursery, acting like little bedlamites and being as merry as little grigs. To be sure, it was rather hard upon clothes, particularly trouser knees and jacket elbows, but Mrs. Bhaer only said, as she patched and darned —

"We do things just as foolish, and not half so harmless. If I could get as much happiness out of it as the little dears do, I 'd be a Brop myself."

Nat's favorite amusements were working in his garden, and sitting in the willow tree with his violin, for that green nest was a fairy world to him, and there he loved to perch, making music like a happy bird. The lads called him "Old Chirper," because he was always humming, whistling, or fiddling, and they often stopped a minute in their work or play to listen to the soft tones of the violin, which seemed to lead a little orchestra of summer sounds. The birds appeared to regard him as one of themselves, and fearlessly sat on the fence or lit among the boughs to watch him with their quick bright eyes. The robins in the apple tree near by evidently considered him a friend, for the father bird hunted insects close beside him, and the little mother brooded as confidingly over her blue eggs as if the boy was only a new sort of blackbird, who

cheered her patient watch with his song. The brown brook babbled and sparkled below him, the bees haunted the clover fields on either side, friendly faces peeped at him as they passed, the old house stretched its wide wings hospitably toward him, and with a blessed sense of rest and love and happiness, Nat dreamed for hours in this nook, unconscious what healthful miracles were being wrought upon him.

One listener he had who never tired, and to whom he was more than a mere schoolmate. Poor Billy's chief delight was to lie beside the brook, watching leaves and bits of foam dance by, listening dreamily to the music in the willow tree. He seemed to think Nat a sort of angel who sat aloft and sang, for a few baby memories still lingered in his mind and seemed to grow brighter at these times. Seeing the interest he took in Nat, Mr. Bhaer begged him to help them lift the cloud from the feeble brain by this gentle spell. Glad to do anything to show his gratitude, Nat always smiled on Billy when he followed him about, and let him listen undisturbed to the music which seemed to speak a language he could understand. "Help one another," was a favorite Plumfield motto, and Nat learned how much sweetness is added to life by trying to live up to it.

Jack Ford's peculiar pastime was buying and selling; and he bid fair to follow in the footsteps of his uncle, a country merchant, who sold a little of everything and made money fast. Jack had seen the sugar sanded, the molasses watered, the butter mixed with lard, and things of that kind, and labored under the delusion

that it was all a proper part of the business. His stock in trade was of a different sort, but he made as much as he could out of every worm he sold, and always got the best of the bargain when he traded with the boys for string, knives, fishhooks, or whatever the article might be. The boys, who all had nicknames, called him "Skinflint," but Jack did not care so long as the old tobacco pouch in which he kept his money grew heavier and heavier.

He established a sort of auction room, and now and then sold off all the odds and ends he had collected, or helped the lads exchange things with one another. He got bats, balls, hockey sticks, etc., cheap, from one set of mates, furbished them up, and let them for a few cents a time to another set, often extending his business beyond the gates of Plumfield in spite of the rules. Mr. Bhaer put a stop to some of his speculations, and tried to give him a better idea of business talent than mere sharpness in overreaching his neighbors. Now and then Jack made a bad bargain, and felt worse about it than about any failure in lessons or conduct, and took his revenge on the next innocent customer who came along. His account book was a curiosity; and his quickness at figures quite remarkable. Mr. Bhaer praised him for this, and tried to make his sense of honesty and honor as quick; and, by and by, when Jack found that he could not get on without these virtues, he owned that his teacher was right.

Cricket and football the boys had of course; but, after the stirring accounts of these games in the im-

mortal "Tom Brown at Rugby," no feeble female pen may venture to do more than respectfully allude to them.

Emil spent his holidays on the river or the pond, and drilled the elder lads for a race with certain town boys, who now and then invaded their territory. The race duly came off, but as it ended in a general shipwreck, it was not mentioned in public; and the Commodore had serious thoughts of retiring to a desert island, so disgusted was he with his kind for a time. No desert island being convenient, he was forced to remain among his friends, and found consolation in building a boathouse.

The little girls indulged in the usual plays of their age, improving upon them somewhat as their lively fancies suggested. The chief and most absorbing play was called "Mrs. Shakespeare Smith"; the name was provided by Aunt Jo, but the trials of the poor lady were quite original. Daisy was Mrs. S. S., and Nan by turns her daughter or a neighbor, Mrs. Giddygaddy.

No pen can describe the adventures of these ladies, for in one short afternoon their family was the scene of births, marriages, deaths, floods, earthquakes, tea parties, and balloon ascensions. Millions of miles did these energetic women travel, dressed in hats and habits never seen before by mortal eye, perched on the bed, driving the posts like mettlesome steeds, and bouncing up and down till their heads spun. Fits and fires were the pet afflictions, with a general massacre now and then by way of change. Nan was never tired of inventing fresh afflictions, and Daisy followed her

leader with blind admiration. Poor Teddy was a frequent victim, and was often rescued from real danger, for the excited ladies were apt to forget that he was not of the same stuff as their long-suffering dolls. Once he was shut into a closet for a dungeon, and forgotten by the girls, who ran off to some out-of-door game. Another time he was half drowned in the bathtub, playing "be a cunning little whale." And, worst of all, he was cut down just in time after being hung up for a robber.

But the institution most patronized by all was the Club. It had no other name, and it needed none, being the only one in the neighborhood. The elder lads got it up, and the younger were occasionally admitted if they behaved well. Tommy and Demi were honorary members, but were always obliged to retire unpleasantly early, owing to circumstances over which they had no control. The proceedings of this club were somewhat peculiar, for it met at all sorts of places and hours, had all manner of queer ceremonies and amusements, and now and then was broken up tempestuously, only to be reëstablished, however, on a firmer basis.

Rainy evenings the members met in the schoolroom, and passed the time in games; chess, morris, backgammon, fencing matches, recitations, debates, or dramatic performances of a darkly tragical nature. In summer the barn was the rendezvous, and what went on there no uninitiated mortal knows. On sultry evenings the Club adjourned to the brook for aquatic exercises, and the members sat about in airy attire,

froglike and cool. On such occasions the speeches were unusually eloquent, quite flowing, as one might say; and if any orator's remarks displeased the audience, cold water was thrown upon him till his ardor was effectually quenched. Franz was president, and maintained order admirably, considering the unruly nature of the members. Mr. Bhaer never interfered with their affairs, and was rewarded for this wise forbearance by being invited now and then to behold the mysteries unveiled, which he appeared to enjoy much.

When Nan came, she wished to join the Club, and caused great excitement and division among the gentlemen by presenting endless petitions, both written and spoken, disturbing their solemnities by insulting them through the keyhole, performing vigorous solos on the door, and writing derisive remarks on walls and fences, for she belonged to the "Irrepressibles." Finding these appeals vain, the girls, by the advice of Mrs. Jo, got up an institution of their own, which they called the Cosy Club. To this they magnanimously invited the gentlemen whose youth excluded them from the other one, and entertained these favored beings so well with little suppers, new games devised by Nan, and other pleasing festivities, that, one by one, the elder boys confessed a desire to partake of these more elegant enjoyments, and, after much consultation, finally decided to propose an interchange of civilities.

The members of the Cosy Club were invited to adorn the rival establishment on certain evenings, and to the surprise of the gentlemen their presence was not

found to be a restraint upon the conversation or amusement of the regular frequenters; which could not be said of all clubs, I fancy. The ladies responded handsomely and hospitably to these overtures of peace, and both institutions flourished long and happily.

THE BALL THAT FAILED[1]

By Louisa M. Alcott

MRS. SHAKESPEARE SMITH would like to have Mr. John Brooke, Mr. Thomas Bangs, and Mr. Nathaniel Blake to come to her ball at three o'clock to-day.

"P.S. Nat must bring his fiddle, so we can dance, and all the boys must be good, or they cannot have any of the nice things we have cooked."

This elegant invitation would, I fear, have been declined, but for the hint given in the last line of the postscript.

"They *have* been cooking lots of goodies, I smelt 'em. Let 's go," said Tommy.

"We need n't stay after the feast, you know," added Demi.

"I never went to a ball. What do you have to do?" asked Nat.

"Oh, we just play be men, and sit round stiff and stupid like grown-up folks, and dance to please the girls. Then we eat up everything, and come away as soon as we can."

"I think I could do that," said Nat, after considering Tommy's description for a minute.

[1] From *Little Men*, published by Little, Brown & Company. Coypright, 1871, by Louisa M. Alcott.

"I 'll write and say we 'll come;" and Demi despatched the following gentlemanly reply —

"We will all come. Please have lots to eat. — J. B. Esquire."

Great was the anxiety of the ladies about their first ball, because if everything went well they intended to give a dinner-party to the chosen few.

"Aunt Jo likes to have the boys play with us, if they are not rough; so we must make them like our balls, then they will do them good," said Daisy, with her maternal air, as she set the table and surveyed the store of refreshments with an anxious eye.

"Demi and Nat will be good, but Tommy will do something bad, I know he will," replied Nan, shaking her head over the little cake basket which she was arranging.

"Then I shall send him right home," said Daisy, with decision.

"People don't do so at parties, it is n't proper."

"I shall never ask him any more."

"That would do. He 'd be sorry not to come to the dinner ball, would n't he?"

"I guess he would! We 'll have the splendidest things ever seen, won't we? Real soup with a ladle and a tureem [she meant *tureen*] and a little bird for turkey, and gravy, and all kinds of nice vegytubbles." Daisy never *could* say vegetables properly, and had given up trying.

"It is 'most three, and we ought to dress," said Nan, who had arranged a fine costume for the occasion, and was anxious to wear it.

"I am the mother, so I shan't dress up much,"

said Daisy, putting on a nightcap embroidered with a red bow, one of her aunt's long skirts, and a shawl; a pair of spectacles and a large pocket handkerchief completed her toilet, making a plump, rosy little matron of her.

Nan had a wreath of artificial flowers, a pair of old pink slippers, a yellow scarf, a green muslin skirt, and a fan made of feathers from the duster; also, as a last touch of elegance, a smelling bottle without any smell in it.

"I am the daughter, so I rig up a good deal, and I must sing and dance, and talk more than you do. The mothers only get the tea and be proper, you know."

A sudden very loud knock caused Miss Smith to fly into a chair, and fan herself violently, while her mamma sat bolt upright on the sofa, and tried to look quite calm and "proper." Little Bess, who was on a visit, acted the part of maid, and opened the door, saying with a smile, "Wart in, gemplemun; it's all weady."

In honor of the occasion, the boys wore high paper collars, tall black hats, and gloves of every color and material, for they were an afterthought, and not a boy among them had a perfect pair.

"Good day, mum," said Demi in a deep voice, which was so hard to keep up that his remarks had to be extremely brief.

Every one shook hands and then sat down, looking so funny, yet so sober, that the gentlemen forgot their manners, and rolled in their chairs with laughter.

"Oh, don't!" cried Mrs. Smith, much distressed.

"You can't ever come again if you act so," added Miss Smith, rapping Mr. Bangs with her bottle because he laughed loudest.

"I can't help it, you look so like fury," gasped Mr. Bangs, with most uncourteous candor.

"So do you, but I should n't be so rude as to say so. He shan't come to the dinner ball, shall he, Daisy?" cried Nan, indignantly.

"I think we had better dance now. Did you bring your fiddle, sir?" asked Mrs. Smith, trying to preserve her polite composure.

"It is outside the door," and Nat went to get it.

"Better have tea first," proposed the unabashed Tommy, winking openly at Demi to remind him that the sooner the refreshments were secured, the sooner they could escape.

"No, we never have supper first; and if you don't dance well you won't have any supper at all, *not one bit, sir*," said Mrs. Smith, so sternly that her wild guests saw she was not to be trifled with, and grew overwhelmingly civil all at once.

"*I* will take Mr. Bangs and teach him the polka, for he does not know it fit to be seen," added the hostess, with a reproachful look that sobered Tommy at once.

Nat struck up, and the ball opened with two couples, who went conscientiously through a somewhat varied dance. The ladies did well, because they liked it, but the gentlemen exerted themselves from more selfish motives, for each felt that he must earn his supper, and labored manfully toward that end. When every one

was out of breath they were allowed to rest; and, indeed, poor Mrs. Smith needed it, for her long dress had tripped her up many times. The little maid passed round molasses and water in such small cups that one guest actually emptied nine. I refrain from mentioning his name, because this mild beverage affected him so much that he put cup and all into his mouth at the ninth round, and choked himself publicly.

"You must ask Nan to play and sing now," said Daisy to her brother, who sat looking very much like an owl, as he gravely regarded the festive scene between his high collars.

"Give us a song, mum," said the obedient guest, secretly wondering where the piano was.

Miss Smith sailed up to an old secretary which stood in the room, threw back the lid of the writing desk, and sitting down before it, accompanied herself with a vigor which made the old desk rattle as she sang that new and lovely song, beginning —

"Gayly the troubadour
Touched his guitar,
As he was hastening
Home from the war."

The gentlemen applauded so enthusiastically that she gave them "Bounding Billows," "Little Bo-Peep," and other gems of song, till they were obliged to hint that they had had enough. Grateful for the praises bestowed upon her daughter, Mrs. Smith graciously announced —

"*Now* we will have tea. Sit down carefully, and don't grab."

It was beautiful to see the air of pride with which the good lady did the honors of her table, and the calmness with which she bore the little mishaps that occurred. The best pie flew wildly on the floor when she tried to cut it with a very dull knife; the bread and butter vanished with a rapidity calculated to dismay a housekeeper's soul; and, worst of all, the custards were so soft that they had to be drunk up, instead of being eaten elegantly with the new tin spoons.

I grieve to state that Miss Smith squabbled with the maid for the best jumble, which caused Bess to toss the whole dish into the air, and burst out crying amid a rain of falling cakes. She was comforted by a seat at the table, and the sugar bowl to empty; but during this flurry a large plate of patties was mysteriously lost, and could not be found. They were the chief ornament of the feast, and Mrs. Smith was indignant at the loss, for she had made them herself, and they were beautiful to behold. I put it to any lady if it was not hard to have one dozen delicious patties (made of flour, salt, and water, with a large raisin in the middle of each, and much sugar over the whole) swept away at one fell swoop?

"You hid them, Tommy; I know you did!" cried the outraged hostess, threatening her suspected guest with the milk pot.

"I did n't!"

"You did!"

"It is n't proper to contradict," said Nan, who was hastily eating up the jelly during the fray.

"Give them back, Demi," said Tommy.

"That's a fib, you've got them in your own pocket," bawled Demi, roused by the false accusation.

"Let's take them away from him. It's too bad to make Daisy cry," suggested Nat, who found his first ball more exciting than he expected.

Daisy was already weeping, Bess like a devoted servant mingled her tears with those of her mistress, and Nan denounced the entire race of boys as "plaguey things." Meanwhile the battle raged among the gentlemen, for, when the two defenders of innocence fell upon the foe, that hardened youth intrenched himself behind a table and pelted them with the stolen tarts, which were very effective missiles, being nearly as hard as bullets. While his ammunition held out, the besieged prospered, but the moment the last patty flew over the parapet, the villain was seized, dragged howling from the room, and cast upon the hall floor in an ignominious heap. The conquerors then returned flushed with victory, and while Demi consoled poor Mrs. Smith, Nat and Nan collected the scattered tarts, replaced each raisin in its proper bed, and rearranged the dish so that it really looked almost as well as ever. But their glory had departed, for the sugar was gone, and no one cared to eat them after the insult offered to them.

"I guess we had better go," said Demi suddenly, as Aunt Jo's voice was heard on the stairs.

"P'r'aps we had," and Nat hastily dropped a stray jumble that he had just picked up.

But Mrs. Jo was among them before the retreat was accomplished, and into her sympathetic ear the young ladies poured the story of their woes.

"No more balls for these boys till they have atoned for this bad behavior by doing something kind to you," said Mrs. Jo, shaking her head at the three culprits.

"We were only in fun," began Demi.

"I don't like fun that makes other people unhappy. I am disappointed in you, Demi, for I hoped you would never learn to tease Daisy. Such a kind little sister as she is to you."

"Boys always tease their sisters; Tom says so," muttered Demi.

"I don't intend that *my* boys shall, and I must send Daisy home if you cannot play happily together," said Aunt Jo, soberly.

At this awful threat, Demi sidled up to his sister, and Daisy hastily dried her tears, for to be separated was the worst misfortune that could happen to the twins.

"Nat was bad too, and Tommy was baddest of all," observed Nan, fearing that two of the sinners would not get their fair share of punishment.

"I am sorry," said Nat, much ashamed.

"I ain't!" bawled Tommy through the keyhole, where he was listening, with all his might.

Mrs. Jo wanted very much to laugh, but kept her countenance, and said impressively, as she pointed to the door —

"You can go, boys, but remember you are not to speak to or play with the little girls till I give you leave. You don't deserve the pleasure, so I forbid it."

The ill-mannered young gentlemen hastily retired, to be received outside with derision and scorn by the

unrepentant Bangs, who would not associate with them for at least fifteen minutes. Daisy was soon consoled for the failure of her ball, but lamented the edict that parted her from her brother, and mourned over his shortcomings in her tender little heart. Nan rather enjoyed the trouble, and went about turning up her pug nose at the three, especially Tommy, who pretended not to care, and loudly proclaimed his satisfaction at being rid of those "stupid girls." But in his secret soul he soon repented of the rash act that caused this banishment from the society he loved, and every hour of separation taught him the value of the "stupid girls."

The others gave in very soon, and longed to be friends, for now there was no Daisy to pet and cook for them; no Nan to amuse and doctor them; and worst of all, no Mrs. Jo to make home pleasant and life easy for them. To their great affliction, Mrs. Jo seemed to consider herself one of the offended girls, for she hardly spoke to the outcasts, looked as if she did not see them when she passed, and was always too busy now to attend to their requests. This sudden and entire exile from favor cast a gloom over their souls, for when Mother Bhaer deserted them, their sun had set at noonday, as it were, and they had no refuge left.

This unnatural state of things actually lasted for three days, then they could bear it no longer, and fearing that the eclipse might become total, went to Mr. Bhaer for help and counsel.

It is my private opinion that he had received instructions how to behave if the case should be laid

before him. But no one suspected it, and he gave the afflicted boys some advice, which they gratefully accepted and carried out in the following manner: —

Secluding themselves in the garret, they devoted several play hours to the manufacture of some mysterious machine, which took so much paste that Asia grumbled, and the little girls wondered mightily. Nan nearly got her sensitive nose pinched in the door, trying to see what was going on, and Daisy sat about, openly lamenting that they could not all play nicely together, and not have any dreadful secrets.

Wednesday afternoon was fine, and after a good deal of consultation about wind and weather, Nat and Tommy went off, bearing an immense flat parcel hidden under many newspapers. Nan nearly died with suppressed curiosity, Daisy nearly cried with vexation, and both trembled with interest when Demi marched into Mrs. Bhaer's room, hat in hand, and said in the politest tone possible to a mortal boy of his years —

"Please, Aunt Jo, would you and the girls come out to a surprise party we have made for you? Do, it 's a *very* nice one."

"Thank you, we will come with pleasure; only, I must take Teddy with me," replied Mrs. Bhaer, with a smile that cheered Demi like sunshine after rain.

"We 'd like to have him. The little wagon is all ready for the girls; and you won't mind walking just up to Pennyroyal Hill, will you, Aunty?"

"I should like it exceedingly; but are you quite sure I shall not be in the way?"

"Oh, no, indeed! we want you very much; and the

party will be spoilt if you don't come," cried Demi, with great earnestness.

"Thank you kindly, sir," and Aunt Jo made him a grand curtsy, for she liked frolics as well as any of them.

"Now, young ladies, we must not keep them waiting; on with the hats, and let us be off at once. I 'm all impatience to know what the surprise is."

As Mrs. Bhaer spoke, every one bustled about, and in five minutes the three little girls and Teddy were packed into the "clothes basket," as they called the wicker wagon which Toby drew. Demi walked at the head of the procession, and Mrs. Jo brought up the rear, escorted by Kit. It was a most imposing party, I assure you, for Toby had a red feather duster in his head, two remarkable flags waved over the carriage, Kit had a blue bow on his neck, which nearly drove him wild, Demi wore a nosegay of dandelions in his buttonhole, and Mrs. Jo carried the queer Japanese umbrella in honor of the occasion.

The girls had little flutters of excitement all the way; and Teddy was so charmed with the drive that he kept dropping his hat overboard, and when it was taken from him, he prepared to tumble out himself, evidently feeling that it behooved him to do something for the amusement of the party.

When they came to the hill "nothing was to be seen but the grass blowing in the wind," as the fairy books say, and the children looked disappointed. But Demi said, in his most impressive manner —

"Now, you all get out and stand still, and the surprise party will come in;" with which remark he re-

tired behind a rock, over which heads had been bobbing at intervals for the last half hour.

A short pause of intense suspense, and then Nat, Demi, and Tommy marched forth, each bearing a new kite, which they presented to the three young ladies. Shrieks of delight arose, but were silenced by the boys, who said, with faces brimful of merriment, "That is n't all the surprise;" and, running behind the rock, again emerged, bearing a fourth kite of superb size, on which was printed, in bright yellow letters, "For Mother Bhaer."

"We thought you'd like one, too, because you were angry with us, and took the girls' part," cried all three shaking with laughter, for this part of the affair evidently *was* a surprise to Mrs. Jo.

She clapped her hands, and joined in the laugh, looking thoroughly tickled at the joke.

"Now, boys, that is regularly splendid. Who did think of it?" she asked, receiving the monster kite with as much pleasure as the little girls did theirs.

"Uncle Fritz proposed it when we planned to make the others; he said you'd like it, so we made a bouncer," answered Demi, beaming with satisfaction at the success of the plot.

"Uncle Fritz knows what I like. Yes, these are magnificent kites, and we were wishing we had some the other day when you were flying yours, were n't we, girls?"

"That's why we made them for you," cried Tommy, standing on his head as the most appropriate way of expressing his emotions.

"Let us fly them!" said energetic Nan.

"I don't know how," began Daisy.

"We'll show you, we want to!" cried all the boys in a burst of devotion, as Demi took Daisy's, Tommy Nan's, and Nat, with difficulty, persuaded Bess to let go her little blue one.

"Aunty, if you will wait a minute, we'll pitch yours for you," said Demi, feeling that Mrs. Bhaer's favor must not be lost again by any neglect of theirs.

"Bless your buttons, dear, I know all about it; and here is a boy who will toss up for me," added Mrs. Jo, as the professor peeped over the rock with a face full of fun.

He came out at once, tossed up the big kite, and Mrs. Jo ran off with it in fine style, while the children stood and enjoyed the spectacle. One by one all the kites went up, and floated far overhead like gay birds, balancing themselves on the fresh breeze that blew steadily over the hill. Such a merry time as they had! running and shouting, sending up the kites or pulling them down, watching their antics in the air, and feeling them tug at the string like live creatures trying to escape. Nan was quite wild with the fun, Daisy thought the new play nearly as interesting as dolls, and little Bess was so fond of her "boo tite," that she would only let it go on very short flights, preferring to hold it in her lap and look at the remarkable pictures painted on it by Tommy's dashing brush. Mrs. Jo enjoyed hers immensely, and it acted as if it knew who owned it, for it came tumbling down head first when least expected, caught on trees, nearly pitched into the river, and

finally darted away to such a height that it looked a mere speck among the clouds.

By and by every one got tired, and fastening the kite strings to trees and fences, all sat down to rest, except Mr. Bhaer, who went off to look at the cows, with Teddy on his shoulder.

"Did you ever have such a good time as this before?" asked Nat, as they lay about on the grass, nibbling pennyroyal like a flock of sheep.

"Not since I last flew a kite, years ago, when I was a girl," answered Mrs. Jo.

"I 'd like to have known you when you were a girl, you must have been so jolly," said Nat.

"I was a naughty little girl, I am sorry to say," said Mrs. Jo.

"I like naughty little girls," observed Tommy, looking at Nan, who made a frightful grimace at him in return for the compliment.

"Why don't I remember you then, Aunty? Was I too young?" asked Demi.

"Rather, dear."

"I suppose my memory had n't come then. Grandpa says that different parts of the mind unfold as we grow up, and the memory part of my mind had n't unfolded when you were little, so I can't remember how you looked," explained Demi.

"Now, little Socrates, you had better keep that question for grandpa, it is beyond me," said Aunt Jo, putting on the extinguisher.

"Well, I will, *he* knows about those things, and *you* don't," returned Demi, feeling that on the whole

kites were better adapted to the comprehension of the present company.

"Tell about the last time you flew a kite," said Nat, for Mrs. Jo had laughed as she spoke of it, and he thought it might be interesting.

"Oh, it was only rather funny, for I was a great girl of fifteen, and was ashamed to be seen at such a play. So Uncle Teddy and I privately made our kites, and stole away to fly them. We had a capital time, and were resting as we are now, when suddenly we heard voices, and saw a party of young ladies and gentlemen coming back from a picnic. Teddy did not mind, though he was rather a large boy to be playing with a kite, but I was in a great flurry, for I knew I should be laughed at, and never hear the last of it, because my wild ways amused the neighbors as much as Nan's do us.

"'What shall I do?' I whispered to Teddy, as the voices drew nearer and nearer.

"'I'll show you,' he said, and whipping out his knife he cut the strings. Away flew the kites, and when the people came up we were picking flowers as properly as you please. They never suspected us, and we had a grand laugh over my narrow escape."

"Were the kites lost, Aunty?" asked Daisy.

"Quite lost, but I did not care, for I made up my mind that it would be best to wait till I was an old lady before I played with kites again; and you see I have waited," said Mrs. Jo, beginning to pull in the big kite, for it was getting late.

"Must we go now?"

"I must, or you won't have any supper; and that sort of surprise party would not suit you, I think, my chickens."

"Has n't our party been a nice one?" asked Tommy, complacently.

"Splendid!" answered every one.

"Do you know why? It is because *your* guests have behaved themselves, and tried to make everything go well. You understand what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes'm," was all the boys said, but they stole a shamefaced look at one another, as they meekly shouldered their kites and walked home, thinking of another party where the guests had *not* behaved themselves, and things had gone badly on account of it.

CHRISTMAS AT THE MARCHES[1]

By Louisa M. Alcott

"WHERE is mother?" asked Meg, as she and Jo ran down to thank her for their gifts, half an hour later.

"Goodness only knows. Some poor creetur come a-beggin', and your ma went straight off to see what was needed. There never *was* such a woman for givin' away vittles and drink, clothes and firin'," replied Hannah, who had lived with the family since Meg was born, and was considered by them all more as a friend than a servant.

"She will be back soon, I think; so fry your cakes and have everything ready," said Meg, looking over the presents which were collected in a basket and kept under the sofa, ready to be produced at the proper time. "Why, where is Amy's bottle of cologne?" she added, as the little flask did not appear.

"She took it out a minute ago, and went off with it to put a ribbon on it, or some such notion," replied Jo, dancing about the room to take the first stiffness off the new army slippers.

"How nice my handkerchiefs look, don't they? Hannah washed and ironed them for me, and I marked

[1] From *Little Women*, published by Little, Brown & Company. Copyright, 1868, by Louisa M. Alcott.

them all myself," said Beth, looking proudly at the somewhat uneven letters which had cost her such labor.

"Bless the child! she's gone and put 'Mother' on them instead of 'M. March.' How funny!" cried Jo, taking up one.

"Is n't it right? I thought it was better to do it so, because Meg's initials are 'M. M.,' and I don't want any one to use these but Marmee," said Beth, looking troubled.

"It's all right, dear, and a very pretty idea — quite sensible, too, for no one can ever mistake now. It will please her very much, I know," said Meg, with a frown for Jo and a smile for Beth.

"There 's mother. Hide the basket, quick!" cried Jo, as a door slammed and steps sounded in the hall.

Amy came in hastily, and looked rather abashed when she saw her sisters all waiting for her.

"Where have you been, and what are you hiding behind you?" asked Meg, surprised to see, by her hood and cloak, that lazy Amy had been out so early.

"Don't laugh at me, Jo! I did n't mean any one should know till the time came. I only meant to change the little bottle for a big one, and I gave *all* my money to get it, and I 'm truly trying not to be selfish any more."

As she spoke, Amy showed the handsome flask which replaced the cheap one; and looked so earnest and humble in her little effort to forget herself that Meg hugged her on the spot, and Jo pronounced her "a

trump," while Beth ran to the window, and picked her finest rose to ornament the stately bottle.

"You see I felt ashamed of my present, after reading and talking about being good this morning, so I ran round the corner and changed it the minute I was up; and I'm so glad, for mine is the handsomest now."

Another bang of the street door sent the basket under the sofa, and the girls to the table, eager for breakfast.

"Merry Christmas, Marmee! Many of them! Thank you for our books; we read some, and mean to every day," they cried, in chorus.

"Merry Christmas, little daughters! I'm glad you began at once, and hope you will keep on. But I want to say one word before we sit down. Not far away from here lies a poor woman with a little new-born baby. Six children are huddled into one bed to keep from freezing, for they have no fire. There is nothing to eat over there; and the oldest boy came to tell me they were suffering hunger and cold. My girls, will you give them your breakfast as a Christmas present?"

They were all unusually hungry, having waited nearly an hour, and for a minute no one spoke; only a minute, for Jo exclaimed impetuously —

"I'm so glad you came before we began!"

"May I go and help carry the things to the poor little children?" asked Beth eagerly.

"*I* shall take the cream and the muffins," added Amy, heroically giving up the articles she most liked.

Meg was already covering the buckwheats, and piling the bread into one big plate.

"I thought you'd do it," said Mrs. March, smiling as if satisfied. "You shall all go and help me, and when we come back we will have bread and milk for breakfast, and make it up at dinner time."

They were soon ready, and the procession set out. Fortunately it was early, and they went through back streets, so few people saw them, and no one laughed at the queer party.

A poor, bare, miserable room it was, with broken windows, no fire, ragged bedclothes, a sick mother, wailing baby, and a group of pale, hungry children cuddled under one old quilt, trying to keep warm.

How the big eyes stared, and the blue lips smiled as the girls went in!

"Ach, mein Gott! it is good angels come to us!" said the poor woman, crying for joy.

"Funny angels in hoods and mittens," said Jo, and set them laughing.

In a few minutes it really did seem as if kind spirits had been at work there. Hannah, who had carried wood, made a fire, and stopped up the broken panes with old hats and her own cloak. Mrs. March gave the mother tea and gruel, and comforted her with promises of help, while she dressed the little baby as tenderly as if it had been her own. The girls, meantime, spread the table, set the children round the fire, and fed them like so many hungry birds — laughing, talking, and trying to understand the funny broken English.

"Das ist gut!" "Die Engel-kinder!" cried the poor things, as they ate, and warmed their purple hands at the comfortable blaze.

The girls had never been called angel children before, and thought it very agreeable, especially Jo, who had been considered a "Sancho" ever since she was born. That was a very happy breakfast, though they did n't get any of it; and when they went away, leaving comfort behind, I think there were not in all the city four merrier people than the hungry little girls who gave away their breakfasts and contented themselves with bread and milk on Christmas morning.

"That 's loving our neighbor better than ourselves, and I like it," said Meg, as they set out their presents, while their mother was upstairs collecting clothes for the poor Hummels.

Not a very splendid show, but there was a great deal of love done up in the few little bundles; and the tall vase of red roses, white chrysanthemums, and trailing vines, which stood in the middle, gave quite an elegant air to the table.

"She 's coming! Strike up, Beth! Open the door, Amy! Three cheers for Marmee!" cried Jo, prancing about, while Meg went to conduct mother to the seat of honor.

Beth played her gayest march, Amy threw open the door, and Meg enacted escort with great dignity. Mrs. March was both surprised and touched; and smiled with her eyes full as she examined her presents, and read the little notes which accompanied them. The slippers went on at once, a new handkerchief was slipped into her pocket, well scented with Amy's cologne, the rose was fastened in her bosom, and the nice gloves were pronounced a "perfect fit."

There was a good deal of laughing and kissing and explaining, in the simple, loving fashion which makes these home festivals so pleasant at the time, so sweet to remember long afterwards, and then all fell to work.

The morning charities and ceremonies took so much time that the rest of the day was devoted to preparations for the evening festivities. Being still too young to go often to the theater, and not rich enough to afford any great outlay for private performances, the girls put their wits to work, and — necessity being the mother of invention — made whatever they needed. Very clever were some of their productions — pasteboard guitars, antique lamps made of old-fashioned butter boats covered with silver paper, gorgeous robes of old cotton, glittering with tin spangles from a pickle factory, and armor covered with the same useful diamond-shaped bits, left in sheets when the lids of tin preserve pots were cut out. The furniture was used to being turned topsy-turvey, and the big chamber was the scene of many innocent revels.

No gentlemen were admitted; so Jo played male parts to her heart's content, and took immense satisfaction in a pair of russet-leather boots given her by a friend, who knew a lady who knew an actor. These boots, an old foil, and a slashed doublet once used by an artist for some picture, were Jo's chief treasures, and appeared on all occasions. The smallness of the company made it necessary for the two principal actors to take several parts apiece; and they certainly deserved some credit for the hard work they did in learning three or four different parts, whisking in and out

of various costumes, and managing the stage besides. It was excellent drill for their memories, a harmless amusement, and employed many hours which otherwise would have been idle, lonely, or spent in less profitable society.

On Christmas night, a dozen girls piled on to the bed which was the dress circle, and sat before the blue and yellow chintz curtains in a most flattering state of expectancy. There was a good deal of rustling and whispering behind the curtain, a trifle of lamp smoke, and an occasional giggle from Amy, who was apt to get hysterical in the excitement of the moment. Presently a bell sounded, the curtain flew apart, and the Operatic Tragedy began.

"A gloomy wood," according to the one playbill, was represented by a few shrubs in pots, green baize on the floor, and a cave in the distance. This cave was made with a clothes horse for a roof, bureaus for walls; and in it was a small furnace in full blast, with a black pot on it, and an old witch bending over it. The stage was dark, and the glow of the furnace had a fine effect, especially as real steam issued from the kettle when the witch took off the cover. A moment was allowed for the first thrill to subside; then Hugo, the villain, stalked in with a clanking sword at his side, a slouched hat, black beard, mysterious cloak, and the boots. After pacing to and fro in much agitation, he struck his forehead, and burst out in a wild strain, singing of his hatred to Roderigo, his love for Zara, and his pleasing resolution to kill the one and win the other. The gruff tones of Hugo's voice, with an occa-

sional shout when his feelings overcame him, were very impressive, and the audience applauded the moment he paused for breath. Bowing with the air of one accustomed to public praise, he stole to the cavern, and ordered Hagar to come forth with a commanding "What ho, minion! I need thee!"

Out came Meg, with gray horsehair hanging about her face, a red and black robe, a staff, and cabalistic signs upon her cloak. Hugo demanded a potion to make Zara adore him, and one to destroy Roderigo. Hagar, in a fine dramatic melody, promised both, and proceeded to call up the spirit who would bring the love philter: —

"Hither, hither, from thy home,
Airy sprite, I bid thee come!
Born of roses, fed on dew,
Charms and potions canst thou brew?
Bring me here, with elfin speed,
The fragrant philter which I need;
Make it sweet and swift and strong,
Spirit, answer now my song!"

A soft strain of music sounded, and then at the back of the cave appeared a little figure in cloudy white, with glittering wings, golden hair, and a garland of roses on its head. Waving a wand, it sang, —

"Hither I come,
From my airy home,
Afar in the silver moon.
Take the magic spell,
And use it well,
Or its power will vanish soon!"

And, dropping a small, gilded bottle at the witch's feet, the spirit vanished. Another chant from Hagar produced another apparition — not a lovely one; for,

with a bang, an ugly imp appeared, and, having croaked a reply, tossed a dark bottle at Hugo, and disappeared with a mocking laugh. Having warbled his thanks and put the potions into his boots, Hugo departed; and Hagar informed the audience that, as he had killed a few of her friends in times past, she has cursed him, and intends to thwart his plans, and be revenged on him. Then the curtain fell, and the audience reposed and ate candy while discussing the merits of the play.

A good deal of hammering went on before the curtain rose again; but when it became evident what a masterpiece of stage carpentering had been got up, no one murmured at the delay. It was truly superb! A tower rose to the ceiling; halfway up appeared a window, with a lamp burning at it, and behind the white curtain appeared Zara in a lovely blue and silver dress, waiting for Roderigo. He came in a gorgeous array, with plumed cap, red cloak, chestnut love locks, a guitar, and the boots, of course. Kneeling at the foot of the tower, he sang a serenade in melting tones. Zara replied, and after a musical dialogue, consented to fly. Then came the grand effect of the play. Roderigo produced a rope ladder with five steps to it, threw up one end, and invited Zara to descend. Timidly she crept from her lattice, put her hand on Roderigo's shoulder, and was about to leap gracefully down, when, "Alas, alas for Zara!" she forgot her train — it caught in the window; the tower tottered, leaned forward, fell with a crash, and buried the unhappy lovers in the ruins!

A universal shriek arose as the russet boots waved wildly from the wreck, and a golden head emerged, exclaiming, "I told you so! I told you so!"

With wonderful presence of mind, Don Pedro, the cruel sire, rushed in, dragged out his daughter, with a hasty aside — "Don't laugh! Act as if it was all right!" — and, ordering Roderigo up, banished him from the kingdom with wrath and scorn. Though decidedly shaken by the fall of the tower upon him, Roderigo defied the old gentleman and refused to stir. This dauntless example fired Zara; she also defied her sire, and he ordered them both to the deepest dungeons of the castle. A stout little retainer came in with chains, and led them away, looking very much frightened, and evidently forgetting the speech he ought to have made.

Act third was the castle hall; and here Hagar appeared, having come to free the lovers and finish Hugo. She hears him coming, and hides; sees him put the potions into two cups of wine, and bid the timid little servant "Bear them to the captives in their cells, and tell them I shall come anon." The servant takes Hugo aside to tell him something, and Hagar changes the cups for two others which are harmless. Ferdinando, the "minion," carries them away, and Hagar puts back the cup which holds the poison meant for Roderigo. Hugo, getting thirsty after a long warble, drinks it, loses his wits, and, after a good deal of clutching and stamping, falls flat and dies; while Hagar informs him what she has done in a song of exquisite power and melody.

This was a truly thrilling scene, though some persons might have thought that the sudden tumbling down of a quantity of long hair rather marred the effect of the villain's death. He was called before the curtain, and with great propriety appeared, leading Hagar, whose singing was considered more wonderful than all the rest of the performance put together.

Act fourth displayed the despairing Roderigo on the point of stabbing himself, because he has been told that Zara has deserted him. Just as the dagger is at his heart, a lovely song is sung under his window, informing him that Zara is true, but in danger, and he can save her, if he will. A key is thrown in, which unlocks the door, and in a spasm of rapture he tears off his chains, and rushes away to find and rescue his lady love.

Act fifth opened with a stormy scene between Zara and Don Pedro. He wishes her to go into a convent, but she won't hear of it; and, after a touching appeal, is about to faint, when Roderigo dashes in and demands her hand. Don Pedro refuses, because he is not rich. They shout and gesticulate tremendously, but cannot agree, and Roderigo is about to bear away the exhausted Zara, when the timid servant enters with a letter and a bag from Hagar, who has mysteriously disappeared. The latter informs the party that she bequeaths untold wealth to the young pair, and an awful doom to Don Pedro, if he does n't make them happy. The bag is opened, and several quarts of tin money shower upon the stage, till it is quite glorified with the glitter. This entirely softens the "stern

sire": he consents without a murmur, all join in a joyful chorus, and the curtain falls upon the lovers kneeling to receive Don Pedro's blessing in attitudes of the most romantic grace.

Tumultuous applause followed, but received an unexpected check; for the cot bed on which the "dress-circle" was built, suddenly shut up, and extinguished the enthusiastic audience. Roderigo and Don Pedro flew to the rescue, and all were taken out unhurt, though many were speechless with laughter. The excitement had hardly subsided, when Hannah appeared, with "Mrs. March's compliments, and would the ladies walk down to supper."

This was a surprise, even to the actors; and, when they saw the table, they looked at one another in rapturous amazement. It was like Marmee to get up a little treat for them; but anything so fine as this was unheard of since the departed days of plenty. There was ice cream — actually two dishes of it, pink and white — and cake and fruit and distracting French bonbons, and, in the middle of the table, four great bouquets of hothouse flowers!

It quite took their breath away; and they stared first at the table and then at their mother, who looked as if she enjoyed it immensely.

"Is it fairies?" asked Amy.

"It 's Santa Claus," said Beth.

"Mother did it," and Meg smiled her sweetest, in spite of her gray beard and white eyebrows.

"Aunt March had a good fit, and sent the supper," cried Jo, with a sudden inspiration.

"All wrong. Old Mr. Laurence sent it," replied Mrs. March.

"The Laurence boy's grandfather! What in the world put such a thing into his head? We don't know him!" exclaimed Meg.

"Hannah told one of his servants about your breakfast party. He is an odd old gentleman, but that pleased him. He knew my father, years ago; and he sent me a polite note this afternoon, saying he hoped I would allow him to express his friendly feeling toward my children by sending them a few trifles in honor of the day. I could not refuse; and so you have a little feast at night to make up for the bread-and-milk breakfast."

GRANDFATHER, MASTER OF CHRISTMAS CEREMONIES

By Minnie Olcott Williams

GRANDFATHER and Grandmother have always lived in the old family homestead. And although they are strictly up-to-date Twentieth Century people, they still cling to some of the traditions of their youth, and hold particularly fast to the idea of making Christmas Day a Family Celebration, especially since Thanksgiving Day is fast becoming Foot-ball Day, and Decoration Day merging into a huge question mark — as to whether it has any significance other than that of a national holiday.

Aunt Julia, who is a composite picture of all that is lovely in the bachelor-maiden world, has remained at home with her parents; who though not old, yet acknowledge themselves "not so young as they used to be," when their six children were all included in the daily home life. The "children" all live in the same old home town, with the exception of Mary, who has the largest family and less of this world's goods than the others; she prefers to live in the suburbs where there is more fresh air, and less need of "keeping up appearances."

On Christmas Day, there is much bustle and excitement in the little suburban home, for Grandfather has

been chosen Master of Ceremonies and his special hobby is punctuality. Grandfather is determined that the day shall be so full of "things to do" that there shall be no time in which idle hands may find mischief. So he dispatches the big roomy automobile early, that no time may be lost in "gathering the clan," as he loves to call his little Ediths and Wills and Johns.

Later, when they are chattering their various greetings, in front of a roaring fire in the big fireplace, Grandfather tries to count them, and succeeds, as one who tries to count chickens coming home to roost. In some unaccountable way, however, he finds that his Christmas family amounts to thirty persons, of all ages, from Grandmother, seventy years young, to baby Ethel, the pet of the household.

The library doors, usually so hospitably open, are mysteriously closed, and display a placard indicative of dire consequences if admission is gained before the mandate goes forth from Grandfather. Appointed though he is to manage affairs to-day, he steps aside while Grandmother, with a wave of her hand toward the dining room, insists that, in view of all the good things in store in the pantry, and the unlimited stock of candies and nuts to be consumed, a good wholesome breakfast must be eaten, first of all. Soon, all are gathered around the festive board, and the buzz of voices reminds one of Oliver Wendell Holmes's description of a reception — "Giggle, gabble, gobble, git."

Children's appetites, in the face of excitement, are as fleeting as sunbeams before a shower, and it is not long before they begin to clamor for Grandfather's

surprise. Archie and Jean, because they are the twins and such good comrades and willing helpers, have quietly slipped out to act as aides-de-camp, and Grandfather presently announces that the library is open for visitors. It is useless to pretend that the "visitors" arrive decorously, and in order, and calmly ask admittance — that would tax even a ready credulity. After they have exhausted all their oh's and ah's over the grand old Christmas Tree in the center of the room ablaze with electric lights, there is an ominous pause — the silence can be heard. Every one looks expectant but no one ventures acknowledgment of a fact so manifest — the tree that, in former years, has seemed to grow out of a mass of bundles and boxes and mysterious packages, is absolutely bare of anything *but* lights and tinsel!

Baby Ethel crows lustily, and another little voice, fearing no longer anything worse than disappointment, pipes up, "Where are all the presents, Grandfather?" He, feigning great surprise, turns to a wonderful Dolly, sitting in state near the tree, and taking a letter from her lap reads, "Dear Ones All: — Please call at the Post Office for presents. Miss Dolly Fairweather, who brings you my letter, shall be rewarded for her trouble by being presented to the sunny little girl next in age to the baby." Polly runs up and takes the doll, and is "just glad" for a long time — which gives the older ones time to think.

One of the boys, not yet taught the futility of exaggerating small troubles, wonders why everybody has to go down to the Post Office, what city delivery is for

anyway, and suppose you got something too big to carry home, and so on, as small boys usually rant. When silence comes again, one, gifted with the observant eye, says that the Post Office is not far away. Everybody laughs when she points out the big sign stretched across the "Cozy Corner." The great leather davenport has turned its back to the room and opened wide its commodious arms to hold the grand display of packages, of every imaginable size and shape. Various signs are posted around it, and one of them announces that all must stand in line until each one has received one gift. With this in practice, Grandfather hopes to prolong the distribution of gifts indefinitely, and thus consume much of the time wasted in wondering "why Santa brought John nicer things than mine." There is plenty of time between waits for a thorough appreciation of one's gifts, and for kissing and hugging and thanking the right donor. Archie and Jean make good postmasters, and in spite of confusion and mistakes, the plan works so well that all are surprised when dinner is announced.

Is there anything new, in the way of decoration, that equals "the garland of glad faces 'round the board"? I think not. After the bountiful dinner, which only grandmothers can plan, is over, the children are allowed to adjourn to the library for an extra peep at their gifts, while their elders regale themselves with time-honored jokes, so ancient that they have never failed to appear on such occasions, since the joking began.

When the children show signs of restlessness, Grandmother, who graciously tries to supplement her hus-

band's efforts as manager of so motley a crowd, comes to the rescue and gives them permission to raid certain old trunks in the attic, for things to dress up in — well knowing that conscientious Anne and some of the other older girls will be careful of her treasures. The only stipulation required is that they shall furnish entertainment for the evening, with their spoils.

At first, no one is quite willing to assume the responsibility of a really good entertainment, and things are at a standstill until some one thinks of enlisting Aunt Julia in the cause. This is the solution of the whole difficulty, for when did Aunt Julia ever refuse to give of her heart's dearest treasures to please the little folk? Putting on her thinking cap, she follows the young tyrants to the attic in search of booty.

It is decided that every child, except the baby, from the oldest to the youngest, must contribute something of his or her own talent for the pleasure of the whole. Some can sing, others can read well, some can play the old piano, and one can play the violin — and everybody else can be in the tableaux. The fun of selecting from the quaint old gowns, trying on, criticising and coaching one another, and trying to listen to occasional suggestions, of a sensible nature, from the stage manager, between peals of laughter, gives occupation until the summons for tea. No one is very hungry, and there is so much to be done that they all soon scurry away.

Grandfather is instructed to announce that a "grand performance" of "Christmas Customs in Other Lands" will be given in the library at eight o'clock (it was his idea in the first place).

At the appointed time, the audience assembles in the long living room, with eyes intent upon the hangings that serve to conceal the library doors. Presently the drawn curtains reveal Jack, dressed in a very fantastic Scotch plaid. He does the Highland Fling, according to his own highly colored imagination. Then, as if to make a very sudden ascent from the ridiculous to the sublime, Alice, in the garb of a beautiful Italian girl, plays "O Thou Sublime, Sweet Evening Star," on her violin.

Sunny France is represented by Bess, who tells about the quaint old custom of building the Bethlehem Manger, every year, which serves as a reminder of the real spirit of Christmas. Germany, the home of Kriss Kringle and the first Christmas tree, brings out Archie and Jean who, as the twins, always claim the privilege of acting together. They make a pretty picture, as Hans and Gretchen, each carrying a miniature Christmas tree, and singing, in lusty tones, "O Tannenbaum," so familiar to most school-children.

It is the custom in Sweden to plant a pole in the yard, with a sheaf of wheat tied to the top of it, for the birds. It is said that not a peasant in all Sweden will sit down to a Christmas dinner till he has first raised aloft a dinner to the "little children of the air that live in the snow and cold without." Little Lucy, who dearly loves birdies, insists upon "making up" as Sweden, though a feather duster must pose for the sheaf. Then Josephine, who is fond of poetry, gives those verses about an English Christmas which she found in an old copy of Marmion, not quite read to

tatters. You remember — they begin "On Christmas Eve the bells were rung."

As a fitting close to this impromptu entertainment, the whole clan sings "Clasping Hands with Distant Ages," to the tune of "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," which even the very little ones know.

As the hour is growing late, with three rousing cheers for Grandfather and Grandmother, they scatter to their various homes, laden with many gifts and more fond memories of another happy Red Letter Day in the Calendar of the Yesterdays.

CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY

By Mary Willard Keyes

THE events of the first Christmas occurred in the stable of an inn, yet it has come to pass that Christmas is the dearest of our house days. The first Christmas was celebrated in a town, overcrowded at the season with travelers, but do we not feel that the ideal Christmas is a country Christmas?

There are two thoughts one may keep in mind at the holiday season. The first of these you will have anticipated, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and along with this let us remember, "It is more joyful to do than to have." In applying this second motto, dwellers in the country certainly have an advantage over city folk.

If one lives in the country he can cut and bring in his own Christmas tree — and have a good time doing it; he may gather his own materials for decoration, and make a jollification of the occasion with the children; he can select the finest specimen in his woodpile for the Yule log, and have it borne in and lighted in ceremonial fashion, in the presence of an enthusiastic family.

It is an advantage, I think, not to see very much of the commercial Christmas season, which of necessity commences about the first of December. One can feel

all the more interest in one's own modest preparations and decorations. Anything green, almost anything growing, can be used to make the house gay. Let the children have a share in the work; and help them to see what good results can be obtained with materials usually overlooked. I have seen a house charmingly adorned with wreaths of dried oak leaves, and weeds gone to seed. Nearly every one can find pine and hemlock, even if his locality does not provide him with the more distinctively Christmas greens, spruce, laurel, and holly. Perhaps some one in the family may find time to make small, gay wreaths, such as are sold nowadays, woven of all the odds and strays of forest and pasture; — bits of juniper hemlock cones, acorns in the cup, berries of the black alder, partridge vine, bittersweet, bayberry, and a few small plumes of pine. Nothing comes amiss in one of these wreaths.

It is becoming more and more the custom to sing carols from house to house on Christmas Eve. This is delightful anywhere, but particularly so in the country, where, presumably, we are good friends with all our neighbors. When little children are among the singers it is best to start out shortly before dark, and return at supper time. If the weather is inclement, the troop had better invade each house on the route, and sing in the hallway; but the effect is more mysterious and enchanting if it comes from outside. If you know the waits are coming, place candles in your windows. The orthodox arrangement is to put a small one on the upper ledge of the lower sash of each window in the house. But even a single lighted candle shows ap-

preciation, and looks very cheerful to those outside. Red sweaters, red caps, red mittens, give the company a holiday appearance — who ought, if possible, to carry branches of evergreen. The leader may hold a lantern aloft on a pole decorated with greens. Sometimes a wreath is left at the door of each house visited.

People like best to hear the old songs with which they are most familiar, and it is wiser to attempt only three or four, and to have each member of the choir letter-perfect in all the stanzas of these. But if the custom is kept up year after year one new carol may well be added, each season, to the repertoire. Among the best of the old English carols are "The First Nowell," "Good King Wenceslaus," "I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing In," and "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen." Under favorable circumstances some elaboration may be undertaken. The song, "We Three Kings of Orient Are," has a solo stanza for each of the kings. It is very effective when the singers are chosen to personate Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar. A good Oriental costume can be got up in less than ten minutes — a shawl or cape of rich color serving for a robe, and a scarf and circlet for a headdress. The scarf should be passed low across the forehead, and the ends be allowed to fall forward in vertical folds. An ordinary large white towel is a good substitute for a scarf, and a ribbon fillet for a gold circlet. Better to show what can be done with slender equipment and economy of time and strength than to strive for historic accuracy of costume. If the three kings can

carry something to represent caskets they will illustrate very well the line, "Bearing gifts we traverse afar." Would it not be very pleasant to the dwellers in some lonely farmhouse to hear the old tunes ring out in the still air of Christmas Eve, to look out and see the bevy of gayly bedecked waits standing in a circle on the snow, waving their branches, and, in the center, illuminated by a lantern, the three strange Eastern figures? Surely, there could be for them no better ushering in of the holy night.

In the evening some time will probably be given to trimming the Christmas tree. Readers of "Home Progress" will remember many good ideas in an article entitled "Home-Made Christmas Tree Ornaments," published in the number for December, 1912. Country children will find it easy to collect many little out-door trophies to be colored, or wrapped in tin foil, or strung on thread for the tree.

If the younger members of the family have been out carolling, the older ones will have a good chance of sleeping in the morning to a reasonable hour. But if one wakes early will he not be glad to look for the morning star, and to lie still a while, quietly thinking of the Star in the East, and all that it heralded? It will not be long before shouts of "Merry Christmas" ring from room to room in sportive rivalry. Do you recall the manner of beginning the day at the home of "Ramona?" The first one to waken sang a verse of a hymn, the next one joined in, and the next, until shortly the music sounded from all the rooms. What a beautiful greeting it would be to the Christmas dawn

to sing in union, as the curtains were being drawn to let in the sunlight, —

"Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing!"

or, —

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!"

It is as natural for a normal person who has not been starved of spiritual life to give a religious expression to his joy as for a child to run to his father and mother to share a pleasure with them; so on the birthday of Christ the happiness that overflows will express itself spontaneously in a service of worship. Anyone who has a part in planning a Christmas morning service in a church will be likely to see to it that gratitude and triumph and Christ's commandments of love to God and love to one's neighbor are freely uttered. The Puritans denied themselves the pleasure of "keeping" a joyful Christmas; but their repressed natures felt the need of a sacred day of rejoicing so they appointed one, dating it in November instead of in December. On that day they feasted, and showed hospitality to their neighbors, the Indians; and gave thanks to God. It was not alone that they wanted to show gratitude for the harvests. They were providing for a need of their souls. And if the blessedness and holiness of Christmas should ever be forgotten by one generation, and only its merriment remembered, I have no doubt we should soon thereafter have a new holiday, for the celebration that human hearts crave.

As some village churches do not open on Christmas day, holding the service on the nearest Sunday instead,

there is opportunity for very sweet and intimate home services. This is the occasion for reading from the first chapter of St. John, and the second chapter of St. Luke. There are Christmas hymns that are not carols, strictly speaking, and these are appropriate to the family worship. A beautiful poem by Alfred Dommett entitled "A Christmas Hymn," could fittingly be read or recited. Whatever the order of events for the rest of the day the hour for the religious service should be in the morning, to strike the grand keynote of Christmas. For the giving of presents each family has its own traditions, and it is pleasant to keep to them. Some prefer to have the bundles opened early, in order that their contents may be enjoyed during the day; others like to work up to a grand finish in the evening. It is important that there be one person in the household who can be charged with the carrying out of the programme, some one who has a strong feeling for the value and quality of an occasion; so that things shall not happen in a casual, half-hearted fashion, but go forward with zest and swing. There should be no sated afternoon following an uproarious morning, no overstrung nerves at evening after an early service of reverent worship, no orgy over too-abundant presents. Give the animals and the birds a good feast on Christmas day. Bring out the pots of flowering bulbs that were started early in October. If you live where the arbutus grows, you can have a boxful of it in bloom by December twenty-fifth, merely by forcing it under a window sash in the house.

Country people are sure to have bountiful dinners,

but let these not be elaborate. Surfeiting the body is a poor preparation for exalting the spirit.

Every one will feel better for an hour or two out of doors: coasting, skating, tramping, driving. Do not let the mother of the family miss this part. What if the house does need clearing up! What if it is knee-deep in tissue paper, ribbons and such gay débris! Probably no one needs the fresh air and the frolic more than she does.

The evening might be given to reading aloud. All can gather around the wood fire, and have a quiet time, while the father reads something that every one will enjoy. It might be one of the well-known, beloved old Christmas tales, such as Dicken's "Christmas Carol." The day may well end with a last repetition of the carols.

So let our celebration be reverent without being solemn, gay without sinking into vulgarity or rampageousness, sacred *and* merry. Such days are among the happiest in our lives, and the memory of them can bring the greatest solace and inspiration.

WHAT TO DO NEXT

I. AT A VALENTINE PARTY

By Mary Dawson and Emma Paddock Telford

SOMETHING entirely out of the beaten track in valentine parties was invented by a bright high school girl who had become thoroughly tired of the usual programme of progressive "Hearts." Cards, being too hackneyed, were not to figure at all, of that she was resolved, yet for several reasons a progressive party was altogether desirable. For one thing there were to be several strangers in the company and nothing is quite so good as a progressive series for getting people acquainted from the start.

Her plan, which made a great hit among the young people of the neighborhood, was this: —

As each player entered the parlor he or she received a tissue paper flower. There were four flowers of each kind, two of which went to members of each sex. Thus, two men received red roses, two girls the same, two girls carnations, two men the same, and so on.

When the guests were all on the scene, the four holding red roses proceeded to the table on which an artificial rose was laid, the four having carnations searched for the table indentified by a carnation. By this pretty means all found their seats promptly.

At the first table the fun consisted in seeing who could throw most tiny wire rings (bent into the shape of hearts) over a wooden peg, shaped and gilded to represent an arrow. The arrow at the base was set in a gilded wooden block to make it stand upright. The two players having most hearts to their credit at the end of the round received stars on their (heart-shaped) tallies and progressed.

At the second table the fun was based upon a basket-ful of tiny pink hearts — cut in halves, quarters, etc. Each player received a square of cardboard, and a bottle of mucilage was found upon the table. A large hatpin was passed from hand to hand. The player receiving it plunged it into the basket. Whatever heart frag-ments were jabbed on the pin he or she had the priv-ilege of examining. If there were any mating halves among them, these could be retained and pasted so as to form a complete heart, on the square of cardboard. All pieces which did not mate were returned to the basket. Spearing and mating went gayly forward until the signal bell rang. The two people having the most complete hearts to their credit progressed. The squares of pasteboard were destroyed after each round by the hostess, who provided new ones for the next attempt.

At the third table interest centered upon a dishpan of water in which floated a dozen tiny hearts cut from celluloid. In each heart was a small hole. Each player was given a rod and line (on the end of the line a tiny hook) and all were invited to fish for the floating hearts. The two persons capturing the greatest number re-ceived stars and proceeded to the next table. The

hearts were, of course, used again and again as new players progressed to the table.

At the fourth table a large basket filled with the ivory letter chips used in anagram games provided the fun. Each player was supposed to help himself to a handful of these letters (returning such as did not suit his purpose to the basket) and from them to form the words St. Valentine's Day. The letters could only be retained in their proper order. That is, a player who held V but not A might not retain an L. If no one had completed the word when the bell rang, the two players having most letters proceeded to the next table.

In the center of the fifth table a little heap of hard pink drops was found by the players. Surmounting the heap was a tiny Cupid with outstretched bow. Candy tongs were provided and each person in turn lifted a candy from the pile. The lifting went on gayly until some one removed a candy which overthrew Cupid. This person was then pronounced "out of" the game. The pile was rebuilt and the fun continued until one of the three remaining players had removed a candy which overthrew Cupid. When this occurred, the other two received stars and were ready to go forward.

The progression consisted of these five tables. Players winning the greatest number of stars on their tallies received, respectively, a book of celebrated love-songs and a pink linen pincushion in heart shape. Boobies were pink candy hearts and comic valentines.

II. A HALLOWE'EN CELLAR FROLIC

By Mary Dawson and Emma Paddock Telford

SOMETHING out of the usual form in the way of fun for that Eve of Fate, October 31, is to entertain one's guests in the cellar. The Cellar Party which it was my good fortune to attend one Hallowe'en not long ago was an example of this informal gathering at its best and merriest.

The cellar was an old-fashioned one of the delightfully eerie sort which some country homes still furnish, with plenty of witchy-looking recesses and darksome corners meet for sorcery of any kind.

When we were first conducted into it, no glimmer of light was to be seen. On the walls glowed pictures of goblins, witches, eldrich cats and the like, executed in phosphorescent paint.

Our entertainer led us in silence to the farthest and darkest corner of the cellar, where a colossal figure draped in white invited us in sepulchral tones to approach and learn our fortune in the future. Each girl or man accordingly came forward in turn and received from the Sibyl a tiny box which he or she was solemnly adjured not to open until all members of the company had been similarly provided.

The Sibyl, the hostess afterwards confided to me, was her younger sister mounted on a safety stepladder and draped with sheets.

When all had received their boxes a number of

pumpkin lanterns and old-fashioned pewter candlesticks were lighted, affording a bright yet appropriate illumination.

Intensely curious as to the nature of our mysterious fortunes, we hastened to gather around the square table, now visible for the first time, and to explore the little boxes.

In each box were found from twelve to twenty-five words, clipped from a newspaper or magazine headline. These had to be readjusted after the manner of an anagram, and when so twisted gave a very amusing prediction. Thus, one specially attractive girl, when she had arranged her words correctly, found the following:—

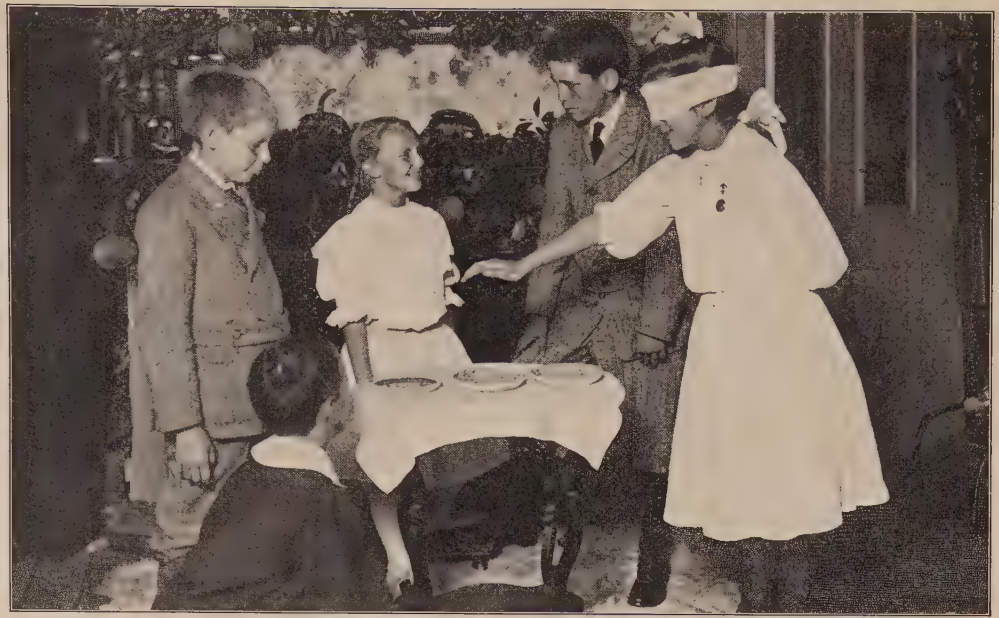
Abandon all hope of single blessedness. He is even now approaching. Look well, there are many and but one right one.

One of the men's, equally good fun, read this way:—

Scoffer at love, you shall pay heavy tribute. Blonde, petite, vivacious, she shall subdue.

This, of course, decided our future from a matrimonial point of view, but the names of our future fates remained a mystery. A further clew was afforded by our entertainer, in the cleverest little ceremony imaginable.

A wooden washtub, already on the scene, was filled with water, into which the hostess scattered a handful of soup paste in alphabetic form. The fate seeker was then told to close his eyes and was given a tin dipper which he or she dipped into the tub. If the water scooped up contained any initials, they were understood to be those of the future life mate.



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A HALLOWE'EN PARTY

At the end of the most a enjoyable programme of these new and other old-fashioned Hallowe'en sports, we enjoyed a country supper. It was served in the cellar also. A white cloth was spread upon the large table where we had riddled out our fates, and several of the pretty pewter candlesticks were arranged there together with a centerpiece of fruit and nuts prettily displayed in an old-fashioned épergne. Simple but wholesome dainties were served. The soft light of the candles shed a golden glow of Hallowe'en witchery over the subterranean scene.

III. HALLOWE'EN FUN IN A BARN

By Mary Dawson and Emma Paddock Telford

A BARN makes a novel and delightful setting for a Hallowe'en frolic, one, too, which offers more space for the gathering than many houses.

A most successful affair of the kind was held in the new barn belonging to a country club.

Decorations were out of the ordinary. Pumpkins lighted with candles were wired in graduated rows from brooms which hung lengthwise from the ceiling. These Jack-o'-lanterns varied from the tiny specimens to quite large ones, and were attached all along the broomstick with picturesque effect.

The uncanny-looking bats of more than natural size which soared among the brooms were constructed,

it came out, of brown cheesecloth, whalebone and cotton batting,

In clusters of autumn leaves were hidden the carriage-lamps which shed an extra glow upon the scene. Clover hay, fragrant and spicy, strewed the floors of lofts and passageways, while additional heat and the necessary "airing" were brought about by the introduction of extra coal stoves.

Bales of straw in the corners of the loft concealed quantities of nuts of different kinds for which the players searched between the games. The nuts were used for the conventional divinations and a number of the walnuts were found to contain amusing fortunes written on squares of tissue paper.

As an introduction to the evening's fun they played Puss in the Corner, but with a new and most laughable twist. It was played with partners, even the Puss being a couple instead of a single individual.

As the frolic was arranged more or less with a view to imitating a Hallowe'en entertainment in the Eighteenth Century a very old divination called Fire o' Love was introduced. To arrange it a large wooden tub filled with water was brought on the scene. Each girl in the party wrote her name on a separate slip of paper. These slips were twisted so as to stay closed and were thrown on the water. At the same time a candle end attached to a flat cork was lighted and set afloat on the water. The water was agitated by fanning with a palm leaf and the candle floating on the wavelets contrived to set fire to most of the slips. At the end of a minute or two the candle was taken out and any un-

burnt papers were opened. The names found on these represented young women who would never feel the fire of love, therefore were doomed to single blessedness. The same divination was then carried out with regard to the men.

Then followed the old and picturesque ceremony of soothsaying by the kalestock, that is the cabbage plant. As many genuine cabbages (taken up by the root) as there were players were required for it. From the heart of each cabbage a few leaves had been cut out to make room for a piece of green tissue paper on which a quotation was written. Quotations concerning women were written on one half the papers, on the rest "all sorts and conditions of men" were described. On the right side of the building they planted the cabbages for the men, on the left those for the women.

Different members of the party were sent out one by one amid the witchery of the autumn night and directed on which side to pull. Reading the cabbage fortunes when all had pulled them created much mirth. The descriptions were understood, of course, to be those of future partners.

Instead of the real cabbages, if these are too hard to secure, very realistic ones can be built up with green tissue paper and wire.

A delightful surprise a little later in the evening was a gypsy who came knocking at the barn door and begging for a share of the hospitality. In return for this she promised to tell the fortunes of all those desiring it, by the little-known gipsy method of the saucers. The gipsy was tall and strikingly handsome. Her garments

were tattered and weather-beaten, but she was resplendent with heavy jewelry and gay scarfs. Her features strangely resembled those of a popular girl of the neighborhood.

Sitting down on the grass, she produced, in accordance with her promise, a number of tiny saucers, in each of which was something different.

The contents of the saucers were as follows: A bit of scarlet cloth, a scrap of blue, a handful of moss, a spray of thorn, a cord tied in a double knot, some clear water, a twig with forked ends. The divination was performed by having the person whose fortune was to be told kneel in front of the gipsy, who pronounced some unintelligible "kalo jib." The person kneeling then extended his or her right hand so as to touch one of the saucers. According to the saucer touched one's fate would be. The interpretations were as follows: —

Moss — A life of luxury. Money.

Thorn — Unhappy love.

Red cloth — Military profession, military husband or military man as rival.

Blue — The same with regard to the navy.

Forked stick — Fate in the form of widow or widower.

Clear water — Single blessedness.

Double knot — Marriage near.

Another ancient rite was that of the apple and the looking glass. To test this the player was handed an apple and directed to proceed along a dimly lighted corridor at the end of which a mirror hung. After repeating a charm the apple was eaten before the glass, in which it was understood "Mr. Right" might be then

looked for. In many cases fun-loving committees, having discovered the man in the case, will contrive to have him look over the girl's shoulder at the crucial moment.

The mystic yarn ceremony was also delightfully eerie. A large ball of worsted was provided which any girl wishing to try her luck was given for the asking. She took the ball into any lonely part of the building and slowly unwinding it upon the floor she formed the loose end into a second ball. At the same time the following charm was repeated: —

> The heart to find,
> That's to me kind,
> The mystic ball I slowly wind.

The maiden repeating this charm was instructed to keep her eyes tightly closed. If no evil influences prevailed, the loose end of the cord was then caught up by the "future," who on being questioned as to his name would give it. Of course, it was arranged that the proper persons, when such could be discovered, should be on hand to take up the loose thread.

IV. CHRISTMAS GAMES

By Mary Dawson and Emma Paddock Telford

This is the programme of a holiday party for children which was pronounced a "Jim dandy" by small guests of one sex, and "perfectly sweet" by those of the other.

The company was composed of six boys and six girls

with a few grown-ups, friends of an older sister who came in to help the fun along.

First they had a game filling stockings which kept everybody on the jump. Each player was given a heavy woolen stocking, all the hosiery being in different patterns. A clothesline was stretched across the room and the stockings attached to it with clothespins. Some of the older men and girls brought in a large basket of apples and a number of teaspoons. When the signal bell rang all the children began simultaneously to fill the stockings, scooping up the apples with the spoons. The boy or girl first to fill his or hers won a little stocking shape made of net filled with candy and toys.

Another contest consisted in throwing snowballs through a holly wreath. The snowballs were ordinary rubber balls covered with cotton batting stuck on with mucilage. Just back of the wreath hung a cluster of sleighbells. Any one hitting the bulls-eye was immediately made aware of that fact by the jingling of the bells. Every one had five "throws." The person who made the best score won a parlor croquet set.

A jolly feature borrowed from the English Christmas revels was called Tip. For it they took the cloth off a small table and piled up different kinds of goodies in the center. There were some candies with German favors and popcorn balls, bunches of raisins wrapped in tissue paper, nuts with gilded or silvered shells and other such things. Cards were cut to see who should be first to leave the room. When the player who drew the first turn had gone into the hall the others picked

out some object in the pile and named it Tip. The absent player was then recalled and told to help himself to whatever he fancied on the table, taking care to avoid Tip. Anything he took without choosing Tip he might keep, but if Tip were taken his turn was forfeited and all he had removed from the pile had to be replaced on the pile. Some clever players contrived to secure as many as four or five pieces and then modestly retired rather than hazard their earnings, while others amid the laughter of the company selected Tip first. A new Tip must, of course, be made each time a player leaves the parlor.

This was followed by a pleasant puzzle game. The children sat in a circle and each received a holiday card. Several pairs of scissors were put into circulation at the same time and each player cut his card three times across. When the bell rang each mixed up the pieces of his or her card and passed them on to the boy or girl at his left hand. The child first to put together the pieces forming a complete card won an interesting puzzle in a box.

"Mum" was a new and very exciting version of an oldtime favorite. A silver thimble was borrowed and all left the room, except one boy or girl who remained to hide the thimble. No attempt was made to cover it up as in "Hot Butter Blue Beans," but it was placed in some rather inconspicuous position, from which, however, it could be seen when the searcher's eye wandered in the right direction. All were now readmitted to the room and began to look about them. If any one saw the thimble he said nothing but sat down as quickly

as possible in silence. When one person sat down this was a signal for all to do likewise, but only the most alert of the party would observe the person sitting down. The majority stood looking and ferreting for the thimble until one by one they discovered their error and sat down. The person last to do so was condemned to pay a forfeit.

As it was impossible for all to win prizes in the different games, souvenirs were distributed to all the children to make up. These souvenirs were mere trifles which cost not more than five or ten cents apiece, but were distributed in a very amusing way.

A toy reindeer was harnessed to a small sled, the latter prettily trimmed with tissue paper and evergreen. The little gifts were placed on the sled in a basket, and the deer pulling the sled brought into the parlor. One of of the grown brothers of the household then distributed the remembrances with a funny speech in each case.

The supper table was delightfully trimmed. In the center was a glass sleigh filled with sprays of holly and mistletoe. From this green and red ribbons ran to each individual cover. Where the ribbons terminated were little sleds cut from cardboard and gilded. On each sled was the name of some child.

V. A CHRISTMAS CANDY PARTY

By Mary Dawson and Emma Paddock Telford

ANOTHER novel and delightful frolic for Christmas Eve or the season of Yule is a Christmas Candy Party in which, if desired, both old and young can join.

The rooms can be effectively trimmed with gold and silver paper (in the long garlands cut to represent the links of a chain), strings of different colored popcorn balls, motto candies in their brilliant wrappers, candy canes with large ribbon bows, and other appropriate decorations.

The fun of the occasion is founded upon a series of fascinating games, each played with sugar plums, and all quite new.

For example, the first game of the series could be a sit-down contest called Candy Jackstraws. For it all players draw their chairs around a table in the center of which is a pile of assorted bonbons. Each player receives two steel knitting needles and a tumbler. When the signal for beginning the game is given, all players commence simultaneously to dip the candies (using the knitting needles) into their tumblers. The person having most sweets when the pile is exhausted receives in a pretty box all the candy involved.

Another and equally exciting version of the same contest is played with the tiny bonbon tongs which confectioners sell with their wares. Each player in turn lifts a candy from the pile. If so doing he does not

disturb any other bonbon to the extent of making it roll off the heap, he may retain the sugar plums dipped up. If any candy be disturbed he comes away empty-handed. The boy or girl having most candies to show when the pile is razed wins all the goodies.

A Caramel Search in which caramels in all the popular flavors are hidden around the room, to be hunted for, is most exciting. The search commences by signal bell and ends when players are convinced that no more caramels remain concealed. Instead of a prize each child is allowed to retain all the sweets he or she finds. A box is presented in which to carry home one's booty.

Equally good fun is Bonbon Exchange. This game requires as many small hard candies as there are guests.

All the candies but one are wrapped in silver paper, this one being done up in gilt. The sweets when wrapped are put into a bag which is drawn up at the top with a drawing string. Each boy and girl dips into the bag and takes out a candy. He keeps the bonbon he has drawn closed up in his hand and when he is alone examines it to discover whether he has drawn gold or silver.

It is the end and aim of each player to get and retain the gold candy, for he or she who holds this when the bell rings twenty minutes later will win the prize. But every player has an opportunity to obtain the gold bonbon, even if it did not fall to his lot in drawing from the bag. If he can guess the hand in which the opponent is holding his bonbon the player of whom the demand is made is obliged to open the hand "guessed." If it contains the gold-wrapped sugar plum he must

deliver this up. The same two players are not allowed to exchange again (for of course the silver bonbon is given in exchange) until a lapse of five minutes has intervened, so that it is impossible to win back a gold bonbon once lost without a pleasantly exciting element of doubt and uncertainty. Also impossible for the "rigor of the game" to become confined to two players.

A jolly Clipping Match is easily arranged with the pretty little net stockings filled with candy which are obtainable at Christmas in all candy stores. Stretch a cord across some window and to it attach six or eight of the candy stockings. It will not be necessary to have as many as there are guests, for the percentage of those winning them is likely to be small. Each person is blindfolded and sent with scissors to clip down one of the little bonbon cases. If secured, a stocking belongs to the player capturing it.

A candy pulling in good old-fashioned style, or a fudge-making frolic is a lively way of bringing the evening to a close.

VI. A RAINY SUNDAY GAME

By Emma C. Dowd

The children had been to church and Sunday-school; now dinner was over, papa was reading, mama was lying down — and it rained. The four longed for Aunt Ruth, who had gone away on a visit.

"Alice," came mama's soft voice from her room.

Alice went, soon returning with a folded paper in her hand. Her eyes were shining.

"A game!" she cried, "a Bible game that Aunt Ruth left for us, to be tried on the first rainy Sunday! Mama came near forgetting it."

Bertha, Norton, and Carl pressed near, while Alice read:

"One thinks of a Bible verse, and gives one word that is in it. Anybody may guess this verse, or give any other that has the specified word in it — the more verses the better. When all the verses that can be thought of with the given word in have been recited, somebody thinks of another verse, and gives one of its words, and so on. The one who can remember the largest number of verses wins the game."

"Oh, let 's begin!" cried Carl. "It is nice of Aunt Ruth to remember us."

"Aunt Ruth would n't be Aunt Ruth if she was n't nice," Norton said. "I wish she would n't ever go visiting."

"We ought to be willing to share her, and this is next best to her being here. I 'm going to think of a verse," and Alice shut her eyes. "I have one," she suddenly exclaimed. "The word is *good*."

They were silent for a moment, and then Carl repeated, "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him."

Bertha followed with, "God giveth to a man that is good in His sight wisdom and knowledge and joy."

"Neither of these is the one I have in mind," said Alice; "but I can think of still another: If ye then,

being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him!"

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. There, I did think of one!" Norton sighed with satisfaction.

"Beloved, follow not that which is evil, but that which is good," repeated Bertha.

Then was a long pause after this; then Alice spoke.

"Nobody has thought of my verse yet."

"In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world," was given by Carl.

"That's the one!" cried Alice. "Now it 's your turn."

"My word is *sang*," said Carl.

"I don't seem to remember any with that in," returned Alice.

"There 's something about the morning stars sang together," said Bertha; "but I can't tell the rest of it. Is that the one?"

Carl nodded. "When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," he finished.

As nobody could think of another with "sang" in, Carl gave *love*, and the verses came fast, until Mr. and Mrs. Chapin joined in the game.

Peace, *joy*, *trust*, *heart*, and *courage* were then given in turn, and there was no lack of verses.

"Wish I could remember as many as papa and mamma can," sighed Norton.

"You 'll have them at your tongue's end, if you play this often," answered Mamma.

VII. A SPELLING GAME

By Emma C. Dowd

"WHAT 's the trouble?" asked Aunt Ruth, as her four nieces and nephews sat toasting their toes in front of her grate.

"How did you know anything was?" queried Alice.

"It 's our miserable reports," answered Bertha.

"I thought it must be something hopeless," smiled Mrs. Hillhouse. "I 'm glad it is only reports."

"Only!" echoed Norton. "You 'll think it 's hopeless enough when you know how I stood."

"And I 'm even lower than you," sighed Bertha. "I wish there was n't any such thing in the world as spelling."

"Oh! spelling, is it? That is better than if it were some things."

"But, Aunt Ruth, just think! I'm only thirty!" And Bertha's forehead puckered mournfully.

"Oh, cheer up!" laughed her aunt. "There 's another week coming."

"And another report!" groaned Norton.

"But you can make the next one better. Spelling is n't so hard but that it can be learned."

"I don't know," doubted Bertha.

"I know," declared Aunt Ruth. "I was thinking

of a game, the other day, that ought to make easy work of your spelling lessons."

"Oh, if it only would!" cried Norton.

"I 'd play it every day, straight along," agreed Bertha

"Do tell us what it is!" begged Alice.

"All right; now is a good time," and Mrs. Hillhouse began to clear the library table. "I think the box of anagram letters is over in the corner bookcase cupboard, Carl. Will you get it, please? We could play it without them, but they will make it more interesting."

The boys and girls gathered around the table, while the letters were put in a pile where all could reach them.

"Suppose you begin, Bertha, by giving us one of the hardest words to spell that you can think of — one in common use. Then we will each make it with the letters, but nobody must look to see how his neighbor is spelling it."

"I 'll give *frolicking*," said Bertha; "that is a word I missed on the other day."

For a while each was busy with his letters, and when all the words were completed, Bertha, began the round by spelling hers.

Alice's had no *c*, and Norton's missed the *k*; so Aunt Ruth told them to throw their letters back into the pool, as none but correct words could stand.

Carl gave *singeing*; but nobody save Aunt Ruth and himself spelled it with the *e*.

"Yours is *singing*," said Carl.

"So it is," acknowledged Bertha; "I did n't think of that. Well, I don't believe I shall ever miss that word again."

Alice came next, and gave *marshmallow*, which all but Norton spelled correctly. He substituted a *c* for the *s*.

Norton's word was *governor*, and to his amusement his brothers and sisters screwed their faces into all sorts of puckers while trying to decide which letters to draw.

"I should n't know it myself," laughed Norton, "only the teacher made me write it over two dozen times one day."

When it was read, nobody else, excepting Aunt Ruth, had it right.

Wednesday was Aunt Ruth's word, and Bertha and Norton spelled it without the first *d*.

Bertha's *separate* had to be thrown off from every list except Aunt Ruth's, including even her own.

"I thought I knew that," she fretted, ruefully eyeing the *e* that should have been an *a*.

Alice gave *neighborhood*, which caught her two brothers, and Norton's *sufficient* was spelled correctly by only Aunt Ruth and Carl.

"Not much need of Auntie's playing this game," commented Alice, looking wistfully at the longest list of all.

"Oh, I 'm not infallible!" she told them, and then gave out the word *benefited*.

When it was read, Carl had only one *t*, though all the others had spelled it with two.

"Why, I thought I was sure of that!" he exclaimed. "I missed it at school only a few weeks ago."

"Perhaps you are right," his Aunt said. "Run over to the dictionary and find out."

His face brightened as he bent over the page. "I am!" he cried. "But it 's so queer that you should n't have it," he went on, "unless — unless — "

"No, I did n't spell it wrong purposely," she laughed. "Probably this is n't the first time I 've put in an extra *t*. But," she added grimly, "it will be the last."

"Well, this is a capital game!" Carl burst out emphatically. "We shan't have time for another before we go home; but I want to take a good long look at the rest of that list of yours, so I can't forget."

"That is one of the best ways of learning to spell." responded Aunt Ruth. "Look at a word until you can see it with your eyes shut, and then you will be so familiar with its rightful appearance that you will not be very apt to give it a wrong spelling."

"I shall be doing that all the time now," laughed Carl, "and I 'm going to hunt up some extra hard words to pose you all with."

VIII. A BUBBLE-BLOWING PARTY

By Gladys Beattie Crozier

All children love blowing bubbles, and, struck by a bright idea, I decided to give a bubble-blowing party for several little friends.

Our house is a very small one, and one great advantage of bubble blowing lies in the fact that one can keep quite a number of children amused in a small space where games, dancing, or romps would be impossible, while the expense is very trifling.

When the invitations were sent out, each child was specially asked to bring a nursery apron, for bubble blowing is messy work, as everybody knows. Perhaps that is why the children like it so much!

As soon as the little guests had all arrived, we sat down to tea, and as soon as it was over the bubble blowing began.

The nursery table had been stripped of its cloth, and in the middle of it stood a big pitcher of soap mixture, made in five minutes by dissolving soap powder in warm water. I also added a little glycerine, as this makes the bubbles stronger and much more beautifully colored.

On the table were also a pitcher of water and several pieces of glass, together with some short lengths of straw. Each child, of course, had a saucer and a long straight-stemmed clay pipe.

The children were enveloped in their aprons, small Turkish towels were tucked round their necks, and they were perched up on chairs heightened with cushions or low hassocks all round the table. Each one was given a pipe and had a little of the soap mixture poured into his or her saucer.

We found that the tiny tots liked best to blow up beehives of bubbles in their saucers, a process which needs more water and less soap, so a little water was added to their saucerfuls. But the bigger children were more ambitious. They obtained most gorgeous effects by blowing a number of bubbles one inside the other — a feat they achieved thus: —

A sheet of glass was well smeared with the soap mixture and a big bubble blown on to it. Then a straw,

which had also been thoroughly smeared, could be pushed upright through the surface of the bubble and another blown inside it, and so on.

Another charming effect was obtained by standing a tin soldier or some other small toy on one of the sheets of glass and placing over it an ordinary funnel, well smeared with the soapy solution. Then, by blowing down the fumnel, and gently lifting it up, a fine bubble was formed over the toy — making it look as if it stood in a glass case.

The whole secret lies in smearing everything with which the bubble comes in contact with the soapy solution. Then the bubble will not burst. If it touches anything dry, it goes pop at once.

It was really a very pretty scene as the children, their sleeves rolled up above the elbows, pink with excitement, blew great iridescent bubbles, tossed them up almost to the ceiling, and cleverly caught them on the bowls of their pipes as they came down.

When a rather stronger bubble set forth on its journey, ten little upturned faces would blow as it came within reach, to send it floating up again, and one enthusiast wriggled all over the nursery floor on his chest in a mad endeavor to keep his bubble from settling and bursting on the hearthrug, amidst a perfect gale of merriment from the rest. Meanwhile the nursery table, alas, became a perfect sea of soapy slime. But this, needless to say, only added to the children's delight, and, after all, a little soapy water more or less made little difference, and no damage was done.

Older bubble blowers much enjoyed joining in a bub-

ble-blowing tournament. For this, a length of ribbon wider than the table must be provided to be held across it at a height of about a couple of feet above it, to serve as a "net." Two competitors, standing one at either end of the table, take it in turns to blow a big bubble, and with a neat twist of the pipe send it floating in the air above the net. They then proceed to blow it to and fro over the net, the one who lets it down on to the table or ground losing a point to her opponent. If, however, the bubble bursts in mid air, it is counted as a "Let."

There is no rule against the bubble being blown up again when almost touching the ground, by a player crawling on all fours beneath it, and such incidents add greatly to the excitement of the game from the onlookers' point to view.

The game may be fixed at six or ten, according to the number of couples entering for the little tournament, and, when each pair of opponents has been in, the winners of each contest must meet one another until the victor is announced and awarded a prize.

IX. LEWIS CARROLL'S GAME

By Lucretia Peabody Hale

Mr. Erastus, as he was usually called, was the son of an old friend of Mrs. Brunton, and was passing the winter at her house.

"I suppose," he said, "I need not apologize for in-

troducing the game I propose, since it was originated by so great a favorite as Lewis Carroll, the author of 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'; and I find that it is not a familiar game, though I have played it with much interest since reading his little book about it, published some years ago. The game is called —

DOUBLETS

"'The rules of the puzzle are simple enough. Two words are proposed, of the same length; and the puzzle consists in linking these together by interposing other words, each of which shall differ from the next word in *one letter only*. That is to say, one letter may be changed in one of the given words, then one letter in the word so obtained, and so on, till we arrive at the other given word. The letters must not be interchanged among themselves, but each must keep to its own place. As an example, the word "head" may be changed into "tail" in this way: —

H e a d
h e a l
t e a l
t e l l
t a l l
T a i l

"'It is perhaps needless to state that it is *de rigueur* that the links should be English words such as might be used in good society. The easiest Doublets are those on which the consonants in one word answer to consonants in the other, and the vowels to vowels; "head" and "tail" constitute a doublet of this kind.'

"This description," continued Mr. Erastus, is Lewis Carroll's own, and his book gives the following rules, which I put together for our game: —

"'1. The words given to be linked together constitute a "Doublet," the interposed words are the "links," and the entire series a "chain." The object is to complete the chain with the least possible number of links.

"'2. Each word in the chain must be formed from the preceding word by changing one letter in it, and one only. The substituted letter must occupy the same place in the word so formed which the discarded letter occupied in the preceding word, and all the other letters must retain their places.

"'3. To score for a game: A number of marks will be apportioned to each Doublet equal to the number of letters in the two words given. For example, in this instance of "Head" and "Tail," the number of possible marks to be gained would be eight; and this maximum will be gained by each competitor who makes the chain with the least possible number of changes. If it be assumed in this instance that the chain cannot be completed with less than the four links given, then those who completed it with four links only will receive eight marks, while a mark will be deducted for every link used beyond four. Any competitor using five links would score four, and any using twelve links or more would score nothing.'"

Aspasia had been providing pencils and paper for the numerous guests.

"How are we to go to work?" asked Mrs. Fortescue.

"Please show us how you do it once!" begged Cecilia Owens.

"Here is a very simple one," said Mr. Erastus: "Turn '*Cat*' into '*Dog*,' in this way. With the first change of one letter only, make 'cot' of 'cat,' then 'dot' of 'cot'; and one more change makes 'dot' into 'dog,' This requires only two links, and would count six, assuming this to be the smallest number of links possible. Another person might make 'cat,' 'cot,' 'con,' 'don,' 'dog,' giving an additional link, which would oblige him to lose one mark, and he would only count five."

"But how are we to start upon this?" asked Mr. Fortescue.

"I think it a good way," said Erastus, "to write down the Doublets side by side; then I make my experiments in columns. In this way I try with each word what change can be made. For instance, in the first Doublet I will give you, turn 'pig' into 'sty,' I should put down the two words side by side. I want to turn *p* into *s*; so 'sit' suggests itself, and I interpose 'pit,' turning 'pig' into 'pit'. I want to put in a vowel for the middle letter, so under 'sty' I write 'say.' This gives

pig, sty,
pit, say.

Sit, sat,

directly suggest themselves in each column, and you thus get Pig, pit, sit, sat, say, sty."

"I am eager to try," said Mr. Chester.

SOLUTIONS OF DOUBLETS

PEN	EYE	TEA	POOR	ARMY	CAIN	BLUE	APE	ROGUE
e'en	dye	sea	boor	arms	chin	flue	are	vogue
eel	die	set	book	aims	shin	floe	ere	vague
ell	did	sot	rook	dims	spin	flog	err	value
ill	LID	HOT	rock	dams	spun	flag	ear	valve
ilk			rick	dame	spud	flat	mar	halve
INK			RICH	name	sped	feat	MAN	helve
				nave	aped	peat		heave
				NAVY	abed	pent		leave
					ABEL	pint		lease
						PINK		least
								BEAST

THE ENCHANTED GARDEN

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

CHARACTERS

Wild Rose	Mignonette
Prince Butterfly	Poppy
Bumble Bee	Iris
Peas Blossom	Will-o'-the-Wisp
Lily	The Queen of Hearts

Other Peas, Blossoms, Poppies, etc.

DRAMATIC DIRECTIONS

This is a June play. The room should be hung with green leaves or real or artificial flowers. A green floor covering, if possible. In the center of the stage should be a seat or throne covered with moss-green cambric. While the prologue is being spoken the flowers stand in group in background. The blinds of the room are pulled down to give an effect of darkness. With the end of Will-o'-the-Wisp's speech the blinds are raised to show that the night is over and it is morning in the garden. The children should wear their summer dresses, and over them large petals of tissue paper or glazed cambric. Hats shaped like the petals or bells of flowers. White dress with red hearts on it for the Queen; pink hat and dress for Wild Rose; stripes of yellow tissue paper basted to the boy's suit of the bee; large tinted cardboard wings for the butterfly, etc. The prologue is spoken by Pansy, whose dress should be yellow and purple cambric, or tissue paper leaves, like an overshirt.

This play is especially suited to be given out of doors.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY PANSY

My name is Pansy, and my part
Is to enchain each mind and heart
Until, perforce, you see with me
A garden, loved of bird and bee,
Where stately lilies raise their heads;
And poppies border all the beds;
Where starry mignonette is found,
And moss and grass and dew abound.
Think that before your mind's clear eyes
The garden dark and silent lies
Till you behold a curious light
Dancing and wav'ring through the night.
Will-o'-the-Wisp is drawing near!
His step so soft you scarce can hear!
And thus, before the break of day,
He will begin our little play.

The scene is a garden, preferably a real one. If this is not possible and the play is wished for winter use, it can be given indoors. In this case the stage should be covered with green baize, and green potted plants such as ferns and palms can be used effectively.

It is supposed to be night when the play begins. The poppies stand in the background on each side of a throne covered with green moss.

In the center of the stage stands Will-o'-the-Wisp with his lighted lantern. As he speaks he sways his lantern to and fro in the darkness.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP. Hush! The flowers are sleeping! See them, one and all,
Mignonette and Iris and the Lily tall,
Drowsy crimson Poppies nodding by the wall.

When the dew is falling through the summer night
Hither do I wander with my lantern bright,
Guarding all the sleepers by its elfin light.

I can feel the night wind softly passing by,
Hear the crickets chirping and the gray owl's cry,
Watch the pale moon gliding through the cloudy sky;

I am free to wander where the fairies play,
Through the fens and gardens nimbly do I stray,
But I always vanish with the break of day!

[*Exit Will-o'-the-Wisp. As he goes the dawn breaks, a rosy glow over all the garden. The flowers slowly raise their heads.*]

MIGNONETTE. Awaken! Awaken! For lo, 't is the dawn!
Night time is over —

POPPY [*stretching*]. I feel I must yawn!

MIGNONETTE. Oh, all things are stirring — the air blows so sweet!
'T is only the garden that 's still fast asleep —
The Poppies so drowsily nodding their heads,
The Sweet Peas in nightcaps asleep in their beds!
So while through the stillness clear bird voices break,
Come, let 's show the world that we, too, are awake!

[*The flowers join in a slow dance, minuet-like in its dignity, and resembling the swaying of flowers in the breeze. When they return to their places Wild Rose is discovered in the center of the stage, looking timidly about her.*]

LILY. Mignonette, pray you look! A new flower is here!

MIGNONETTE. She does n't belong to the garden, that 's clear!

POPPY. A very great liberty for her to take!

WILD ROSE. I 'm just a Wild Rose — I strayed in by mistake
Last night — in the dark. Oh, pray don't think me bold,
For gardens are very exclusive, I 'm told!

[While Wild Rose is speaking the other flowers whisper together, with many disparaging glances and much shaking of heads.]

IRIS *[haughtily]*. The flowers who grow here are flowers every one knows,
But none of them ever have heard of a Rose!

SWEET PEA. You *say* you 're a Wild Rose; but how do *we* know!

LILY. And where do you live?

WILD ROSE. Why, by roadways I grow!

LILY. By roadways, where every one sees you! Dear! Dear!
There 's little seclusion in *that* life I fear!

POPPY. And who are your gardeners?

WILD ROSE. The sun and the rain.

SWEET PEA *[to Poppy]*. My dear, she knows little of pruning, 't is plain!

WILD ROSE. Yet all flowers are related — a cousin am I
To fair Mistress Lily who 's standing close by.

LILY *[haughtily]*. A mere country cousin! Pray stay in your place!
Field families always are held in disgrace.

[*Shortly and snappily.*] Not even mentioned — so
lowly they 're rated.
You grow near a road. You 're not cultivated.
WILD ROSE [*gently*]. I never have lived behind
walls, it is true;
Yet we share, do we not, the wind and the dew?
LILY [*aside to Sweet Pea*]. The Wild Rose has thorns!
IRIS. She is not very tall.
Her outlook on life must be lowly and small.
MIGNONETTE. Pray, who are your friends?
WILD ROSE [*brightening*]. The stanch Blackberry Vine,
And Blue Bell and Daisy and sweet Columbine.
POPPY. Sweet "Columbine"! "Blue Bell"! What
strange names are these!
"Blackberry" and "Daisy"! Do listen, Sweet Peas!
IRIS [*with aloofness*]. The country 's a very strange
place, I am told.
WILD ROSE [*eagerly*]. The meadows are starred with
the Buttercup's gold,
The Bee hovers and hums — the Bobolink sings,
The Swallow flies by with a glad rush of wings —
The fields stretch away to clasp hands with the sky —
And —
LILY [*tartly*]. There! Hush your chatter! Here 's
Prince Butterfly.

[*Prince Butterfly enters*]

MIGNONETTE. Good morning, dear Prince!
PRINCE BUTTERFLY [*flitting from one flower to another,
teasingly*]. Ah, most rare Mignonette,
The loveliest flower in the garden! And yet —

The Iris is fairer. [*Goes to Iris.*] Ah, pretty Sweet Pea,
Pink sunbonnets still are in fashion, I see!

SWEET PEA [*flattered*]. Do tell us the news, Prince!

PRINCE BUTTERFLY [*as flowers crowd around him, with the exception of Wild Rose, whom he has not perceived, and who stands by herself*]. What! Have you not heard?
I thought it might come by some gossipy bird!
Well, my news, then, is this: the great Queen of Hearts
Will leave for one morning her baking of tarts
To choose from this garden the loveliest flower.

POPPY [*smoothing her dress*]. My petals are charming!

LILY [*anxiously*]. I hope it won't shower!

SWEET PEA [*fastening her sunbonnet*]. And no one can tell which bright flower she 'll like best —

MIGNONETTE [*airily*]. I 'm sure I 'm the sweetest!

IRIS [*regally*]. And I 'm the best dressed!

[*The Flowers return to their places. Prince Butterfly suddenly perceives Wild Rose.*]

PRINCE BUTTERFLY. By my wings! Who is this?

IRIS. 'T is only a weed
Who came from the country.

PRINCE BUTTERFLY [*pausing by Wild Rose*]. A strange weed, indeed!
None other than Wild Rose, than whom I declare
There is not a flower in the garden more fair!

POPPY. Dear Prince, you are hasty — pray don't be beguiled!

IRIS. She says she 's well-born; but *we* know she grows wild.

PRINCE BUTTERFLY [*wheeling suddenly, his light manner gone, his voice filled with indignation*]. And wild were *you* once, ere the garden you knew,
So be not so proud of your bearing and hue!

[*Iris hides face.*]

[*Cuttingly, to Lily.*] *Wild* Lilies grow tall in the marsh and the sedge!

[*To Poppy.*] Your family comes from a wheat field's bright edge!

[*To Mignonette.*] The stars and the tufts that so proudly you wear
Are gems which the Rocket Weed family share!

[*To Sweet Pea.*] Where sunshine lies warmest and salt breezes blow,
On meadow and dune do *your* relatives grow!

[*To Wild Rose, bowing low.*] While you, sweetest Rose, (with your petals unfurled!)
Are sought for and loved throughout all the world
In hut or in palace. This garden seemed bare
Till chance brought you to us, to grace it, most fair!

[*The flowers stand with hanging heads, utterly abashed, unable to look up. Two short blasts of a herald's trumpet are sounded off stage, and Bumble Bee enters, going fussily about, not noticing what has taken place.*]

BUMBLE BEE. Here I come humming — the velvet Bee!
Busy as ever you plainly see!
Green Mignonette, and gay Lily Bell,
Which of you all has honey to sell?
For here am I with my sacks to hold
All you can give me of pollen gold.

Butterfly loves to dally and shirk,
But as for me — I delight in work.

[*Queen of Hearts appears in background. Bee perceives her, and instantly holds himself erect as a herald, and comes down center to front of stage.*]

Hark! With my droning trumpet I boom:
"The Queen is coming! Give room! Give room!"
Down through your borders a pathway make,
For one of the flowers the Queen will take!

[*Queen of Hearts comes down center*]

QUEEN. I 'm weary of Lilies, I 'm tired of Sweet Peas —
Mignonette and gay Poppies — all fail to please.
But here is a Wild Rose — with petals of pink —

WILD ROSE [*very much confused*]. I came in by mistake —

QUEEN [*kindly*]. No great harm, I think!
You speak of the country — of long summer hours,
Of dew and of sunshine, of shadows and showers.

BUMBLE BEE. So honey-sweet, she, I can scarce keep away!

PRINCE BUTTERFLY. I have heard Will-o'-the-Wisp and fairy folk say
That when a Wild Rose doth her petals unfold
'T is plain to be seen that her heart is of gold!

QUEEN. Enough! Then no longer I 'll go on my quest,
For this is the flower that I choose from the rest.
My garden without her would not be complete.

PRINCE BUTTERFLY [*delighted*]. I vow she is charming!

BUMBLE BEE [*sturdily*]. I swear she is sweet!

QUEEN. No Rose in my garden has ever yet grown,
So this is the flower that I choose for my own.
[*To Prince Butterfly and Bumble Bee.*] As she was content common roadways to grace,
Now deck her with dew-pearls and gossamer lace.
[*To Wild Rose.*] Grow queenly and splendid; for every one knows
No garden is perfect that boasts not a Rose!

[Wild Rose bows low and kisses the Queen's hand. Bumble Bee picks up the Queen's train, like a page. Butterfly holds her fan. The Queen leads Wild Rose to the mossy throne in background. Bumble Bee and Prince Butterfly stand on each side of the throne while the Queen crowns Wild Rose with a splendid wreath of laurel. Then exit the Queen with Prince Butterfly and Bumble Bee attending her.]

IRIS [*penitently*]. I fear my fine raiment has rendered me blind!

MIGONETTE. A garden may often be narrow, I find.

LILY. While a tall wall that hides all the world from our view
Is not half so fine as horizon's wide blue!

ALL THE FLOWERS IN UNISON. Forgive us, O Wild Rose!

WILD ROSE [*rising, standing on steps of mossy throne, and speaking very clearly and sweetly*]. Nay, what 's to forgive!
The past is forgotten. In peace let us live,
Content without envy or rancor to grow —
For all of us started in Eden, you know!

CURTAIN

COSTUMES

WILD ROSE: Short dress with petal-like folds of deep pink.

BUMBLE BEE: Black suit striped with yellow. Gold belt. Gray gauze wings.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP: Black suit, spangled. He carries a lighted lantern.

PRINCE BUTTERFLY: Suit of brown. Large varicolored wings.

PEAS BLOSSOM: Short white dress. Pink sunbonnet.

LILY: Long orange-colored robe with black velvet dots.

MIGNONETTE: Deep green dress, covered with tiny red and pale green stars.

IRIS: White trailing dress with pale lavender overdress cut like Fleur-de-Lis petals.

POPPY: Crimson dress, short, made of shimmering silk. Huge red poppy leaf hat.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: White robe with red hearts. Long train.

The other Poppies are in the same crimson costume, but the Sweet Peas wear white dresses with different colored sunbonnets, pale yellow, deep purple, white, etc.

Appropriate music for the flower dance would be Nevin's "Narcissus," or Lang's "Flower Song." Music should also be played during the pantomime where the Queen leads Wild Rose to the throne.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

By Frank Nesbit

CHARACTERS

JOLLIBOY I, *King of Merrieland*
JACK, *the woodcutter's son*
DOCTOR PINKPILL, *the court physician*
POLICEMAN A 1
THE PRINCESS
HILDA, MARION, } *her companions*
MRS. T. TOTEL, *landlady of the "Cat and Whiskers"*
POLLY, *her daughter*
MRS. DUCKLING, *a market woman*
THE FAIRY GODMOTHER
CATKIN, GOSSAMER, } *her attendant fairies*

Village Children

SCENE I. *The Village Green. A rustic seat on the left. Village children are playing some singing game on the right. After a few minutes the Princess, with Hilda and Marion, enters L.*

CHILDREN. Oh, here 's the Princess.

[*They stop their game and courtesy to the Princess.*]

PRINCESS. Good-morning, children. Don't stop your game. We like to see you playing.

HILDA. Yes, play one of the merriest games you

know, it will make the dear Princess so happy to see you.

CHILDREN. What shall we play?

MARION. Oh, play that funny game you are so fond of. It goes like this: —

Put your right foot in,
And put your right foot out.

CHILDREN. That's Cherry baloo. Come on, let 's play that.

MARION. Oh, yes, and we 'll play too; won't we, Hilda.

[*The Princess sits on seat L. and watches them sadly as they form a ring and play.*]

Tune: "A Life on the Ocean Wave"

Cherry baloo, baloo,
Cherry baloo, baloo,
Cherry baloo, baloo,
Cherry baloo, baloo.

Put your right hand in,
Put your right hand out,
Give it a bit of a shake,
And turn yourself about.

Oh, Cherry baloo, baloo, etc.

[*After a few verses with left hand, right foot, etc., the King and Doctor enter from back of the stage. The children run off, and Hilda and Marion return to the Princess.*]

KING. Well, Doctor, here's the Princess, so you can see her for yourself. I can't imagine what 's the matter with her. There she sits, looking just as glum as if she knew she had to take some of your medicine.

Come, I 'll give you a thousand pounds if you 'll give her something to make her laugh.

DOCTOR [*very pompously*]. Dear, dear, how very strange! Has the Princess been long possessed of this melancholy humor, Your Majesty?

KING. Ever since she was a baby. Nothing will make her laugh. Why, she does n't even laugh at my jokes.

DOCTOR. You don't say so, Your Majesty.

KING. But I do say so, sirrah. Don't you contradict me. Now, come and look at the Princess. [*To the Princess.*] Well, my love, so you 've been watching the children at their games, eh?

PRINCESS. Yes, papa.

HILDA. They 've been playing such a jolly game, Your Majesty. We hoped that it would make the dear Princess laugh.

KING. Well, did n't it?

HILDA. No, Your Majesty. The Princess is so sad this morning. We 've done our very best, but we can't even make her smile.

PRINCESS. Yes, I 'm sure you 've done your best, Hilda, and so have you, Marion, dear. I do wish I could laugh to please you, but I really can't.

KING. Now, Doctor, see what you can do. Remember, you 're a rich man if you succeed.

DOCTOR. Would Her Royal Highness graciously put out her tongue. Ah, thank you. And might I feel her pulse? Ah, just so, just so. Let me see.

KING. I wish you 'd let us see too, Doctor. What can we do with her?

DOCTOR. Well, I think that Her Royal Highness should be put upon a suitable diet.

KING. All right, Doctor. Shall we feed her on nothing but merry thoughts, or shall we get her a few slices off the funny bone of a laughing hyena?

DOCTOR. Ha, ha! Your Majesty is pleased to be jocose.

MARION. But, Doctor, could n't you give the Princess laughing gas?

HILDA. Don't be so silly, Marion, the poor Princess would have to have a tooth out, and that would spoil all the fun, I 'm sure.

DOCTOR. Well, Your Majesty, I think the best treatment would be to give Her Royal Highness plenty of fresh air and cheerful society — cheerful society.

MARION [*aside*]. I wish I could earn a thousand pounds as easily as that. Don't you, Hilda?

DOCTOR. And I think she might be allowed to indulge in a few youthful games. Youthful sports are good for the young.

KING. Well, come on, Doctor, and show us how.

MARION. Oh, yes, Your Majesty. Let 's have a game now.

HILDA. Yes, come on.

[*They all join hands and sing, "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush," the Princess standing mournfully in the middle.*]

PRINCESS. Oh, this is too silly.

[*She breaks away, and goes off L.*]

KING. Oh, dear, oh, dear! What are we to do?

CURTAIN

SCENE II. *A Wood.*

JACK [*entering R. with bundle on his shoulder*]. There, I can't go another step. [*He wipes his forehead.*] It is hot, and I 'm pretty well tired out too. I 'll sit down here and have my dinner. A poor dinner, too, I 'm afraid. It was very different before poor father died. But now my brothers have turned me out of house and home, and have only given me a dry crust to last till I can earn a meal for myself. [*He opens his bundle.*] Well, anyhow, I 'm so hungry that even a crust will be welcome. Hullo! who 's this funny old lady?

FAIRY GODMOTHER [*entering L. and courtesying*]. Good-morning, young gentleman. I see you 're going to have your dinner. And a nice dinner, too, I 'll warrant. Could you spare a crust of bread for a poor old woman?

JACK [*aside*]. Come, I say, that 's rather rough. [*Aloud.*] Well, mother, I 've nothing but a crust myself, and precious tough it is too; but if you like we 'll go halves.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Oh, thank you, young gentleman. I 'll set myself down here, and then we can have our dinner nice and comfortable.

JACK. Well, mother, here 's your half if you can get your teeth into it. [*He begins eating.*] Hullo! What did I give you? Was n't it a tough old crust baked last Saturday fortnight?

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Oh, no, young sir. It's a beautiful, juicy sandwich, that it is, bless your kind young heart!

JACK. Well, I 'm bothered! I'm sure there was nothing in my bundle but an old crust, and now here 's this fine sandwich. I wonder where it came from.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Out of your bundle, I expect.

JACK. Yes, but how did it get there? It certainly was n't there five minutes ago.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Well, I should n't bother how it came there. Anyhow, it 's here now. But could you kindly give me a drop to drink, young man?

[*Fairies enter unseen; place a bottle and glass in Jack's bundle.*]

JACK. No, that I can't, unless you 'd like some water from that spring.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. But what 's that in your bundle? Don't I see a bottle?

JACK. A bottle! [*Looks in bundle.*] Why, what 's this? Ginger beer, by all that 's wonderful! [*Aside.*] The old lady must be a witch. Anyhow, here goes.

[*He draws the cork and fills the glass, which he hands to the Fairy Godmother.*]

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Here's to your good health, Jack!

JACK. What! You know my name!

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Oh, it is n't such a hard name to guess. And I 'm a clever old woman, and know more about you than you think. Yes, I know how you 've been served at home, and that made me sorry for you. So now that you 've shown that you have a good kind heart, I want to prove that I am grateful. [*Calling off.*] Catkin, Gossamer!

[*Enter Fairies.*]

Quick, children. Bring me my golden goose.

JACK [*aside*]. Well, I never! I thought there was something funny about the old lady.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Why, Jack, you seem surprised.

JACK. Well, I am a little, I must say. You see, a fellow hardly expects to see fairies running about in broad daylight.

[*Fairies reënter with the golden goose.*]

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Thank you, children. [*They trip out.*] Now, Jack, you 've been so kind that I 'm going to give you this golden goose.

JACK. Oh, I say, does it lay golden eggs?

FAIRY GODMOTHER. No, but it will bring you better luck even than that. Now, listen to me. You must bring the goose into the village to-morrow morning. Don't forget. And you must always carry it under your arm. If any one touches it, say: —

Golden goose,
Let not loose.

Then you will see what you will see.

JACK. Am I to carry that great goose about with me wherever I go?

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Yes, wherever you go. Don't let it out of your sight.

JACK. But they 'll all laugh at me.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Yes, I hope they will.

JACK. Well, mother, no doubt you mean very well, but you can just keep your goose. I don't want it.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Don't be silly, Jack. Come,

take the goose, and you 'll find that it will bring you the best luck that you ever had in your life. Trust me, and you will never be sorry that you obeyed me. Well, I must be off. Good-bye. Mind you do what I 've told you.

JACK. All right, mother, I suppose I must. Good-bye.

[*Fairy Godmother goes out R.*]

Well, I 'm in for it now. The old lady seems to be some sort of fairy, that 's clear enough. And she 's a good sort too. That was a splendid sandwich. But how on earth is this goose to bring me any luck? Let me see. What did she say? I 'm to go to the village to-morrow morning, and if any one touches the goose I 'm to say — what was it? Oh, I know —

Golden goose,
Let not loose.

Yes, that 's right. Well, I 'll have a try any way.

[*Goes off L.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE III. *The Village. The "Cat and Whisker" appearing on the right.*

POLLY [*dusting table, arranging chairs, glasses, etc.*]. Well, now I hope that 'll do. Mother is so particular that everything should look nice, for to-day 's market day, and there 'll be lots of people coming. And they do say that the King will be here himself, and the Princess too. Poor dear young lady! What a sad life hers must be. They say that no one has ever seen her laugh yet. I don't know what the King has n't

tried to get even a smile out of her, but it 's all no good . . . There, that looks proper. I 'll just run in and tidy myself up a bit.

MRS. TOTEL [*entering quickly*]. Polly, Polly! Oh, there you are. Do 'ee look here. Such a fine young gentleman 's just brought this paper. It 's been sent by the King himself, and we 're to put it up somewhere where every one can see it.

POLLY. Well, mother, what 's it all about?

MRS. TOTEL. I don't know, Polly. Do 'ee read it out. There 's a good maid. I can't find my glasses nowhere.

POLLY. What funny writing! I can hardly make it out.

MRS. TOTEL. Oh, do 'ee make haste, Polly.

POLLY. All right, mother, don't be in such a hurry. [*Reading.*] "Know all men by these presents —"

MRS. TOTEL. Us did n't see no presents, Polly.

POLLY. No, mother; but perhaps the young gentleman had n't much money, for all his fine clothes.

MRS. TOTEL. Well, never mind, Polly. Do 'ee go on.

POLLY. "Know all men by these presents that whereas our Royal Daughter the Princess hath not been known to laugh, smile, or otherwise exhibit any outward tokens of merriment, We, Jolliboy the First (King of this most happy country), do here make a decree that whosoever, provided that he be not already matrimonially allied, do make, cause, or incite our said Daughter the Princess to laugh with all due heartiness shall receive the aforesaid Princess as his lawful wife,

and shall forthwith be appointed our rightful successor in this most happy kingdom of Merrieland. Given at our Palace under our Royal sign and seal this 17th day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five."

MRS. TOTEL. Well, I never, Polly! What does it all mean?

POLLY. It means, mother, that whoever makes the Princess laugh is to marry her, and come to the throne when King Jolliboy dies.

MRS. TOTEL. Oh, Polly, Polly, why ever were you born a maid?

POLLY. I could n't help it, mother. But where shall we put up the notice?

MRS. TOTEL. Give it to me. I 'll put it up while you go and clean yourself. [*Polly goes out R.*] Well, I never did! [*Pinning up the paper.*] Won't all the young men be mazed about it! I wish I was one of them, that I do. I 'd make the dear young lady laugh, I 'll warrant.

JACK. [*entering L.*] Good-morning, ma'am.

MRS. TOTEL. Good-morning, sir [*courtesying*]. Mrs. Totel, Mrs. T. Totel, at your service, sir. Will you please to take anything?

JACK. Yes, Mrs. Totel, Mrs. T. Totel, if that 's your name, I 'll have some bread and cheese, and a bottle of ginger beer. You can bring them out here.

MRS. TOTEL. All right, sir. In a minute, sir.

[*Goes out R.*]

JACK. Well, here I am, goose and all. I wonder what 's going to happen. The old lady said that I

should have good luck to-day, and I have had good luck ever since I met her. Last night I wondered where I should get some supper and a bed. I put my hand into my pocket and there was half a crown. I spent that, and yet there was another half-crown in my pocket this morning. Now that 's gone too, but no sooner had I spent it than I found another in its place. [*Sees notice.*] Hullo, what 's all this about? [*He reads it.*] Well, I never! What a funny old boy the King of this country must be! I wish I could make his daughter laugh. That would just suit me. I should look rather nice as King.

POLLY [*entering R., with tray*]. Here 's your bread and cheese, sir.

JACK. Thank you very much. Here, you can keep the change.

[*Gives her a crown.*]

POLLY. Oh, thank you, sir. [*Aside.*] What a nice young gentleman!

JACK [*aside, feeling in his pocket.*] It 's all right. There 's another there. [*Aloud.*] I say, what 's all this about, eh? [*He points to proclamation.*]

POLLY. Oh, that 's about our dear Princess. Poor young lady! She 's never been known to laugh yet. The King has tried everything he can think of, but it 's all no good. So now he has promised that whoever can make her laugh shall marry her.

JACK. But where does she live? I should like to have a try.

POLLY. I 'm afraid you would n't find it any good, sir. But I expect she 'll be coming here to-day, so

you 'll be able to see for yourself — My! Whatever have you got there?

JACK. Oh, that 's my goose. Fine bird, is n't it?

POLLY. But it 's all gold! [*Aside.*] Oh, should n't I like a feather for my new hat! [*Aloud.*] Does it bite, sir?

JACK. Not that I know of.

POLLY. May I stroke it, sir?

JACK. Yes, if you like. But I advise you to be careful. I won't answer for the consequences.

POLLY [*stroking goose*]. Pretty goose! Nice goose!

[*She tries to get a feather.*]

JACK [*aside*]. What was it I had to say? — Oh, I know.

Golden goose,
Let not loose.

POLLY. Oh, help, help! Sir, do please make your goose let go.

JACK [*aside*]. Hullo, what a lark! [*Aloud.*] I 'm afraid I can't help you. Well, I must be off now.

[*He takes the goose under his arm.*]

POLLY [*struggling*]. Help, help! Oh, do set me free, sir.

JACK. I wish I could, but I don't know how. It seems that I shall have to carry about two geese now.

[*He moves on, Polly following.*]

MRS. TOTEL [*entering from inn*]. Polly! you bold-faced hussy! Come here this minute. I 'll give it to you, you forward minx.

POLLY. Oh, mother, do help me. I can't get away.

MRS. TOTEL. Can't get away! What do you mean? Now, then, come along with you.

[*She tries to pull Polly away.*]

JACK. Hullo! Here 's another of them —

Golden goose,
Let not loose.

MRS. TOTEL. Here, Polly, do 'ee let go. Let go this instant.

POLLY [*crying*]. Oh, mother, mother, what shall we do? We 're witched.

JACK. Oh, what fun! Well, I 'm afraid you must come along now. I 'm off.

MRS. TOTEL. Now, young man, none of your impérence. You just set me free at once.

JACK. I 'm very sorry, ma'am, but I can't. Come along. I 'm sorry I can't stay.

[*Doctor enters L.*]

MRS. TOTEL. Oh, Doctor, Doctor, do 'ee come and help us to get away.

POLLY. Yes, Doctor, do help us, please.

DOCTOR. Dear, dear, how very remarkable! What can be the matter with these people? I hope it 's nothing catching!

MRS. TOTEL. Catching, Doctor! Do 'ee help us to get free.

DOCTOR. How exceedingly curious! Allow me to feel your pulse.

JACK. Oh, this is splendid!

Golden goose,
Let not loose.

DOCTOR. Why, what 's this? My good woman, I beg you, please let go my hand.

MRS. TOTEL. It 's no good, Doctor. I told you it was catching.

DOCTOR. Yes, but this is absurd, quite absurd. Young man, if you have anything to do with this, I beseech you to let me go.

JACK. No good, Doctor, it can't be done. Come along.

[*He starts running. They all cry out.*]

MRS. DUCKLING [*entering with market basket*]. My dear life! Where be these folks goin' to?

DOCTOR. My good woman, do help us to get away.

MRS. DUCKLING. That I will, Doctor. Give us your hand.

JACK. Ha, ha!

Golden goose,
Let not loose.

MRS. DUCKLING. Now come along. [*Pulls.*] Why, mercy on me! I 'm stuck fast! [*She struggles to get free.*] Help, thieves, fire, murder!

POLICEMAN [*entering L.*]. Now, then, what 's all this about? Move on, there, move on.

MRS. TOTEL. It 's all very well to say "Move on," but us wants to move off, Mr. Policeman.

POLICEMAN [*to Mrs. Duckling*]. Now, you just come along with me.

[*Grasps her arm.*]

JACK. Hurrah! Now for the bobby.

Golden goose,
Let not loose.

POLICEMAN. Hullo! What 's this? Come, let go. You 'd better come along quiet.

[*Jack rushing up and down, all following shrieking, as King, followed by Princess, Hilda, and Marion, enters at back.*]

KING. Ha, ha, ha! [*laughing heartily, as also do Hilda and Marion*].

PRINCESS. Oh, oh, oh! Marion, Hilda, hold my hands. Oh, papa, papa, what *is* the matter? I do feel so funny. [*She bursts into shouts of laughter.*]

HILDA and MARION. Your Majesty, Your Majesty! The Princess is laughing!

KING. So 'm I, so 'm I. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

ALL JACK'S FOLLOWERS. Oh, Your Majesty, please make this young man let go.

KING. Why, the 're all stuck fast! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

PRINCESS. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

DOCTOR. Oh, Your Majesty, please make him set me free. Remember that I 'm Your Majesty's own doctor.

KING. Yes, any one can see that you 're a *caught* physician. Ha, ha, ha! Now, young man, just you set these good people free.

JACK. I 'm very sorry, Your Majesty, but I don't know how.

FAIRY GODMOTHER [*entering at back*]. Ah, but I do.

JACK. Hullo! Here 's the old lady again.

FAIRY GODMOTHER [*to the captives*]. Now, my good people, if you 'll promise to do no harm to my young friend here, I 'll set you free.

ALL. I promise.

FAIRY GODMOTHER [*freeing each in turn with a touch of her wand*]. Now, your Majesty, did n't you say that whoever should make the Princess laugh should marry her?

KING. Yes, old lady, I believe I did.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Then [*pointing to Jack*], here is her husband.

KING. Oh, come, now, I really can't give her to him. Why, I don't even know who he is.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Yes, but I do.

KING. But, I say, young man, whatever made all those people hang on to you like that?

JACK. Well, Your Majesty, will you just stroke my goose?

KING [*stroking the goose*]. Pretty goose!

JACK.

Golden goose,
Let not loose.

KING. Here, you young vagabond, I can't get away. Help me, some one!

PRINCESS [*taking his hand*]. All right, papa.

HILDA. Come on, Marion, we 'll help too.

MARION. Yes, come on.

[*They catch hold of the Princess.*]

JACK.

Golden goose,
Let not loose.

PRINCESS. Oh, papa, papa, I can't get away!

MARION. No more can I!

KING. Now, young man, this is all very well, but just set us free at once, or I shall be very angry.

JACK. Well, Your Majesty, will you keep your promise, and give me my wife?

KING. What, all three of them? Never! I 'll lose my crown first.

JACK. No, I only want the Princess, Your Majesty. Will you give her to me?

KING. Yes, I suppose I must, if she does n't mind.

PRINCESS. No, I like him, papa; he 's such a funny man.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Then, shall I set them free, Jack?

JACK. Yes, please, old lady.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Well, then, I will. [*Touches them with her wand.*] And now, Your Majesty, I may as well tell you who he is. Do you remember how, twenty years ago, your neighbor, King Goldbeard, had a little son stolen away from him?

KING. Oh, yes, I remember that quite well.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Well, the little boy was taken to the house of a woodcutter, and was brought up with his own sons. But when the poor woodcutter died, his sons turned the little Prince out of doors with nothing but a crust of bread.

JACK. What! You don't mean —

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Now, don't you speak till you 're spoken to. Well, Your Majesty, I found this young man yesterday sitting down to eat his dry crust, and when I asked him for some, he showed what a good, kind heart he had by giving me half. And so I gave him the magic goose, and told him to bring it here to-day. You know the rest.

KING. What! Why! How! Then you must be the long-lost Prince Hilarion!

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Just so, Your Majesty. He is.

KING. Bless you, my children.

SONG

Tune: "The Hunt is up."

ALL [*except King, Jack, and Princess*]: —

Hurrah, hurrah,
Hurrah, hurrah,
For Jack and the Golden Goose!
For his antics absurd
With that comical bird
Have convulsed us with laughter profuse.

Hurrah, hurrah,
Hurrah, hurrah,
For Jack and the bride he has won!
Now she 's merry as he,
So the King's family
Are "Jolliboys" every one.

CURTAIN

THE PUPPET PRINCESS; OR, THE HEART THAT SQUEAKED

By Augusta Stevenson

CHARACTERS

Santa Claus	Princess
King	Queen
Prince	Witch
Hans	Gretel
Goblin	Goody
Porter	Old Lady
Beggar Girl	Cousins and Pages

Time: — *A long time ago. Christmas Eve.*

Place: — *The good King's castle. A court is seen with pillars; doors or curtains to castle at back; stone table and bench at side. Curtain shows Hans and his daughter Gretel entering court. Both wear gay costumes. Hans is thirty years old. Gretel is ten years. Both carry puppet boxes suspended from neck by cords. As they advance, Hans blows a trumpet. Doors at back open; enter Porter.*

Porter. Well, well, why blow ye here? Why blow ye here?

Hans. We come to show our puppets, sir. To show them to the King and Queen — to show them to the little Prince — to all within the castle. Wilt tell them we are here, sir?

Porter. I cannot tell them now, sir. They 're having a Christmas party within, and I like not to disturb them. Know you not 't is Christmas Eve?

HANS. Aye, and we 've brought our puppets to entertain the little Prince and his thirteen little cousins.

PORTER. I know they would love to see them, but the party has just begun — the Prince is preparing to hang his stockings up and so are his little cousins. I should n't like to go in now.

HANS. But His Majesty sent for us to come.

PORTER. Oh, then, that is different! I 'll tell them at once — of course I will. But just let me have a peep at thy puppets first.

[*Hans lifts curtain to his box. Porter looking.*]

Ha, ha! There 's Punch and Judy all ready for to quarrel again! Ha, ha! I 'll tell the King. — Wait here — you 'll hear His Majesty's trumpets.

[*Exit to palace, laughing. Hans placing boxes on table; arranging them; trying strings, etc.*]

HANS. Now then, 't is all in order for the Prince, and King and Queen.

GRETEL [*anxiously*]. Dost think they will wish to pull the strings themselves, father?

HANS. 'T is very like they will, my child.

GRETEL. Oh, I hope they will leave my puppet alone!

HANS. Why, Gretel? Why leave it alone?

GRETEL. They might make her dance too long.

HANS. Too long? Now how could puppets dance too long? They have no sense or feeling.

GRETEL. I almost think my puppet has. Sometimes she seems real to me. And sometimes I almost wish she was alive, father.

HANS [*in alarm*]. Gretel! Thou must not wish that! It might come true. Listen — yesterday, a Goody who was passing by, told me something new and strange. She said that whatever a good heart wished — that thing in time would come to pass.

GRETEL. The wish come true?

HANS. Aye, if wished by a good heart, mind. Now thou hast a good heart, Gretel; thy mother has always said so. So beware for what things thou dost wish — they might come true, my daughter.

GRETEL. Dost think I could wish my puppet to life?

HANS. Aye, I do.

GRETEL. Then let me wish, father! Please let me wish!

HANS. No, no, Gretel! No, no! Thou hast learned to dance thy doll with much skill; she brings us many a penny. So leave thy puppet as she is.

[*Trumpets heard. Doors open.*]

[*Enter Porter*]

PORTER. The King! The King!

[*Hans and Gretel kneel.*]

[*Enter the King in satin, a gold crown wobbling upon his head*]

KING. Arise, and show me your puppets! Quick — I can hardly wait to see them!

HANS [*pulling strings*]. Here are Punch and Judy, Sire.

KING. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Let me pull the strings now!

[*Hans steps aside. King works puppets.*]

Ha, ha! What fun I now am having! I love to pull the strings, I do! 'T is better than rich plum pudding.

[*King crosses; looks in Gretel's box.*]

Aha! What kind of a puppet have we here? She 's dressed just like a Princess.

GRETEL. And she dances like a Princess, Sire. See!

[*Pulls strings. Puppet dances. King laughs loud and long and dances in front of box, imitating puppet's dancing.*]

KING. Beautiful! I never saw a real Princess who could dance like that. Beautiful — beautiful — beautiful! Here, let me dance her now.

[*Gretel steps back, but unwillingly. King pulls strings, peeping over into box and laughing.*]

Look, how fast she 's dancing now! I 'll make her go faster still, I will!

[*Pulls strings violently. Gretel shows alarm.*]

She 's spinning round and round like a top. I 'll make her dance faster than that even.

[*As before. Gretel is in agony. Hans prevents her from stopping King.*]

I must have thy Princess, maid. I 'll buy her from thee this minute.

GRETEL. I — I do not wish to sell her, Sire.

KING. What! I am King, Miss, over all this land. I 'll buy anything that I fancy. Here 's a bag of gold for her.

[*Tosses bag to Gretel, who does not try to catch it. Hans picks it up quickly.*]

HANS. We thank thee, Sire, we thank thee.

KING. 'T is well. And now I will fetch the Queen and Prince and the Prince's little cousins. And you both may go. I 'll work the puppets myself, I will. 'T will be the best part of our party. Next Christmas Eve you may come again and bring to me new puppets, for these will be quite worn out by then. Oh, all worn out — I promise you. So farewell, my friends. Next Christmas Eve, remember!

[*Exit to palace. Gretel runs to her box. Hans takes up his.*]

HANS. Come, Gretel, we must go now.

GRETEL. Didst see how he pulled and jerked her about?

HANS. Thou art foolish. Come.

GRETEL. If she were only a real Princess she could run away when mistreated. *I wish* —

HANS. Stop! Stop! Thou must not wish! Thou must not turn that puppet to life. She helps us earn our living. Come, come, come!

[*He is dragging Gretel away when the Porter enters.*]

PORTER. Wait — I want to see Punch and Judy again. I 'll go with thee to the outer gate. I want to know how ye make them, sir. I want to know all about it.

[*Walks with Hans. Gretel falls behind.*]

HANS. I am glad thou art so interested. I 'll tell thee everything, everything.

PORTER. 'T is curious now about these strings — very, very curious.

[*They disappear. Gretel steps behind a pillar. Pause. She runs to box.*]

GRETEL. I wish — I wish — I wish thou wouldst into a real live Princess turn!

[*Darkness falls. Returning light shows a living Princess standing on table in front of box. Gretel is delighted.*]

Oh! Oh! Oh!

PRINCESS [*looking about*]. Well, 't is very pretty here. I like it better than the box, Gretel.

GRETEL. Thou dost know, then, what thou wast?

PRINCESS. Of course, and I 'm glad thou hast turned me to life.

HANS [*calling, off*]. Gretel! Gretel!

[*Enter Hans hastily.*]

Come, come! [*Sees Princess; starts.*] Gretel! Thou hast wished — ?

GRETEL. Aye, father. And she came to life immediately.

HANS. Alas, alas! The King will cut our heads off.

PRINCESS. Be not so sad. I 'll dance for thee to cheer thee up.

[*Dances; squeaks; stops quickly.*]

Why, I squeaked! Didst hear?

HANS. Perhaps the squeaking did not come from thee. Dance again.

[*Princess dances; squeaks.*]

PRINCESS. Ah, but it does. 'T is right in here.

[*Placing hand over her heart.*]

GRETEL. She never squeaked at all before. What is it, father? What is it?

HANS [*excited*]. I think I know! Gretel, tell me —

when thou wished, didst wish for her a heart full of kindness and good deeds?

GRETEL. Why, no — I thought the heart went with the rest.

HANS. Nay, hearts have to be made, my dear.

PRINCESS. What is it, then? What ails me?

HANS. 'T is this — thou hast still thy puppet heart of wood. So it must be that that squeaks.

PRINCESS. Well, 't is something inside me very deep.

[*Trumpets heard, off, and shouts.*]

HANS. 'T is the King and Queen and little Prince! Come, Gretel, come! We must run to save our heads, dear!

GRETEL [*going: to Princess*]. Run away if they mistreat thee!

[*Runs off with Hans. Trumpets; shouts, off.*

PRINCESS [*alarmed*]. I 'll run away at once, I will!

[*Jumps from table and hides behind a pillar. Doors at back open.*]

[*Enter King, Queen, Prince, and thirteen Cousins. The Queen is tall and haughty. She wears a trained dress, gold crown, and gold shoes. The Prince is ten years old; is handsome, manly, and good. He wears a gold crown and gold sword and carries a pair of his stockings. The Cousins are boys and girls from six to eight years old. They are prettily dressed and each carries a pair of his stockings. The doors are left open disclosing the castle hall, blazing with lighted candles and hung with Christmas garlands and wreaths.*]

KING. Now, then, I 'll show you the dancing puppet, dears. I know you 'll laugh your heads quite off — just

exactly as I did. But first hang up your stockings for Santa to fill. He may come now any minute.

[*Prince and cousins hang stockings on a ribbon tied to a pillar and stretched across court at one side.*]

Now, then, are you ready?

CHILDREN. Aye! Aye!

KING. Then look at this puppet dancing!

[*Queen and children stare into empty box in silence.*]

Why don't you laugh?

QUEEN. There 's nothing there to laugh at, Sire.

PRINCE. The box is empty, father.

COUSINS. Aye! Aye!

KING. Empty!

[*Looks into box: shows surprise.*]

Now, how is this? Where has she gone? Where can she be?

PRINCESS. Here I am, Your Majesty.

[*Others jump with surprise.*]

KING. What! Why, I cannot understand it!

QUEEN. Where didst thou come from, stranger?

PRINCESS. Out of that box.

QUEEN [*jumping*]. Out of that box!

PRINCESS. Aye, I used to live there.

KING. She looks like the puppet exactly.

QUEEN. Then she is a puppet!

PRINCE. But she talks! How can she be a puppet?

COUSINS. Aye! Aye!

PRINCESS. I was a puppet ten minutes ago, but I am one no longer. Gretel wished me into life and lo, I was breathing as you are.

QUEEN. Well, be that as it may, thou hast spoiled our Christmas party. Thou wast to dance for us in thy box.

PRINCESS. I can dance for you out of it just as well, I have n't forgot my whirling.

[*Dances, and squeaks louder and louder with every whirl. Others put their hands to their ears.*]

KING. Stop! Stop!

COUSINS. Stop! Stop!

QUEEN. Stop! It hurts my very ear drums!

PRINCESS [*stopping*]. I regret I squeak so badly. I would that I could stop it.

QUEEN. Well, as I said before, thou hast spoiled our party completely. We have no way now to entertain our guests till Santa Claus comes; I 'm bitterly disappointed. In fact, Sire, I think the girl should be turned back to a puppet and put in her box and dance to the strings as we pull them.

PRINCESS. No! No! Don't turn me back to a puppet — please! Don't! Don't! Don't! I beg you!

PRINCE. Don't turn her back, dear mother! I 'd like her to live in this castle with us and play with me and my cousins.

PRINCESS. Why could n't I be a cousin too?

KING. Ha, ha! Did you hear that, Queen dear?

QUEEN. Cousin, indeed! Why, she is naught but a puppet! and a puppet once, always a puppet.

KING. Well, but, my dear, is n't it possible for folks to change?

QUEEN. No; every one is what he was made to be, and never can be any other. That puppet can't

stay in the palace with me, who was born a Queen on a throne, Sire.

PRINCESS. Excuse me, but I mean to stay. I like the nice little Prince there.

KING. Ha, ha! She 's a smart little girl, I see.

PRINCE. I want her to stay, dear mother; I 'd like her to live here forever.

QUEEN. Sire, she 's bewitching the Prince! This thing must be settled at once. And I know the way to do it.

[*Crosses. Knocks three times on a pillar.*]

KING. Why dost thou knock on that pillar, my dear?

QUEEN. I am calling the Witch, the old Court Witch, who lives underneath in the cellar.

PRINCE. Please don't call her up here! She 'll work some harm on the Princess.

KING. Don't let her come! She scares me nearly to death, dear.

QUEEN. She must come. She 'll know what to do with the stranger.

[*Knocks as before. Three muffled knocks heard off.*]

She knocks! Dost hear? That means she is coming.

[*Thunder, lightning. Pillar opens showing witch. She comes forward. Pillar closes.*]

WITCH. What wilt thou of me, Queen?

QUEEN. Witch — Witch — a boon I beg!

WITCH. Speak and I will answer.

QUEEN. Please tell us what to do with that maid. She confesses she came out of the box there.

WITCH. Aha! Didst live in that box?

PRINCESS [*frightened*]. Yes, Witch —

WITCH. An' why didst thou live there all alone?

PRINCESS [*in a trembling voice*]. I — I — could n't help myself —

WITCH. An' what didst thou do in the box?

PRINCESS [*teeth chattering*]. I — I — danced —

WITCH. Dance for me — this instant — Miss!

PRINCESS. I cannot, Witch — I squeak.

OTHERS. Aye! She squeaks! She squeaks!

WITCH. Ha, ha! Dance, dance! I 'd love to hear thee squeak, I would! Dance, dance, dance!

[*Princess dances, squeaks, stops.*]

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Well, 't is easy to know what to do, Queen.

QUEEN. What dost thou advise, Witch?

WITCH. I 'll turn her into a puppet and put her back in her box there.

PRINCESS [*screaming*]. Oh! Oh!

PRINCE. No! No!

KING. Not without my permission, Witch — not without my permission.

WITCH. Wouldst give it didst know she was wicked?

KING. Aye — I 'd be obliged to. But how can she be wicked? She 's only been alive a few minutes.

WITCH. No matter. The trouble is in her heart, which is no real heart at all with its proper feelings of kindness and love. 'T is a puppet's heart she has within and 't is made of naught but wood — wood — wood!

[*Pounds on floor with cane each time she says wood.*]

OTHERS [*jumping*]. Wood?

WITCH. Aye, her heart was not changed when she was. So 't is her wooden heart that squeaks and a squeaking heart is always bad. It will bring trouble here upon all of you.

KING. Mercy on us!

COUSINS. Mercy on us!

QUEEN. What trouble will it bring to us?

WITCH. I can tell you the first thing easily. Saint Nicholas will not come to-night with presents for these children.

COUSINS (*alarmed*). Oh! Oh!

KING. Dear me, that is dreadful! Saint Nicholas never misses us — never — never — never!

WITCH. I say he will pass you by to-night. He will not go near a wooden heart, for he knows that it is selfish. So (*to Prince and cousins*) your stockings will be empty.

COUSINS (*sadly*). Oh! Oh!

KING. Dear me — dear me! — What are we to do, Queen?

QUEEN. Let the Witch change the girl and put her into her box there.

WITCH. Aye! I can change her back in one minute.

PRINCESS [*frightened*]. No! No!

PRINCE. Don't let them change her, father! I 'll give up my Christmas party, and I care not if my stocking is empty this year.

QUEEN [*displeased*]. Hoity — toity! That is no way to talk, son. Thy cousins cannot have their Christmas spoiled. She must be changed and at once, before it

is time for Santa Claus. Witch, prepare to change her back.

[*The Witch reaches out her hand to grasp the Princess, but the girl eludes her and runs to the King.*]

PRINCESS. Sire, she should not change me without a fair trial!

PRINCE. Aye! Aye!

PRINCESS. Let her prove that my heart is wood, not good!

PRINCE. Aye, father!

KING. That seems reasonable. So, Witch, thou must prove it.

WITCH. 'T is easily done. I know a way to test her heart.

KING. Proceed at once with your test, Witch.

WITCH. Please to go out then — all but the Queen. Dance and squeak, thou puppet!

[*All go out but Queen and Witch. Princess dances out, squeaking.*]

Now, Queen, this is the test we will make. Come close, come close, I 'll whisper.

[*Whispering to Queen. Strange hissing sounds heard.*]

QUEEN [*nodding*]. Aye — 't is a very good plan, I think.

WITCH. And hark — [*Whispering; hissing sounds.*]

QUEEN [*nodding*]. Aye! Aye! I 'll bring her in immediately.

WITCH. Wait till I draw the curtain.

[*Draws a curtain across court, making two rooms of equal size. Table, stool, and bench in room on right. Witch crosses to room on left to a corner.*]

Now, here in this corner will I stand. Over there will be the stranger.

QUEEN [*nodding*]. And there she will be tested.

WITCH [*nodding*]. Aye; and every time she does an unkind act, I 'll step one step forward. Like this — I 'll — step.

[*Stepping one step forward.*]

QUEEN. When wilt thou claim her?

WITCH. When I 've stepped from here to the curtain. And woe unto her if I get there! She 'll be mine then — mine to charm, enchant, and change! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Now, then, I am ready. Fetch in the maid.

QUEEN. Aye, I 'll fetch her.

[*Exit. Short pause. Witch waits impatiently.*]

[*Enter Queen and Princess. Queen carries a large pudding. Places it on table*]

QUEEN. Now, here is something for thee to eat whilst the test is being got ready. I hope thou dost like plum pudding?

PRINCESS. I 've never eaten any food — I 'il tell thee in one moment.

[*Tastes pudding; shows joy; dives into it greedily.*]

QUEEN. I 'll leave thee for a little while, maid.

[*Princess, paying no attention to Queen, eats pudding frantically. Exit Queen, pleased. Pause.*]

[*Enter little beggar girl, ragged and pale*]

BEGGAR. Please give me to eat, dear Princess. I am hungry, ah, so hungry!

PRINCESS [*rising*]. Begone!

BEGGAR. A bite to eat, I pray thee!

PRINCESS. Begone! Begone!

[*Pushing beggar from court. Witch steps one step forward. Princess sits; eats. Pause.*]

[*Enter an old, old lady, gentle and sweet; wears an old shawl pinned over head*]

OLD LADY. Please let me rest on thy bench, dear.

PRINCESS [*rising*]. No; thou canst not rest here.

OLD LADY. I 've come from far — I go to far — I have no friends or relatives. I must rest me or I perish.

PRINCESS. Out with thee. Out! Out! And away!

[*Rushes old lady from court. Witch steps one step forward. Princess locks door.*]

I 'll let no one enter, that I won't. They 'll all want my plum pudding. My, my! how I love to eat!

[*Twirls in her joy; squeaks.*]

[*Enter the Goblin Doctor with his medicine case. He wears a bright green suit, yellow cap, and yellow shoes. Watches Princess dancing. She turns, sees Goblin*]

Who art thou?

GOBLIN. I am the Goblin Doctor. I heard thy squeaking underground, and I came up to stop it.

PRINCESS. How wilt thou do it, Doctor?

GOBLIN. I have an oil made by Goblins ten thousand years ago — 't is very rare and costly.

[*Takes a small vial from case; holds it aloft.*]

There 's no more in all the world, but I 'll give thee enough to cure thee. Drink half, just half, and not one drop more.

PRINCESS [*taking bottle*]. What wilt thou do with the other half?

GOBLIN. I must save it for my sick Goblins.

[*Princess drinks oil.*]

There — that is half! Give me back the bottle now.

PRINCESS. If half is good, all is better. I 'll keep the other half myself.

[*Puts bottle in her pocket.*]

GOBLIN. Hast thou no gratitude?

PRINCESS. Gratitude? And what is that? I have thy oil. Begone!

GOBLIN [*going*]. I did not know 't was thy heart that needed mending. Thou wilt squeak just as thou didst before.

[*Princess dances; squeaks; stops.*]

PRINCESS. Why, an' so I do! Hast no oil for hearts?

GOBLIN. There 's no oil made to cure thee. I pray thee give me the bottle!

PRINCESS. No! No! Begone! Begone!

[*Pushes Goblin out. Witch takes one step forward. Princess sits down to the pudding. Reënter Goblin.*]

Why dost thou come here again?

GOBLIN. The Queen sent me to tell thee that Santa Claus has just passed us by. He drove his sleigh right over our roof, but did not stop one instant.

PRINCESS [*alarmed*]. Is the Queen angry?

GOBLIN. Her eyes flash fire and she gnashes her teeth together. And hark to the cousins weeping!

[*Opens door. Cousins heard weeping, off.*]

THE GOBLIN

PRINCESS. Oh, my! 'T will mean the end of me, I fear! What says the King?

GOBLIN. His Majesty is disappointed. I have never seen him feel so bad. And over and over he repeats — "Saint Nicholas has never passed us by before — never — never — never."

PRINCESS. What says the Prince?

GOBLIN. He is very sad about it, too, but he begs them to let you live.

PRINCESS. Dost think they will?

GOBLIN. Not unless thou dost get a heart that is so perfectly good it will not squeak.

PRINCESS. How can I get such a thing as that?

GOBLIN. Give me mine oil and thou wilt know for thyself.

PRINCESS. Indeed, I will not give it up, I will keep what I have got, sir.

[*Witch steps one step forward.*]

GOBLIN. Then I cannot help thee. So go back to thy pudding and eat. Thou wilt not be eating much longer.

[*He springs out. The Princess is troubled.*]

PRINCESS. 'T will be very sad not to eat pudding.

[*Enter a Goody dressed in white. She leads a white cat*]

GOODY [*pleasantly*]. Good morrow, little maid, good morrow!

PRINCESS. Who art thou, old dame?

GOODY. I am a Goody, and this is my cat whose heart is as white as her fur is. I live in the meadow just beyond, and so we are thy neighbors.

PRINCESS. And what is that to me, I 'd ask?

GOODY. What? Why, I thought to be neighborly. In fact, I came to ask thee to keep my cat for a little while. I must be away from home some hours.

PRINCESS. I will not keep thy cat one hour! I 'll not keep her here one minute! Dost thou hear? Not one single minute!

[*Witch steps one step forward.*]

GOODY. I am very sorry thou dost feel that way. But I will not hold it against thee. And if thou ever hast any trouble, come to me. Goodies know how to cure sorrow.

[*Turns to go.*]

PRINCESS. Stay! Canst thou tell me how to cure my heart of squeaking?

GOODY. Of a certainty I can tell thee. 'T is something I have studied long and studied hard in many lands and languages.

PRINCESS. Tell me, then! Quick — tell me!

GOODY. Wilt thou keep my cat whilst I am away?

PRINCESS. I have nothing here to feed it.

GOODY. Yon pudding will do nicely.

PRINCESS. I need the pudding for myself.

GOODY. Very well, then. I bid thee good day.

[*Going with cat. Princess runs after her.*]

PRINCESS. Wait! Wait! I 'll keep the cat if thou wilt tell me how to cure my heart.

GOODY. And wilt thou promise to feed her well? 'T is time now for her supper.

PRINCESS. Yes — yes — I promise thee. Now tell me how to mend my heart.

GOODY. When I return, I 'll tell thee.

PRINCESS. Tell me now — I bid thee!

GOODY [*severely*]. No. I 'll tell thee when I said so. Till then, good-bye. Good-bye, dear cat! I 'll see thee when the sun sets.

[*Exit. The Princess looks at the cat and frowns. Witch lifts foot to step forward. Pause.*]

PRINCESS. Well, I must feed thee, I suppose.

[*Witch puts foot down slowly. Princess cuts small piece of pudding: takes half to cat.*]

'T is foolish to waste this pudding on thee — I 've a notion not to do it.

[*Holds pudding aloft. Witch holds foot up ready to step forward. She is just two steps from curtain. Pause. Princess sighs sadly.*]

I 'm afraid the Goody would find it out. Here, cat, thou canst have it.

[*Gives pudding to cat. Witch frowns and steps one little step backward. Cat eats pudding. Smiles at Princess.*]

Why, how pleased this cat does look! Kittie, kittie, it makes me happy to see thee. I 'll feed thee more, I will, I will.

[*Gives cat larger piece. Witch steps another little step backward. Cat smiles at Princess.*]

Why, I believe this cat is smiling at me! Art thou, dear kittie, art thou? I 'll feed thee all thou canst eat, I will!

[*Feeds cat. Witch steps another step backward. Princess laughs and rubs her chest.*]

I never felt like this before — so happy — oh — so happy! There 's something growing up in me — I can feel it — it is sprouting. 'T is full of feeling, too, this thing. Oh, 't is wonderful — most wonderful! Dear me, I am sorry I took the Goblin's oil, and I 'm sorry about the old lady and girl. This thing within me is sorry. I 'll call the Goblin back, I will!

[*Runs to door; calls.*]

Goblin! Goblin — come back! Come back! Swift as lightning travel!

[*Takes bottle from pocket.*]

I 've called the Goblin, kittie. This thing within me says I must give the oil back. It seems to speak to me, it does.

[*Enter Goblin, springing in*]

GOBLIN. I heard — I flew — I 'm here, Princess!

PRINCESS. Oh, I 'm so glad thou hast come! I am sorry I took thy oil, Doctor. Here it is — I hope it will cure thy sick Goblins.

[*Goblin takes bottle. Witch steps one step backward.*]

GOBLIN. I thank thee, Princess. If there is anything I can do for thee, on the wings of the wind, I 'll hasten.

PRINCESS. Wilt ask the old lady to return here to rest? Wilt take pudding to a girl beggar?

GOBLIN. Aye; I will and gladly.

[*Princess gives pudding to Goblin. Witch steps one step backward. Exit Goblin. Princess rubs her chest.*]

PRINCESS. This thing is growing more and more. I wonder what it can be!

[*Enter the old lady*]

OLD LADY. I 've come, Princess, I 've come.

PRINCESS. Dear, sweet, old lady, come here and rest. Thou mayst sleep all night on my bench, if thou wilt.

[*Leads lady to bench. Takes off her own satin skirt and makes a pillow of it; puts it under old lady's head; tucks the shawl about her. Witch steps one step backward into her corner. Princess clutches at her heart.*]

My! My! This thing within grows larger! My girdle is too tight by half!

[*Removes girdle; throws it down. Witch groans.*]

WITCH [*calling sadly*]. Come, King! Come, Queen! Come, Prince! Come all!

[*Enter King, Queen, Prince, Goody, and Cousins*]

KING. Well, the test is over, maid, and the question now is — Hast thou a good heart?

PRINCE [*taking up girdle*]. The Princess has a good heart, she has, and besides, 't is extra large! Behold! [*Holding girdle aloft.*] She cannot wear her girdle!

QUEEN. I 'll not believe it! That I won't!

PRINCE. Dance for her, dear Princess, dance!

[*Princess dances, not squeaking.*]

KING. Not a squeak! Not a teenty-weenty squeak!

QUEEN. Witch, what art thou doing? Enter, quick, and change the maid!

[*Enter Witch in a dreadful state, sighing; moaning; wringing her hands*]

WITCH. I cannot touch the Princess, Queen. No charm will work upon her now — no charm can change a kind, good heart.

QUEEN. 'T is true? She has a real heart?

WITCH. Aye. She has been changed completely.

GOODY. 'T was feeding my cat that changed her.

QUEEN. Well, well! I did not know that folks could change — I am very much astonished.

PRINCESS. May I not live with thee now, dear Queen, and be a real live Princess?

PRINCE. Say yes, mother, please! Say yes — say yes!

KING. Please, please let her stay — I ask it.

QUEEN. Well, now that I know her heart is good, she may stay with us forever.

PRINCESS. Oh! That makes me happy, so happy!

[*Twirls, dances.*]

WITCH. Alack! Alack! Alack!

[*Thunder. Pillar opens. Witch enters it moaning. Pillar closes.*]

KING [*sighing with relief*]. Well, now, 't would all be well were it not for those empty stockings. [*To Cousins.*] Do you, indeed, feel very bad?

COUSINS [*sadly, pressing little handkerchiefs to eyes*]. Oh! Oh!

QUEEN. 'T is a sad Christmas for them, poor dears.

COUSINS [*as before*]. Oh! Oh!

PRINCESS. And to think it is all my fault! I am sorry — so very, very sorry. But I 'm sure Saint Nicholas will come to you next year.

KING. But next year is not this year.

QUEEN. And never was and never, never can be. Those poor dear empty stockings!

COUSINS [*as before*]. Oh! Oh!

[*Enter Goblin, springing in*]

GOBLIN. Santa Claus is coming back! Listen now to his sleigh bells!

[*All listen. Sleigh bells heard, off, faintly; then nearer and nearer. All show joy.*]

QUEEN. 'T is Santa, indeed! I know his bells!

KING. Aye, indeed, 't is Santa!

COUSINS. Oh! Oh!

GOBLIN. He has twelve pages with him, and each one rides a reindeer!

COUSINS. Oh! Oh!

[*Bells heard, just out, and a clatter of hoofs.*]

SANTA [*off*]. Stop, deer! Stop! Stop!

[*Clatter ceases. The King opens door wider.*]

[*Enter Santa Claus with pack of toys on his back. He is followed by twelve pages who are dressed in bright red and who are very nimble*]

OTHERS [*waving handkerchiefs*]. Welcome, Santa! Welcome!

SANTA. Merry Christmas to you all!

OTHERS. Merry Christmas, Santa!

SANTA. Now, where is that Puppet Princess?

PRINCESS [*courtesying*]. Here I am, dear Santa. I am so glad thou didst come back to us.

SANTA. I turned when thou didst begin to feed the cat. I hastened when thou gavest the Goblin his oil, and when thy girdle thou didst take off, I came

back like a whirlwind. Ye see, King and Queen, I can't abide a selfish heart, but a good heart will bring me from anywhere. Here, pages, here; take off my pack.

[*Pages remove pack.*]

Now, please to fill those stockings full and give presents to the King and Queen and don't forget the Princess. And then go through this castle and give something to every one. And say to every man and woman and boy and girl, that I wish for them with all my heart a very merry Christmas!

[*Pages scamper about, nimbly filling stockings and giving presents to all.*]

CURTAIN

COSTUMES

The costumes suggested for the play, "The Puppet Princess," are taken from the mediæval period. They have been designed by the Dennison Manufacturing Company and produced entirely from paper.

The new Dennison Crêpe is a wonderful material, as soft as velvet and very strong. So great a variety of colors cannot be found in any other material except high-priced fabrics. The paper is easy to handle in making costumes and is durable for actual wear.

A slip of cotton or lawn for the ladies and a pair of inexpensive pajamas for the gentlemen serve as foundations upon which to work. The paper may be plaited by hand or machine, may be sewed or stitched; in fact, may be treated exactly like cloth without damage.

GRETEL wears a brilliant dress of orange with bands of brown and blue for trimming. Her little white apron is

edged with lace, and she wears a wide black girdle laced with satin ribbons.

Material required:

2 folds Dennison Crêpe No. 65, orange.
1 fold " " " 72, dark brown.
1 " " " " 11, white.
1 " " " " 12, black.
1 dozen square lace-paper doilies.
Black ribbon — lining for girdle.

Cost (including Dennison paste), $1.00.

HANS wears a blue smock trimmed with brown rings, belted in at the waist by a wide brown belt with a silver buckle. His pantaloons are brown in color, gathered at the knee.

Material required:

1 fold Dennison Crêpe No. 54, blue.
1 " " " " 72, brown.
1 sheet silver paper.

Cost (including Dennison paste), 35c.

The PORTER'S buff-colored smock is cut up the sides and edged with yellow and brown trimmings; the sleeves, which are full to the elbow, are grass green in color, as are also his pantaloons. With this costume he wears a loose yellow sash trimmed with tassels, and a tight-fitting yellow cap.

Material required:

1 fold Dennison Crêpe No. 44, grass green.
1 " " " " 71, light brown.
1 " " " " 61, yellow.
1 " " " " 72, dark brown.
1 cardboard band for cap.

Cost (including Dennison paste), 55c.

The PRINCESS'S costume is made in four pieces: white guimpe with silver trimming, pink tunic bordered with

silver trimming, pink tunic bordered with silver, finely plaited pink skirt, and plaited white underskirt. The tunic is cut in turret effect below the waistline and each panel edged with white-and-silver trimming about an inch and a half wide. The waistline, neck, and sleeves are outlined in the same manner. The Princess also wears a bandeau of silver in her hair, with a pink rose at one side.

Material required:

1 fold Dennison Crêpe No. 11, white.
2 folds " " " 34, coral pink.
8 sheets white tissue.
4 bottles silver flitter or metallics.
2 rolls narrow silver passepartout binding.
3 narrow cardboard bands for bandeau.
Rose leaves.

Cost (including Dennison paste and glue), $1.30.

The KING'S long black robe is lined with salmon pink and edged with wide bands of ermine, and he also wears a shoulder cape of the royal fur. His crown is of gold studded with jewels.

Material required:

2 folds Dennison Crêpe No. 12, black.
1 fold " " " 36, salmon pink.
1 " " " " 11, white.
1 " " " " 61, yellow.
1 sheet cardboard.
1 sheet gold paper.
1 sheet gummed paper each, dark blue, light blue, and red.
1 bottle gold flitter or metallics.
Lining for cape.

Cost (including Dennison paste and glue), $1.15.

The QUEEN'S gown is made Empire style in a combination of pale yellow and turquoise blue. It has a white lace bolero and is trimmed with gold braid and fancy buttons. The sleeves are full to the elbow, slashed yellow over blue, and

THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCESS

have a long flowing cuff. The train, which is attached at the shoulders below a high ruff of lace, is made of blue material lined with yellow and edged with ermine, and is two yards long. A blue girdle with silver tassels completes the costume. The Queen's crown, made of gold and set with turquoise and rubies, should be smaller than that which the King wears.

Material required:

3 folds Dennison Crêpe No. 51½, blue.
2 " " " " 61, yellow.
1 fold " " " 11, white.
1 fold Dennison Crêpe No. 12, black.
1 bottle silver flitter or metallics.
1 dozen lace paper doilies.
1 roll narrow gold passepartout binding.
1 dozen round disks for buttons.
1 package silver lametta for tassels.
1 sheet gold paper.
1 sheet gummed paper each, red and light blue.
1 bottle gold flitter or metallics.

Cost (including Dennison paste and glue), $1.70.

The little Prince is truly a "Prince Charming" in his suit of lavender trimmed with royal purple. The tunic, which is belted in at the waist, has a plaited white yoke edged with purple fringe and gold braid, and the hem is bordered with purple fringe and gold medallions. The sleeves are full to the elbow, slashed purple over lavender, and the pantaloons are slashed in the same manner after the fashion of mediæval costume. The Prince also wears a purple cape lined with lavender and edged with ermine, and a big black Cavalier hat faced with purple, turned up at one side, and trimmed with a huge white plume.

Material required:

3 folds Dennison Crêpe No. 21, lavender.
3 " " " " 23, purple.
1 fold " " " 61, yellow.
1 " " " " 11, white.
1 " " " " 12, black.

1 sheet gold paper.
1 roll narrow gold passepartout binding.
1 dozen heart-shaped doilies.
1 sheet matstock or cardboard for hat.
2 extra heavy wires for plume.
1 bottle gold tinting fluid.

Cost (including Dennison paste and cloth tape), $1.75.

The COUSINS wear short belted tunics and pantaloons, each costume varying in color and form of trimming; one suit may have a bright-red tunic trimmed with blue heart-shaped rings, the belt and trousers being made of black; another can be fashioned in green with pale-green trimmings cut diamond-shaped and a pale-green belt; etc.

Material required, for each costume:

1 fold Dennison Crêpe for tunic.
1 " " " " trimming.
1 " " " " pantaloons.
1 sheet gold or silver paper for buckles.

Cost (including Dennison paste), 45c. for each costume.

The GOODY wears a loose white garment with flowing angel sleeves covering the hands. It should be a bit ragged and worn.

Material required:

2 folds Dennison Crêpe No. 11, white.

Cost (including Dennison paste), 30c.

The WITCH'S costume consists of three pieces: tall peaked hat with orange band and silver buckle, a full black skirt torn around the bottom and trimmed with a band of orange, and a black circular cape ragged around the edge.

Material required:

3 folds Dennison Crêpe No. 12, black.
1 fold " " " 65, orange.
2 sheets black matstock for hat.
1 sheet silver paper.

Cost (including Dennison paste and gummed cloth tape), 90c.

The GOBLIN's suit is of bright green trimmed with bands of buff, the short smock belted in at the waist.

Material required:

2 folds Dennison Crêpe No. 43½, emerald green.
1 fold " " " 61, yellow.
1 sheet silver paper.

Cost (including Dennison paste), 45c.

SANTA CLAUS wears the usual red suit and cap trimmed with white fur, and a wide black belt with silver buckle. He wears high top boots, and of course has a white beard.

Material required:

1 fold Dennison Crêpe No. 12, black.
3 folds " " " 83, red.
½ pound white cotton.

Cost (including Dennison paste and glue), 85c.

The BEGGAR GIRL wears a tattered smock of dark brown and a skirt of light brown, both trimmed with bands of blue. The hem of the skirt is ragged and worn.

Material required:

1 fold Dennison Crêpe No. 71, light brown.
1 " " " " 72, dark brown.
1 " " " " 54, blue.

Cost (including Dennison paste), 40c.

The long pointed slippers shown in pictures of the mediæval period would be appropriate for wear in this play by the gentlemen of the cast, and may be secured from Mr. George A. Barnes, 419 Lebanon St., Melrose, Mass.

THE SPELL OF CHRISTMAS

By Elsie Hobart Carter

CHARACTERS

SIR GILBERT UNDERHILL
LADY KATHERINE UNDERHILL
RUFUS, RAFE, CICELY, ALLISON, *their Children*
PHYLLIS, *their orphan niece*
GILLIAN, DICCON, *servants*
STEPHEN, ANDREW, WAT, *Roundhead soldiers*
SIR PHILIP, LADY GERALDINE, *ancestors of the House of Underhill*
WAITS, *who sing without.*

TIME: In the reign of Charles the First.
SCENE: The old manor-house of the Underhills.

SCENE I. *A chamber or corridor in the Manor House. Door* [*L.*]. *Hangings on wall. Gillian seated* [*R.*], *with the three children about her, all working at wreaths and garlands, and singing an old carol. Curtain rises on second verse. While they sing, Diccon enters. Takes up sword or other piece of armor from table* [*L.*] *and begins to polish it.*

CICELY [*with a deep sigh*]. Good Gillian, methinks that though we sang our carols o'er and o'er we could not make it seem like Christmastide. Brother Rufus

is gone away, and we may not even say we miss him. [*Chin on hand.*] I would I knew —

[*Chin on hand.*]

GILLIAN. You would you knew what, little mistress mine?

CICELY. I would I knew what is wrong with us. Christmas was ever such a merry season in this dear house.

RAFE [*wisely*]. 'T is because my father goeth about wearing such a stern face.

ALLISON. And mother looketh *so* sad.

CICELY [*confidentially*]. And I think Cousin Phyllis cries in her chamber sometimes.

DICCON [*mutters*]. Meseemeth we should all know right well what aileth this place.

[*Enter Sir Gilbert. Stands in doorway*]

When he that was the very life and soul is missing from the hearth —

GILLIAN. Hist, Diccon [*warning gesture*].

DICCON. — and more than that, under a cloud —

GILLIAN. Be silent, I say, Diccon.

DICCON [*paying no heed*]. 'T is young Master Rufus this house needs so sorely, I 'm thinking.

SIR GILBERT [*striding forward angrily*]. Silence, I say. Have I not given command that my son's name shall not pass the lips of any of my people? I will be obeyed in mine own house. Diccon, hence! Thou canst spend thy days in the stables caring for my horses, an thou'lt not learn to bridle thy tongue. Mayhap the dumb beasts will teach thee a lesson.

DICCON [*bowing humbly*]. I crave pardon, Sir Gilbert. I but thought —

SIR G. Enough. [*Turns to table. Exit Diccon, with an awkward bow.*] Gillian, let this be a warning to you as well. I have laid my commands — I will be obeyed.

[*Exit.*]

RAFE. 'T is very hard to be just children, when anything 's wrong, I think. We may not know what our elders do know, and yet we must be just as uncomfortable.

GILLIAN. Tst-tst, my lambs! Let us think of other things. Shall we measure our garlands?

[*Stretches out her green.*]

RAFE [*measuring his against it, while Cicely and Allison stretch theirs together*]. Indeed, 't is soon done, good Gillian. We 've used up all our greens.

GILLIAN [*rising*]. I will see if Roger and Noll have brought more for us.

[*Exit.*]

RAFE [*considering his garland*]. Would my garland measure around the great pasty Dame Joan hath made for to-morrow's feast, think you, Cicely?

CICELY [*laughing*]. The venison pasty, Rafe? Mayhap when Dame Joan hath turned her back, we can try and see.

ALLISON. I fear mine will but reach around a very little pudding!

[*Enter Phyllis*]

Oh Cousin Phyllis, Cousin Phyllis, come see our garlands!

PHYLLIS [*coming forward*]. Did my little Allison wreathe all this long piece? [*Allison nods proudly.*] That 's brave work, indeed.

CICELY [*arms around Phyllis*]. Dear Cousin Phyllis, won't you stay and help us — and tell us why everyone is so sad?

PHYLLIS [*frightened*]. Nay, dear, I must not, and you must not be sad — 't is Christmas Eve.

RAFE. Yes, we know. But *why* doth my father look so stern —

PHYLLIS. Nay, nay — I may not speak of it. My aunt will be sore displeased.

[*Enter Lady Katherine*]

LADY KATHERINE [*in doorway*]. Phyllis, why art idling here with the children? To thy tasks, girl!

[*Exit.*]

PHYLLIS [*turning hastily to follow*]. You see, sweethearts, I must not tarry. But I wish good speed to your garlands. Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

CICELY. Thou dost see, Rafe. Father will not let us speak of brother Rufus, and mother is so cross to poor Cousin Phyllis.

ALLISON [*shocked*]. Nay, Cicely; mother is n't cross. It 's naughty to say that.

RAFE. I think I know what it is all about. [*Very confidentially. Girls draw their chairs close.*] I think brother Rufus ran away to the wars to fight for the King —

CICELY. But, Rafe, that can't be what displeaseth

father, for father is a soldier, too, and he himself will fight for our lord the King, if so be the King needeth him.

ALLISON [*nodding her head with conviction*]. Father is the most gallantest soldier in all the country.

RAFE. But I do think that is why father is so angry with Brother Rufus.

CICELY. And why is mother so — so unkind to poor Cousin Phyllis?

RAFE [*very solemnly*]. Because — because Rufus did say that when he was come of age and was a man he would *marry* Cousin Phyllis!

CICELY. Oh! But *I* think that 's very, *very* nice! Why does n't mother like it, Rafe? They 'd never go away to any other house at all — and then, beside, — Allison and I could be their bride-maidens!

[*Enter Gillian with an armful of greens*]

GILLIAN [*sitting down among them*]. Here 's work for us all, my pets. We must e'en make our fingers fly an we would finish our task.

CICELY [*full of importance*]. Oh, good Gillian, Rafe doth say —

RAFE [*trying to repress her*]. It 's no use to ask Gillian, Cicely. Didst not hear my father tell her she must n't talk of it?

GILLIAN. That 's best, Master Rafe. Let Gillian tell you a tale whilst we work.

ALLISON. A fairy tale, Gillian? [*Whispers full of awe.*] Are the *fairies* about to-night, dear Gillian?

RAFE. Not on Christmas Eve, Allison. They are n't,

are they, Gillian? Midsummer Eve is the fairies' night.

CICELY. And fairies have no power on Christmas Eve, and witches can't charm you, nor cast their spells upon you —

RAFE. Because 't is such a holy, holy night.

GILLIAN. Oh, but there be wonderful things that do befall on Christmas Eve, Master Rafe. My old grandam used to say that when the midnight bells ring, the cattle in the stables do kneel down to hail the holy day!

CICELY. Oh, Gillian, *do* they?

RAFE. Hast ever seen them, Gillian? Or hath thy grandam?

ALLISON. All the cows, and the sheep, and the little, little lambs?

GILLIAN. Nay, sweetheart, I never saw them, but I was wont to think, each Christmas Eve, that I would surely creep out to the stables and keep watch.

RAFE. And did you?

GILLIAN. Oh, Master Rafe, in truth 't was a pretty plan — but I was not a very brave little wench — and it was so cold and dark and fearsome: when the time was come, I was always fain to put it off until the next year!

RAFE [*scornfully*]. Sooth! I would never do that!

GILLIAN. Nay, that I 'll warrant, Master Rafe! But let me tell thee what else my grandam hath told me. 'T was about the portraits in the long gallery in this very house.

[*Enter Diccon, with armful of wood for fire, which he piles upon the hearth*]

CICELY. The portraits — Oh, yes, Gillian.

[*Draws close to Gillian.*]

RAFE. I know. Our great-great-grandfather and our great-great-grandmother.

CICELY. Bethink thee, Rafe — what are their names? I do forget.

RAFE. They are Sir Philip and Lady Geraldine Underhill. And they lived right here in this very house.

DICCON [*turning from hearth*]. Yes, Master Rafe, they lived in this house. He was a passing gallant gentleman, and fought for the King, and she was as beautiful as he was brave, and as brave as she was beautiful. And they say that in a great war his enemies came to search this house for him, but he and my lady hid themselves in a secret chamber that 's long since forgot. But 't is somewhere in the house, [*looks about as if expecting to find door at once*] if a body just but knew how to find the door —

GILLIAN [*in contempt*]. Nay, nay, Diccon. I 'll warrant me the Master knoweth where that door is.

DICCON. Mayhap Sir Gilbert doth know. But none else may find it. Many 's the time the lads ha' looked for it — many 's the time.

[*Exit. Rafe goes about for a moment, lifting hangings, etc., as if in search for door, but returns to Gillian's side to hear her answer to Cicely.*]

CICELY. But, Gillian, what was it thy grandam told about the portraits?

GILLIAN. Oh, verily, my sweet. Thinking about the secret door I had well-nigh forgot. My grandam said that if all the house was still and sleeping, just on the stroke of twelve every Christmas Eve, Sir Philip and my Lady Geraldine do move and breathe, step forth from their picture frames, clasp hands, and move together in an ancient dance!

RAFE. *Do* they?

CICELY *and* ALLISON. Oh-h-h!

[*Drawing near to Gillian with a little delighted shiver.*]

LADY K. [*without*]. Gillian, Gillian! Come hither wench; I need thee.

GILLIAN [*rising*]. Anon, my lady! [*To children.*] Think of it, bairns — that fine brave gentleman and that beautiful lady, stepping across the floors in the moonlight —

[*Exit, hand lifted as if holding a partner's, taking stately dancing steps.*]

CICELY. Oh, Rafe, think 'st that Gillian speaketh true?

RAFE. Yes, I do believe her. Christmas is such a marvelous fair time, Cicely, that I do think *any*thing wonderful might happen.

ALLISON. I would I could *see* Sir Philip and Lady Geraldine at their dancing.

CICELY. Oh, so do I! Rafe, dost think —

[*Hesitates, afraid to speak her thought.*]

RAFE [*boldly*]. I think — that if my lord and my lady do dance — we shall see them this very Christmas Eve.

CICELY. Oh, Rafe, what dost mean us to do?

RAFE. When the great doors are closed at eleven o'clock — I always hear Diccon making them fast — I 'll sit up in my bed, so that I can't by mischance fall asleep. Then I will wake thee and Allison, and we will steal into the long gallery and hide ourselves.

CICELY. But if Sir Philip and Lady Geraldine see us, mayhap they 'll be displeased and not come forth.

RAFE. But if we go soon enough they can't see us, because they don't come alive until twelve o'clock. Until the clock strikes, they 're only pictures, Cicely.

CICELY. Verily, I did forget.

RAFE. I mean to make sure the nursery door which giveth on the back passage is left unlocked and open, or mayhap I might fail to hear. Come, sister, bring your wreaths. [*Goes toward door.*]

CICELY [*gathering up wreaths*]. Oh, Rafe, 't is a wonderful fine plan!

ALLISON. Thou 'lt let me come too, Rafe?

RAFE. We 'll all go. S-sh-sh, now, not a whisper to anyone.

[*Exeunt children in great excitement. Short pause. Enter Rufus, secretly (L.), stopping to look about and listen. Crosses furtively to door (R.) and looks out. Enter Phyllis (L.), and as Rufus turns back into room, she sees him, and with a low cry hurries to meet him.*]

PHYLLIS. Oh, Rufus, Rufus — not *you!*

RUFUS. Yes, 't is I, fair cousin. I prithee speak softly. I would not have it known as yet that I am here.

PHYLLIS. But whence came you, Rufus? We thought you miles away, with the King's troops —

RUFUS. My company made a secret march, across

this valley, and I thought to spend Christmas in mine own dear home. My Captain gave me leave to come here to-night, and join him to-morrow eve. But after I set out on my solitary march, a company of Roundhead rebels sprang up from a copse by the way and gave chase to our men.

PHYLLIS. How knew you this?

RUFUS. I had come but a half-hour's walk, up the long hill, and saw it all quite plainly.

PHYLLIS [*much troubled*]. But Rufus, then you are cut off from the King's men, for there be very many rebels and few loyal hearts about us, in these parts.

RUFUS. I know, Phyllis. And, furthermore, though I would not alarm thee, I must tell thee that I was seen by that treacherous Farmer Gosling on the road hither, and I fear he may set others like himself upon my track.

PHYLLIS. Oh, Rufus, you frighten me so — they will surely come and take you.

RUFUS. Aye, they will try, dear cousin. But I 've safe harbor in my father's house, and when darkness comes I can put forth once more and rejoin our men in the North.

PHYLLIS. A safe harbor, saidst thou! Thou little knowest — Hark! someone comes. Hide thee speedily, Rufus. Here, behind this curtain. There — do not show thyself until I see thee again.

[*Hides Rufus behind hanging, and exit (R.). Enter Sir Gilbert and Lady Katherine (L.). Sir Gilbert sits moodily in chair by fire. Lady Katherine stands before him.*]

SIR G. [*as they enter*]. I tell thee, I will hear no more of it.

LADY K. But, my lord, this day have I heard a rumor that a band of King's men were near us — here in this nest of rebel enemies! If there were fighting — if my boy Rufus were in danger, and I might not succor him, 't would go nigh to kill me. And so, my lord, I 'm come once more to crave pardon for him.

SIR G. I tell thee, it will not be granted thee. When the boy disobeyed me and ran away I disowned him. I vowed he should never enter these doors again.

LADY K. My lord, the lad was so eager to serve his King.

SIR G. [*springs up and paces the floor*]. Did I forbid him to serve his King? Nay, when the time was come, he should have gone with me, with horse and arms, in state befitting a gentleman's son. And so I told him. I told him he was full young yet — the lad is scarce turned seventeen. Eagerness to serve his King, forsooth! 'T was mere idleness. He chose to run away from his tasks and his studies. Beshrew me! Whether he find the camp life of a common soldier a bed of roses or no, I care not. He must e'en lie in it. I 'll neither grant him pardon, nor receive him in my house. To consort with common soldiers and camp ruffians — he hath disgraced my name.

LADY K. Oh, my poor lad.

SIR G. Thou and Phyllis need not grieve so foolishly —

LADY K. [*stiffens angrily*]. Phyllis! She is the one reason why I am reconciled to his being away.

SIR G. [*more gently*]. Come, good wife, be not so

hard upon poor Phyllis. She 's a good maid and a fair. What if the lad have turned her head a bit? I would fain have thee remember the lass is an orphan and we her only kinsfolk.

LADY K. [*moving away*]. I care not to talk of Phyllis. [*Turns back.*] Will nothing move you, my lord?

SIR G. [*hardening*]. I 've told you my mind — let 's hear no more of this.

[*Exeunt (L.). Rufus comes from hiding place and stands sadly by fire. Enter Phyllis.*]

RUFUS [*turning toward her*]. Why, Phyllis, I little guessed my father could be so hard and stern. I knew I had displeased him, but *this* passeth belief.

PHYLLIS. He is very unforgiving. When you called this house a safe harbor, you little knew.

RUFUS [*turning as if to go*]. So be it, then. If my father cannot forgive me, — I 'll e'en forth to the tender mercies of mine enemies.

PHYLLIS [*alarmed*]. Oh, no, no, Rufus! At least do not venture forth until the dark hath come! No one must see you here. Come into the blue guest chamber. 'T is not a secure hiding place should the house be searched, but 't will serve for the time, and by midnight you may steal away safely. Do come, Rufus!

[*He lets her half lead, half push him out as she talks. Exeunt (R.). Pause — Children's laughter heard. Enter (L.) Cicely with a bunch of raisins. Rafe in pursuit. They run all about the stage. Cicely jumps upon a chair and holds the raisins over Rafe's head. He tries to jump for them.*]

CICELY [*breaking off raisins and dropping them one at a time into Rafe's mouth*]. Oh, Rafe, such rare sport! You 'll have no need to waken *me*. I 'll never sleep this night, I know.

ALLISON [*without, calling*]. Rafe, Rafe! Where art thou? Oh, Cicely!

RAFE [*pulling Cicely down and securing raisins*]. Quick, sister, let 's hide!

[*Rafe runs behind hangings* (*R.*), *Cicely behind table* (*L.*).]

[*Enter Allison* (*L.*). *Stands still and looks about*]

ALLISON [*softly*]. Of a truth, I did hear their voices. . . . I know. . . . 'T is sport. 'T is a game of hide and hunt. I must set me to find 'em.

[*Goes peering about. As she peeps over chair* (*R.*), *Cicely runs out and covers Allison's eyes from behind with her hands. Rafe comes from other side and feeds Allison with raisins. Rafe and Cicely begin to sing Christmas carol, and Allison throws off Cicely's hands and joins in song.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE II. *A gallery in the Manor House. R. front, fireplace with glowing red fire. Beside it, at right angles, settle. R. back, door. Back Center, the portraits of Sir Philip and Lady Geraldine, in tall old frames reaching down nearly to floor, so that only a short step is necessary when the figures come out. L. back, window, with snow-covered trees in distance, and moonlight. L. front, door. Hangings, a few quaint chairs, etc. Center of stage clear. Curtain shows empty stage. Diccon and Gillian cross from L. to R., talking — Gillian enters first, as if in haste, Diccon trying to stop her. Stage lights very dim. Gillian carries a candle, which she shades with her hand.*

DICCON [*calling softly*]. Gillian, Gillian! Hang the wench! Wilt not wait, good Gillian? I 've somewhat of great import to tell thee.

GILLIAN [*impatiently*]. Were I to believe thee, Master Diccon, *all* thine affairs are of great matter. Mayhap thou thinkest *my* business is ever of small consequence?

DICCON. Nay, then, Gillian — but this news is thine and mine and my lord's and my lady's too!

[*Gillian turns, a little curious, and waits for him.*]

GILLIAN [*scornfully*]. A strange matter, methinks, that can be thine and mine and theirs, too!

DICCON. But list a moment, and you shall hear. Giles, the horse boy, hath been in the village this day, and heard that which bodes ill to us. Giles heard them talking in the tavern —

GILLIAN. Heard whom talking, Diccon? I can make naught of thy twisting tales!

DICCON. Why, the Roundhead knaves, be sure. And the pith and kernel of Giles' tale — an thou 'lt not hear the how and the when — is this! that they mean to come hither this night and search our house.

GILLIAN [*gives a little scream and claps her hand over her mouth*]. Oh, Diccon, Diccon — what can they want here? We be peaceful folk. In sooth 't is known we are all good King's men, but no harm have we done to any! Oh, Diccon!

DICCON. Sst! silly wench! They 'll not harm thee. But hark to what else Giles heard. They be coming to search for Master Rufus!

GILLIAN. Master Rufus! But he hath not been here these many weeks.

DICCON. Sst! Speak more cautiously, Gillian. The knaves did say they have certain knowledge that Master Rufus is here in hiding.

GILLIAN [*looking fearfully and suspiciously about*]. Oh, Diccon, dost believe it?

DICCON. In good sooth, how can I tell? But I am in great fear.

GILLIAN. Thou afeard, Diccon? Oh, what dost think the Roundhead villains will do to us?

DICCON [*angrily*]. A pest upon thee, wench! They 'll do naught to *us!* 'T is for my young master I am troubled. If they take him, 't is doubtless to a rebel prison he 'll go, and then — it 's rough fare for such a young lad — and gentle born and bred to boot.

GILLIAN [*curiously*]. But can he be here, think you, Diccon?

DICCON [*anxiously*]. He may be. And I do fear to ask my lord or my lady of the matter. [*Going towards door.*] I would I knew my duty, Gillian.

[*Exeunt* (*R.*). *After a moment enter* (*L.*) *the three children in nightgowns, the little girls in caps, also. They do not speak, but motion to each other excitedly, and run about, choosing a fit hiding place. Allison takes a small stool and plants it directly in front of portraits, sits down, and folds her hands to wait. The others, consulting by signs, do not at first see her, then rush upon her in alarm and drag her away, taking stool with them, and making reproving gestures. All go to settle, place stool by fire, and allow Allison to sit on it. Cicely kneels at end of settle, partly concealed by its arm. Rafe lies full length*

upon it, alternately ducking below arm and peeping over it. They shake fingers at each other, touch lips to insure silence, and when Allison turns as if to speak, Cicely claps a quiet hand over her mouth. Business of settling into place. When there has been a moment's pause, a bell is heard in the distance striking midnight. The portraits slowly turn their heads, take a long and deep breath, and begin to move; soft music is heard (minuet, from Mozart's "Don Giovanni"); they bend forward, step with one foot from the frames and clasp hands across the space between; then step forth entirely, and bow and courtesy low and slowly to each other. Then they take hands and to the music go through such part of the old French minuet as is practicable for two alone. When this has continued as long as is desirable, there is a sudden noise without. Instantly the music ceases and the figures go back with all swiftness and resume pose in frames. Children also much startled.]

CICELY [*in alarmed whisper*]. Oh, Rafe, what was that?

RAFE. I don't know. Sh-sh-sh!

[*Enter Rufus (R.), silently and furtively. Goes to window and peers out. Comes back hurriedly and without seeing children. Exit (R.). Rafe springs up and follows to door, gazing out after Rufus*]

CICELY [*aloud, but still cautious, though in great fright*]. Oh, Rafe — I saw a man! Who was that?

ALLISON. So did I, sister! Let 's *run!*

CICELY. Mother! Mother! I 'm frightened!

ALLISON. Oh, Gillian, come get us!

[*Both rush screaming out of door (L.). Rafe comes quickly and silently back. Goes to window and stands peering out.*]

RAFE. That was Brother Rufus. I wonder how he

came hither. . . . And there is someone . . . away out there in the snow . . . men . . . coming this way. [*Leaves window and stands directly in front of portraits, with his back to them, and a little way off. Stares anxiously straight before him, and speaks low and quietly.*] Perhaps they are soldiers . . . or wicked people come to seek for him and take him away. . . . Rufus went up the little stairs to the Tower. . . . There 's no place to hide in the Tower! [*His voice gradually rising.*] They 'll find him as soon as they get here. . . . Oh, *what* shall I do — what shall I do?

[*Stands with hands clenched listening and thinking, wide-eyed. The portraits move and bend toward him.*]

LADY GERALDINE [*leaning forward and smiling tenderly*]. Little Rafe, little Rafe, thou must play the man this night!

SIR PHILIP [*leaning forward and speaking earnestly*]. Little lad, little lad, thou art little and young! Go and fetch thy father!

RAFE [*does not turn at all*]. My father will know what to do. . . . Mayhap he will even open the secret door Gillian telleth of. . . . Surely, surely he cannot be angry now.

[*Turns and rushes wildly out* (*R.*).]

[*Enter Phyllis* (*R.*), *all shaking and trembling*]

PHYLLIS [*calls softly*]. Rufus! Rufus! Where art thou? [*To herself.*] Oh, where can the rash boy have gone? He was safe for the time in the Blue Chamber. And now — Oh, what can I do! I must warn him! [*Wrings her hands and goes to window.*] Gillian hath

told me they are coming to seek him. He must be warned! Oh, where can he have gone? [*Goes to door* (L.), *then to window once more. Enter Rafe, dragging Sir Gilbert by the hand.*]

RAFE [*breathless*]. You needs must listen, father! Brother Rufus came in at this door and went to the window, softly, to peep out. Then he ran out again and I got me up speedily and ran to the casement. [*Tries to draw Sir Gilbert to window, but he resists and stands frowning* (*R. center*).] And I looked out, father, and there was someone coming — men — away over toward the village. I saw them. And Rufus is gone up the Tower stairs — [*Phyllis starts forward to door, but turns back.*]

PHYLLIS. The Tower, saidst thou, Rafe?

RAFE. Yes! The Tower! And thou knowest, father, there is no way of escape from the Tower! Father, tell us what to do!

PHYLLIS [*coming to his side with clasped hands*]. Oh, good uncle, save him while there is yet time!

RAFE. I know *thou* canst find a way, father!

[*Enter Lady Katherine, the two little girls clinging to her skirts*]

LADY K. [*in amazement*]. What can be the meaning of all this coil? The children crying to me in fright some old wives' tale about the family portraits — someone in the gallery — the soldiers — My poor wits cannot fathom it!

RAFE [*still clinging to his father's hand*]. Oh, lady mother, Rufus is hiding in the Tower, and the soldiers are coming, and father must save him!

LADY K. [*cries out*]. Rufus, saidst thou? [*Shakes off the children and hurries toward Rafe.*] Where is he, boy?

RAFE [*seizes her hand and draws her to door* (*L.*)]. Here, mother, here, up in the Tower.

[*Exeunt. Cicely and Allison cling together.*]

CICELY. Oh, Allison, sweet sister, it was brother Rufus we did see in the gallery. And the Roundhead soldiers are coming.

ALLISON. Will they drag him away from here?

PHYLLIS. Oh, uncle, dear uncle, surely thou knowest some secret place in this old house where he can lie safe until danger be past?

[*Enter Rafe and Lady Katherine with Rufus* (*R.*). *Lady Katherine hastens to window, glances out, then goes to quiet children, who are sobbing. Rafe rushes to his father, and Rufus at first starts to him*]

RAFE. Father, here he is. Now what 's to do?

RUFUS. Father, I would —

SIR G. [*interrupting*]. Not a word from you, sirrah! How dare you enter this house whence you went but to disgrace my name? You are no son of mine!

[*Rufus draws back and stands proudly a little aloof. The rest cry out in protest.*]

LADY K. Oh, my lord, you cannot mean the words you speak!

PHYLLIS. Uncle!

RAFE. Oh, father, poor Rufus!

DICCON [*without*]. Sir Gilbert! Sir Gilbert! Where art thou, master!

GILLIAN [*without*]. Oh, mistress! Oh, my lady!

[*Enter Diccon and Gillian in greatest excitement. Diccon carries a pair of candles, which he places hastily on the chimney piece. Raise lights*]

DICCON. My lord, the soldiers are coming! [*Rushes to window.*] They be at our very gates!

GILLIAN. Oh, mistress, the murthering knaves will burn the house above our heads!

LADY K. Hold thy peace, silly wench!

[*General hubbub. Children cling crying to their mother. Diccon and Gillian at window. Rafe now running to window, now tugging at his father's hand. Phyllis at his other side.*]

DICCON. They come down the long hill!

GILLIAN. I see them, the knaves!

PHYLLIS. Oh, uncle, prythee forgive Rufus — save him quickly!

SIR G. [*angrily*]. He doth not desire forgiveness.

PHYLLIS. Oh, uncle, he would have asked it but now. Thy bitter words did check him, and thou knowest he is proud. He could not ask it then.

GILLIAN. Here they be!

DICCON. At our very gates!

LADY K. [*above noise*]. My lord, thou dost know some secret place. Do but disclose it to me. Remember he is thine own flesh and blood.

DICCON. Hark, ye can hear them!

[*Silence falls. In the distance the carol of the waits is heard.*]

PHYLLIS [*relieved*]. 'T is the waits at their carols.

LADY K. [*thankfully*]. 'T is not the soldiers, after all!

DICCON [*turning from window*]. Would it were not, my lady! Ye do hear the waits singing beneath the hall windows, t is true, but these at our gates be no peaceful carolers.

[*Turns back to window. All are silent for a moment, listening, until the refrain of "Peace on earth" is reached.*]

SIR G. [*startled*]. "Peace on earth, good will to men!" Now Heaven forgive my angry spirit! Here, Rufus — quick, lad! [*Touches spring at R. of portrait. Panel opens, and Sir Gilbert thrusts Rufus through, and it closes behind him. Sir Gilbert turns and takes command.*] Clear the room — this throng will never do — guilt and suspicion sit upon our very faces. Wife, Phyllis! take these children to bed. Gillian! to the kitchen, wench, and do all in thy power to quiet the maidens there. Hasten to the gate, Diccon, and say that your master throws open his doors to their search. Bear yourselves, all, as if nothing had befallen! Now, haste!

[*Rapid clearing of the room. Lady Katherine and Phyllis hurry the children out (L.), trying to quiet them. Exeunt Diccon and Gillian by the door (R.). Unnoticed, Rafe springs into box of settle, and closes lid over him. When all are gone, Sir Gilbert goes quietly about room to put all in order. Looks out at window. Sounds from without, of beating on doors, etc. Cries, "Down with the false King!" "Death to traitors!" etc. Sir Gilbert goes to panel for a moment.*]

SIR G. [*tapping*]. Rufus! Rufus!

RUFUS [*within*]. Yes, father!

SIR G. Cheerly, good lad! Lie thou quiet, no harm shall come to thee.

[*Sir Gilbert goes to chimney, takes an old book from shelf, and sits on settle. Noises of search gradually come nearer.*]

[*Enter Diccon, followed by soldiers*]

DICCON [*torn between his fear and hatred of the soldiers and his wish to propitiate them*]. Here is my lord, your masterships! He bade me give you free welcome [*bows politely, but as they pass him he snarls aside*], and a pest upon all of ye!

SIR G. What would you of me, my men? Why, Diccon, these be all old neighbors — not soldiers.

[*The men are disconcerted, and advance awkwardly, pulling at their forelocks.*]

STEPHEN. Yes — Sir Gilbert — no, Sir Gilbert — we be verily soldiers — soldiers of the Parliament.

SIR G. You have taken up arms against your King? I had thought to see old neighbors and friends and loyal men.

[*Rises, laying down book.*]

STEPHEN. We do be loyal men —

ANDREW. Loyal to the Parliament.

WAT. And soldiers of Cromwell.

SIR G. What, then, would you of me? Ye do know I am a subject of King Charles.

STEPHEN. My lord, we have orders to search this house.

SIR G. So be it, then. Obey your orders. What do ye look to find here?

ANDREW. 'T is a false traitor Cavalier.

WAT. He lurketh here and we mean to have him, too.

STEPHEN. We would do our work peaceably, my lord. But our general must have the country cleared of all Malignants.

SIR G. You have my free consent. My house is open to you from turret's peak to the bins in the cellar.

DICCON. There be more of 'em, my lord — a round dozen. And they waited not thy permission. They be already both on tower and in bins.

SIR G. Disturb them not, good Diccon.

[*Turns back to settle, takes up book and pretends to read, but keeps a careful eye on soldiers.*]

STEPHEN. Do your work with thoroughness, men.

ANDREW. That will we, captain!

WAT. There be many lurking-places in these old rats' nests.

ANDREW. We 'll ferret him out!

WAT. Aye, aye — the false villain.

[*They go carefully about room, lifting hangings, tapping walls and floor, trying to see behind picture frames, coming very near secret door.*]

STEPHEN. Have ye tested the walls?

WAT. Aye, and the floors.

ANDREW. There be no secrets here.

STEPHEN. Then we 'll look further. Give ye good even, Sir Gilbert.

ANDREW. Mayhap we 'll meet again —

WAT. Aye — on the field of battle!

[*Exeunt soldiers, with angry gestures. Sir Gilbert rises and bows slightly, signing to Diccon to follow.*

Sir Gilbert waits an instant, follows to door, then goes to window and watches. Rafe jumps out of box, and stands beside settle.]

[*Enter Lady Katherine, followed by Phyllis and Gillian, stealing in to peep out at window. Enter Cicely and Allison, catching at Gillian's skirts*]

ALLISON [*piteously*]. Gillian! Gillian!

CICELY. Oh, Gillian, don't leave us alone!

GILLIAN [*turns back*]. Never! my lambs. Have never a fear of that.

[*Sits in chair (L.), gathers Allison into her lap, drawing Cicely beside her. Gillian still looks anxiously toward window.*]

PHYLLIS. There they go, those wicked men!

LADY K. Now Heaven be praised!

[*Rafe runs to stand at panel.*]

[*Enter Diccon*]

DICCON. My lord and my lady — [*All turn. Sir Gilbert crosses stage to meet Diccon.*] The knaves be all gone, sir. I shut the gate upon them with my own two hands.

[*Every one takes a breath of relief. Rafe touches spring and Rufus steps out and strides to his father.*]

RUFUS. Father, let your son's first word be to crave pardon for all his willfulness!

SIR G. [*clasping his hand warmly and putting an arm across his shoulder*]. Nay, lad, 't is freely given. Methinks I should first ask thine for all my hardness of heart.

[*Phyllis goes to Lady Katherine, who turns and kisses her affectionately. They stand side by side.*]

PHYLLIS. Our little Rafe has played the man and saved Rufus for us all.

LADY K. He is a brave little lad! But tell me, children, what doth it mean that you were out of your beds at such a strange hour?

RAFE. We got up to see our ancestors dance.

ALL. Ancestors dance!

SIR G. What meaneth the child?

RAFE. Why, sir, Gillian's grandam hath said to her, that when the midnight tolled on Christmas Eve, my lord and my lady here did step forth, clasp hands, and dance.

ALLISON. And so we came to see.

CICELY. And soothly, it was so. They came forth and danced, here in the shine of the fire. A brave sight, father!

SIR G. Now, saints defend us! What is a man to make of this?

LADY K. Never heed them — 't was just a sleep-heavy fancy. A beautiful Christmastide dream.

RAFE. Nay, lady mother, it was no dream. It was the spell of Christmas brought it all to pass.

SIR G. Now doth the lad speak truth, good friends! Verily it *is* the spell of Christmas which hath saved us all from sin and much sorrow this night. The spell of "Peace upon earth, good will to men." Hark, the waits are singing still — as angels sing, and ever shall sing the world around, on Christmas Eve.

[*All stand listening for a moment to distant singing, then join in carol.*]

CURTAIN

NOTES ON COSTUME, MUSIC, AND SETTING

Adult parts in this play taken by boys and girls of fifteen or sixteen. In contrast to these, the smaller the children playing Rafe, Cicely, and Allison, the better — Rafe not over eight, Cicely and Allison six and five years.

Costumes follow the Van Dyke pictures of Charles I and those of his children. Very helpful illustrations may also be found in "Merrylips," by Beulah Marie Dix. (The Macmillan Company.)

Sir Gilbert *and* Rufus wear sleeveless jerkins made of tan-colored canton flannel to represent leather. Rufus wears boots and a broad-brimmed hat with plumes, and long cloak of the same color as his suit. These suits should be of rich colors in contrast to the sober colors of the Puritan soldiers, who also wear leather-colored jerkins and boots.

Cavaliers wear broad lace collars and cuffs, while the Puritan Soldiers wear square linen collars and cuffs, and undersleeves with stripes running around them of black and orange, the colors of the Parliament. Orange baldric over right shoulder. If possible, metal helmets, or firemen's helmets silvered to represent the steel caps of the time; otherwise, broad-brimmed felt hats with band or scarf of orange and black. They carry swords, crossbows, or other arms.

Lady Katherine *and* Phyllis. Full, quilted petticoats, broad, deep-pointed lace collars and cuffs. Dressed in rich colors. Lady Katherine wears a small lace cap upon her hair.

Rafe. Suit like the picture of Prince Charles. May wear a broad-fringed sash, and fringed bows at his knees. Lace collar and cuffs. Sleeves may be slashed.

Cicely *and* Allison. Little short-waisted, quilted dresses, with flowered panels set in. Lace at the square necks and the elbow sleeves.

Gillian. Plainly made dress of flowered material. Skirt full, but not quilted. Short caps to the sleeves. White kerchief, apron, and plain white cap.

Diccon. Plain suit, like the Puritans, but less sober

in color, and without the leather jerkin. Square linen collar and cuffs.

The Portraits. Costumes of an earlier century.

Sir Philip. Slashed doublet and trunks of rich color, and long stockings to match. Ruff, and plumed cap or hat of same material as doublet. Wears a dagger.

Lady Geraldine. Dress of rich color to harmonize with Sir Philip's. Puffed and slashed sleeves, figured panel in front of skirt and waist, and panniers on hips. Ruff, and small beaded cap.

To stand in absolute stillness for so long a time is a difficult matter. Therefore the portraits must be careful to take poses which they can hold without too great a strain throughout the act.

Music

Choose songs which, through their quaintness, may be in keeping with the atmosphere of the whole.

For the children:

"Waken, Christian children,"

"The first Nowell the angel did say,"

or some other simple old carol.

For the waits:

"From far away we come to you."

These three carols are all to be found in "Christmas Carols New and Old," Novello & Company. The last has been modernized and set to new music more suitable for children's voices by Mr. W. W. Gilchrist, and is to be found in a book containing many good carols for children ("The First Nowell" among them), "The New Hosanna." Mr. Gilchrist's version omits the quaint refrains of the original — "The snow in the street, and the wind on the door," and "Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor," and substitutes "Sing 'Glory to God' again and again," and "Peace upon earth, good will to men." These last words are necessary to the sense in two places, in the text of the play. When the play was first given, the Waits used the old refrains, and Mr. Gilchrist's, for alternate verses, thus gaining in quaintness of effect and at the same time

avoiding monotony. For the midnight dance, use the Minuet from Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

Setting

If the first scene, which requires little furniture, — the table, a chair for Gillian, and low stools for the children, — can be set in front of the second, much time will be saved in the changing. One scene will serve for both acts, if the frames of the portraits can be covered with hangings during the first act. Mission furniture may be used, but if it is possible to obtain a carved chair and table, and appropriate objects to hang upon the wall — one or two pieces of armor, a pair of antlers, etc. — the effect can be enhanced.

The secret door in the second act must be planned in accordance with the possibilities of one's stage. If scenery is used, one section may be opened wide enough for Rufus to pass through. Otherwise, arrange hangings so that he may appear to go through a door behind them.